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A. M. MACKAY

Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda

BY HIS SISTER

J. W. H.

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To my dear Father,

THE REVEREND ALEX. MACKAY, LL.D.,

whose painstaking interest

in the

training and early education of his children

laid the foundation of

the noble self-sacrificing life

of the subject

of this

MEMOIR.

"It is no sacrifice, as some think, to come here as pioneers of Christianity and of civilization. I would not give my position here for all the world. A powerful race has to be won from darkness to light; superstition and idolatry have to be overthrown; men have to be taught to love God and love their neighbour, which means the uprooting of institutions that have lasted for centuries; labour made noble, the slave set free, knowledge imparted, and wisdom implanted; and, above all, that true wisdom taught which alone can elevate man from a brute to a son of God. Who would not willingly engage in such noble work, and consider it the highest honour on earth to be called to do it?"

MACKAY, *Uganda, Nov. 19th*, 1878.

PREFACE.

THIS is not a history of the Uganda Mission, but of one member only of the few hitherto connected with it. When my brother received his appointment from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society, he gave himself up fully to his work, with a determination to devote all his ability and his life to it.

What his ideas of Missionary work were, especially of a missionary pioneer, and how he laboured to work out those ideas, will appear from his letters.

It was his wish, in the event of his dying in Africa, that I should write this Memoir; and however deep my sense of unfitness for the task may be, the love I have for him makes his wish a law which I gladly obey.

It was my privilege to spend all the early part of my life with him, up to the time of his going to Germany, as also the last six months of his residence there, when he was appointed by the C.M.S. as one of the pioneer expedition to Uganda, and from that time to

his call upwards, I was in constant communication with him.

I must acknowledge my special obligation to his friend and six years' companion in labour, the Rev. R. P. Ashe, M.A., etc., author of "Two Kings of Uganda," who has testified in this book to the spirit and method of my brother's work during those years of united labour and intimate fellowship.

I also tender my warmest thanks to Mr. Eugene Stock, Editorial Secretary to the C.M.S., for permission to make use of such portions of the Society's publications as I considered necessary.

My father has also placed at my disposal his fourteen years' African correspondence, but no attempt has been made to gather letters from his numerous friends. I have, for the most part, contented myself with extracts from the journals and letters in my own possession, else this volume must have been swollen to twice its present size.

May it speak to the hearts of all who read it, so as to advance the work for which he gave his life!

J. W. H.

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BOYHOOD.

His Early Years Gave a Beautiful Promise
Of Vigour of Understanding,
Kindness of Heart,
and
Christian Nobleness of Principle:
His Manhood Abundantly Fulfilled It

—Dr. Arnold's Inscription to the Memory of G. Evelyn, Esq

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

IN the little village of Rhynie, situated in an obscure nook of the agricultural county of Aberdeen, on the 13th of October, 1849, Alexander M. Mackay first saw the light. His father was Free Church minister of the parish, but at this date had not yet entered the Manse, but occupied the house which for many years afterwards was the early home of James Macdonell, the distinguished journalist, whose life has recently been so graphically written by the editor of the *British Weekly*.

About the same time the Manses of the neighbouring parishes of Keig, Insch, and Auchindoir gave to the world respectively Professor Wm. Robertson Smith, Professor Wm. Grey Elmslie, and Dr. Wm. Robertson Nicoll; while about two years later was born, in the secluded Manse of Half Morton, in Dumfriesshire, Dr. John Smith, destined to become the loved friend and companion of Mackay, as medical missionary in the Nyanza Pioneer Expedition.

One asks, how do these Free Church Manses produce such extraordinary men? Some attribute it to the stern training in duty, others to the bracing

influence of the Calvinistic creed. A celebrated London physician declares it is due to the severity of the northern climate, while another suggests that the oatmeal is especially favourable to intellectual vitality. But whatever truth there may be in these opinions, we are inclined to think that it is mainly due to the Spirit of Christ in the home, to the purity of the parents' lives, to the godly upbringing of their children, and to the intellectual atmosphere to which they are accustomed, consequent largely on the university training and literary tastes and friendships of the father,—in a word, plain living, high thinking, and that "godliness which is profitable to all things."

Mackay's father was himself an ardent student, and a man of marked ability; and as in the extreme rigour of the long winter (besides his pulpit ministrations) little parochial work could be done, he devoted considerable time to the publication of various scientific books; and being a born teacher of youth, nothing delighted him more than the instruction of his boy, who until the age of fourteen years learned everything he knew from him. We well remember him—

> "With a forehead fair and saintly,
> Which two blue eyes undershine,
> Like meek prayers before a shrine"—

at the age of three years reading the New Testament with fluency, while at seven years of age his text-books were Milton's "Paradise Lost," Russell's "History of Modern Europe," Gibbon's "Decline

and Fall of the Roman Empire," and Robertson's "History of the Discovery of America." He was his father's constant companion in his walks, and to this day the villagers recall how they wondered at seeing them so frequently stop to look for something on the road, while the fact was that the father with his stick was demonstrating a proposition of Euclid, tracing out the supposed course of the river Zambesi, illustrating the elliptical motion of the planets, or, as the case might be, describing some huge calamites he had found in the lowermost strata of the Old Red Sandstone, hitherto supposed to be unfossiliferous. In this way the boy acquired a vast amount of information on all sorts of subjects; and as letters were often received at the Manse, and read and talked about in his presence, from such men as Hugh Miller, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Professor Piazzi Smythe, and A. Keith Johnston, H.M. Geographer for Scotland, his mind seemed to develop rapidly.

In the autumn of 1859, prior to the meeting of the British Association in Aberdeen, Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir A. Ramsay, of H. M. Geological Survey, being on a tour through Scotland, were guests for a few days at the Manse, and were greatly attracted by the boy's wonderful skill in map-drawing, and by the dexterity of his fingers in type-setting, and the accuracy of the proof-sheets which he could turn out from his little printing press. Sir Roderick presented him with a copy of "Small Beginnings, or the Way to Get On," which seemed to fire his youthful ambition.

But a change gradually came upon the boy, and from eleven to thirteen years of age, nature seemed to assert itself, and from being formerly engrossed with his studies, he almost discarded books and occupied himself with the Manse garden and glebe, and to attending the pony, etc. He also became greatly interested in machinery, and instead of playing with his companions, he would on any favourable opportunity walk four miles to the railway station and four back, on the chance of getting a good look at the engine, as the train stopped for a minute or two on its way to Huntly; while his favourite haunts were the village smithy, gas works, carding mill, and the little shops of the carpenter and saddler, in which places, owing to his attractive manners and the vast store of fun in him, he was extremely popular. To the parents this was a great disappointment, as they had destined him for the ministry; but as the old German hymn says, "Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan!" and all this was a necessary thread in the texture of preparation for the work which he had yet to do. At the end of two years, however, he voluntarily returned to books, and began again to devour all kinds of literature, and to make great progress in the classics and mathematics; but as his father's ministerial duties allowed little leisure to superintend his studies, he was sent in 1864 to the Grammar School at Aberdeen. Here he worked well, although his parents were not a little concerned to hear that some friends who were desirous of showing

him attention on the holidays could seldom induce him to join their young people in little excursions into the country, as he was invariably either getting initiated in the art of photography in Gordon's photographic saloon, or busily engaged in watching the workmen in one of the large shipbuilding yards to which he had contrived to gain admission. Little did any one think then how the observations he made in that yard, Saturday after Saturday, would one day help to further the Master's Kingdom on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza!

In the early summer of 1865, the boy sustained a great loss in the death of his dear mother; and as "knowledge by suffering entereth," he felt then for the first time the influences of Divine love warming his heart. In connection with this event, a godly relative, who proved herself a ministering angel to the stricken family, writes: "Twenty-five years have come and gone, and much has transpired in my life since then; but I shall never forget the mother's earnest prayers for her boy—more than for any of the rest of the family. He was the only one absent from home at the time, and she seemed to fear that his abilities and attractive manners would become a snare to him. As she felt death approaching, she charged me to give him her Bagster's Bible (her husband's wedding gift), and to write on it certain portions to be especially studied. When he came to the funeral, I gave him the Bible and her dying message—to 'search the Scriptures,' not to read

only, but to *search*,[1] and then he would meet her again in glory! I had several opportunities of bringing before him his mother's anxiety about his salvation; but although evidently much impressed he said little, and as he returned to Aberdeen to school I never saw him again. But some twelve years afterwards, in a letter I had from him while I was in New Zealand, he remarks, '*You* have more to do with my coming out to East Africa than you know of.'" From this time forward the Bible became his greatest treasure; and as he made it his counsellor, and gained skill in the study and use of it, there came to him, and gradually grew upon him, a sense of wonder and admiration at its perfect fitness for his necessities.

[1] "Many thanks for the copy of the Revised Version of the New Testament. It has a most peculiar interest for me. Perhaps you do not remember that when Bernard Tauchnitz published in Leipzig his 1000th volume of British authors, viz., the New Testament with notes on the text by Tischendorf, you presented me with a copy. I was attracted by the various readings, and partly from the remembrance of my dear mother's dying message to 'search the Scriptures,' and partly from my curiosity to catch preachers in mistranslated texts, I made myself familiar with it. I next got Alford's translation. From curiosity and criticism God led me to see the beauty of His own Word, and applied it to my heart. I would never be without my Alford ever since, and my first copy fell to pieces in my hands through constant perusal. Here I got another, and that has served me until now, when through your kindness the Revised Version has reached me, and I anticipate much pleasure in examining it in every verse and line. It will also be of great service to me in the translation into Luganda."—*Letter to his father, March 13th*, 1882.

LIFE IN EDINBURGH AND BERLIN.

This day last year Livingstone died—a Scotchman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbour, in the heart of Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"—*Mackay's diary, Berlin, May 4th*, 1874.

"My heart burns for the deliverance of Africa, and if you can send me to any one of those regions which Livingstone and Stanley have found to be groaning under the curse of the slave-hunter, I shall be very glad."—*A. M. Mackay, in letter to C.M.S., Dec. 12th*, 1875.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE IN EDINBURGH AND BERLIN.

IN the autumn of 1867, the family removed to Edinburgh, and Mackay entered the Free Church Training College for Teachers. In the admission examination, he gained one of the higher bursaries; indeed, of those who had not been pupil teachers, and thus specially prepared for the examination, he was the highest in Scotland of Free Church candidates.[1] All through his course he proved

[1] The Rev. James Primrose, of Broxburn, a fellow-student, writes :—

"Mackay was one of my class-fellows ; and though it is twenty years since then, I have a distinct impression of him. His manner was quiet and retiring, and he did not make many companions, yet those who were privileged to know him intimately found him to be widely read, and with acquirements far beyond the average of students attending our Training Colleges.

"Many a time we had talks together as we paced the College grounds.

"He seemed in those days to be resolute in purpose, determined to do the work thoroughly that lay to his hand, and of steady, persevering habits sufficient to overcome any difficulties.

"There was no *fuss* or ostentation about him, but a quiet, durable enthusiasm, characteristics that have shone out brilliantly in his later years, and rendered him worthy of the title 'The Hero of Uganda.'"

himself not only one of the most faithful and devoted students, but also one of the very ablest. The diploma awarded at the close of the two years' curriculum shows that he had gained at least ninety per cent. of the marks in the written examination—the subjects being Bible, Geography, History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Latin, Greek, School management, skill in teaching, and theory of Music. Drawing was ever a strong point with him, and in no fewer than four different subjects (Freehand Drawing, Practical Geometry, Perspective, and Model Drawing) he received a prize from the Kensington Department.

Mackay frequently spoke afterwards of the great benefit he received at this institution, and of his unqualified admiration of the rector, Dr. Maurice Paterson,[1] of whom he was wont to say, "I owe him much—more than much" (see page 106).

But as he was still bent on prosecuting engineering, his father did all in his power to further his views in that direction. Accordingly he studied Classics, Applied Mechanics and Engineering, Higher Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy, at the Edinburgh University for three years; Surveying and Fortification with

[1] "We need nothing more pressing in the Christian Church at present, than men who will thus guide the young and the willing to their work, showing what needs to be done, and adapting talent to task. By taking up this function of the teacher, many a man might bring into the service of Christ those whose contributions would far surpass his own, as Barnabas did, when he brought into the Church the services of Paul."—*Imago Christi.*

Lieut. Mackie, Professor of Engineering, for one year; while for two years (1870–72), besides being Secretary of the Engineering Society, and teaching for three hours each morning at George Watson's College, he took the tram-car down to Leith, and spent the afternoon at the engineering works of Messrs. Miller & Herbert, dressed in a blue smock, and busily engaged model-making, fitting, turning, and erecting machinery, while his evenings were employed in attending lectures on Chemistry, Geology, etc., at the School of Arts, and other places.[1] And yet, with all this labour through the week, Sunday was ever regarded as a day for holy activity. Spiritually refreshed by the sainted Horatius Bonar in the morning, the afternoon was generally spent in conducting services in children's churches or in mission halls; while in the evening no teacher was more devoted or more regular in attendance at the Sunday School, in connection with Dr. Guthrie's Original Ragged School, ably superintended by Robert Simpson, Esq., W.S. Here he formed the acquaintance of another teacher, Dr. John Smith, which soon ripened into a close and lasting friendship. Both

[1] "I am so far from thinking that my education has been wasted in coming here, that I only wish I had got double the amount of education, not only in the way of book learning, but also in practical skill. This is a field which offers scope for the highest energies. No man can know enough, and be able to turn his hand to too many things, to be a useful missionary in Central Africa."—*Mackay, letter to his father, Uganda, 12th Nov.*, 1882.

went out in the C.M.S. pioneer expedition to Central Africa, both their careers were unexpectedly brought to a close, and now God has laid both to sleep by the waters of the Nyanza!

On the 1st of November, 1873, he set out for Germany, in order to acquire its language more thoroughly, that being the first step to becoming acquainted with the stores of lore which that land contains. He speedily secured a good position as *constructeur*, or draughtsman, in the "Berliner Union Actien-Gesellschaft für Eisengiesserei und Locomobile Fabrikation," in Moabit, a west-end suburb of Berlin. He was chiefly occupied in preparing drawings and designs of machinery of all kinds, especially locomotives and portable steam engines. This work he greatly enjoyed; but it required much skill, and much previous knowledge and study. His hours were from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., with half an hour interval, while his evenings were employed in translating Lübsen's "Differential and Integral Calculus," one of the best books on the subject in German, and in inventing an agricultural machine, which obtained the first prize at the Exhibition of Steam-machines held at Breslau. The engineering works were on a large scale, employing one thousand workmen, and six *constructeurs* besides himself, no two of whom belonged to the same nationality, one being an Austrian, one a Pole, one a Swiss, one from Saxony, one from Schleswig-Holstein, one an Italian, he himself from Scotland, and the directors

sons of Abraham. With regard to his companions in the drawing office, he writes :—

"Here I am amongst a heathenish people; almost all are infidels, but agree in so far acknowledging the existence of God as to continually use the expression 'Ach Gott!' often more than once in the same sentence. For some days past I have had to contend very hard for the bare existence of God with my companion draughtsmen. The only one who sympathises with me is the gentleman at the next table, and he is a Roman Catholic."

Referring to this subject later on, he writes :—

"My companions in the office having failed to show me the foolishness of believing, in order to add force to their sneers at religion, continually blaspheme the name of God in dreadful terms. It is enough to make one shudder to hear them. On this account, I am obliged to have as little conversation with them as possible, and hence cannot have the advantage of German conversation as I would like."

In his diary, on January 8th, 1874, *is the entry :—*

"Bonar's notes on 'I am the Light of the World, much blessed to me.[1]

"Am I a light? I am asleep in carnality; I am an unfaithful steward; I lose far more opportunities of

[1] His sister, now the wife of the Rev. Frank Russell, of Hull, sent him, weekly, notes of Dr. H. Bonar's sermons, all the time he resided in Berlin.

doing good than I use. Lord, forgive me! Oh! for much prudence and tact in introducing the subject of religion in a way that my companions will not take it amiss! As McCheyne says: 'Some believers are a garden that has fruit trees, and so are useful; but we also ought to have spices, and so be attractive.'"

Again, April 14th, 1874:—

"Hitherto I have been alone in lodgings, but it is extremely wonderful how in the greatest desert God always provides an oasis—an Elim for His people. Since I came to Berlin I have been enabled to study much of the Word of God, and to find something of the inexhaustible mine of pure gold it contains. If I had been at home, surrounded by so many sacred influences, the probability is I might not have made so much progress. One thing above everything, I must make my Christianity a practical thing. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I am therefore bound to obey this commandment. If I have received, I must strive continually to lead others to come and receive likewise from the great Giver."

God, however, prospered him in his profession; and his directors, recognising his ability for constructing machinery, removed him from the drawing office, and made him *chef* of the locomotive department, where he found amongst the workmen a very large sphere of usefulness. Soon after he arrived in Berlin, he became acquainted with Herr Hofprediger Baur, one

of the ministers of the *Dom*, or cathedral, and one of H.M. chaplains. This clergyman took a great fancy to the young Scotchman, and invited him to come to his house on Friday evenings, when he gave about a dozen theological students a course of private lectures on Anglo-Saxon literature, which was followed by supper and music, after which ancient German hymns were sung, Herr Baur leading with a glorious voice, while the students sang in parts, making the effect very fine.

In May, 1874, he went to board in the family of Herr Hofprediger Baur, as he had already become to him, and to the Frau Hofprediger, their "*lieber Sohn Mackay.*" He considered that his residence in this cultured and pious home was a great advantage to him, not only for acquiring the language better than he could by living alone in lodgings, but because here he met, once a week, at the Bible readings, the *élite* of the Christian society of Berlin, the most distinguished being, perhaps, Gräfin von Arnim, sister of Prince Bismarck; Gräfin Hacke; also Graf and Gräfin von Egloffstein. The latter took a great interest in him, and was amongst his most regular correspondents during the whole of his African career.[1]

[1] The Countess von Egloffstein writes regarding this time :-

"On hearing the most unexpected and sad news of your noble brother's death, I recall the time when we made his acquaintance in Berlin in the house of Hofprediger Baur, where we met with dear friends for Bible reading. It was in this way

At the Bible Class held on Sunday evenings in connection with one of the churches, Mackay found a congenial friend in the president, the late Rev. G. P. Davies, the British and Foreign Bible Society's agent in the city, who frequently drew him out to lead the discussion on the passage, while all present took part, in a more or less active way, in asking questions, suggesting ideas, explaining difficulties, etc.; while many of the Americans, chiefly students of divinity or medicine at the University, who had travelled in the Holy Land and elsewhere, could often bring to the point exceedingly interesting information from their own observation. Mr. Davies also inter-

---

that we learned to appreciate your brother's knowledge of the Word of God, and the warm interest with which he tried to enter more and more into the wisdom which God has given to those that fear Him and love Him. He was such a *thorough* Christian, perfectly given to follow his Master, and he made us think of Miss Havergal's words—

'Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;'

and when he told us that he wished to combine missionary work with that of an engineer, and to serve his Master in the Dark Continent, we were not surprised. It seemed so natural that this young, serious, and faithful Scotchman should give himself wholly to work in the Master's vineyard. Life was to him a gift used for Jesus!

"I believe, also, that the other friends in the circle formed the same impression of his willingness to surrender himself to God's service. To the question: 'Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?' he answered steadfastly and humbly: 'Here am I; send me,' and added: 'All that Thou commandest me, I will do; and whithersoever

ested Mackay in his wife's mission to cabmen, and two or three hours were spent every Sunday morning delivering to them tracts and portions of Scripture in their own tongue. When Mackay went to reside at the house of Herr Hofprediger Baur, he found him actively engaged on a German translation of the Life of Bishop Patteson, with whose family he was on intimate terms. To find a kindred missionary spirit in this home was a great joy to the young Scotchman, as the following letters will show how, in a very quiet but remarkable way, the call to the mission field had come to himself within six weeks after he left his native land for Germany.

Thou sendest me, I will go;' and he could thus offer himself, understanding the words of St. Paul: 'Christ died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again.'

"Your dear brother has indeed fought the good fight, and his warfare is now accomplished. We never forgot him in our family; and the link uniting us, as children of God, found expression in letters which were frequently exchanged between the Nyanza and Germany, and in prayers for the brave, noble, and severely tried hero in Africa, who was so often alone in danger and in grief. But he counted all things for loss, for the excellency of Christ Jesus, *his* Lord, and under His wings he was safe, and never alone, for his Saviour was with him.

"'In full and glad surrender
He gave himself to Thee;
Thine utterly, and only,
And evermore to be!'

"May you, his beloved family, be comforted by the thought of his great and blessed satisfaction—the reward of heavenly bliss which he now enjoys."—*L. Gräfin von Egloffstein.*

TO HIS SISTER :—

"BERLIN, *3rd Aug.*, 1874.

"Well, it is through you, or what you wrote me on 11th Dec. last, that what I now have to write you exists.

"You told me then that you had been at a social meeting of our Literary Association in Chalmers Memorial Church ; that there you heard Dr. Burns Thomson give an interesting account of Madagascar. Dr. B. Th. also urged the young men of the Association to give themselves to the work and go out as medical missionaries there. Well, I am not a doctor, and therefore cannot go as such ; but I am an engineer, and propose, if the Lord will, to go as an engineering missionary. Miserable chimera ! you will no doubt call such an idea. Yet immediately on the receipt of your letter I wrote Dr. Bonar, offering myself to such work, and asking his advice. He wrote me that he thought the ideas difficult to combine—mission work with engineering,—but that he would be glad to make inquiries for me as to how I might get an opening there in such a capacity. Now, my dear sister, I know the plan is entirely new, and will be difficult to work. Of course I am as yet far from prepared to undertake such a task, especially alone ; and of course many obstacles stand in the way. You will ask me how am I to get there. I am not careful as to that, for I have one word against such a problem, viz. 'Jehovah Jireh.' You will ask what am I to do when

I get there. Well, I hope especially to connect Christianity with modern civilization. In England it is true that as Christianity made progress, so civilization advanced; and as civilization advanced, Christianity became more deeply rooted, and shines now as the light of an enlightened people. You will the more readily agree with me that the two should go together, if you read how Mohammedanism makes such tremendous progress in Africa chiefly because it carries with it a higher civilization than that which existed in the countries to which it comes. My chief energies I hope to be able to spend in establishing a college to train the young men in Religion and Science together. Of course, I expect to execute public works, as railways, mines, etc., which, for one single-handed, is an enormous enterprise. It is more to help the missionaries that are there already that I go, than to supplant them; also to prepare the way by which others more readily can go there and stay. The undertaking is very great; give me your advice. For the last few months I have been studying Malagasy, and find it a beautiful language, as you have told me. Rev. Mr. Davies, to whom I have spoken of my intention, is delighted with the scheme, so is Hofprediger Baur and other friends. If spared, I should hope to go after two or three years, at least, —perhaps much sooner. Advise me as to this. I have much to learn before I go.

"Do not think me mad. It is not to make money that I believe a Christian should live. It will indeed

be a trial of all trials to part with you all to go to such a country, where so many (2,000) Christians were not very long ago put to death. Such persecutions I do not expect will occur again. At any rate, Christianity should teach men, of course, how to be saved for eternity, but also how to live comfortably and healthily together. As Rabbi Duncan so beautifully and so profoundly says, 'First of all, it is our duty not to have any sin. . . . My first concern is to get quit of sin, or to know how God has provided for my extrication. . . . The withdrawal of my disability and the removal of sin's stain must precede the free use of my nature for the glory of God. And if these are effected, what remains but that I, a being made in God's image, have to love Him and my fellow-creatures? Is not that the sum of it? . . . Christ said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And the noblest thing a man can do is, just humbly to receive, and then go amongst others and give. . . . Many a better man than I has gone to heathen countries before now; why should not I go too?"

To his Father:—

"Berlin, *27th Oct.*, 1874.

"I thank God and thank you that you have written me as you have done. When you consent, I feel doubly sure that God consents. Your earnest exhortation to me to ask wisdom and guidance from above I endeavour to follow. Man is a volent being, by virtue of what God has made him. Yet man is

inwardly swayed by external circumstances. Now if to my ears or hands there comes the message, 'Who will go to preach the Gospel in Madagascar?' how can I, except in unbelief, say otherwise than that God caused that message to come to me? And if it is of God, must I not say, 'Here am I; send me'? It is now nearly a year since then, and having put my hand to the plough, I dare not look back. You will, I feel sure, agree with me in this, as you have always taught me to recognise the guidance of God in small matters as well as in great. Dr. Bonar always taught me the same also. The Word of God says so too. Are not these three witnesses? The thing is therefore clear enough. Well I know that if God does not take me to Madagascar, I shall never get there; and if He does not bless me, my mission had better not be undertaken at all. But, on the other hand, I believe I got that message just because God meant me to receive it, and His blessing He will give in answer to the prayer of faith.

"I know there is a mighty work here to do, and few to do it. In fact, missionaries can nowhere be more necessary than here. But I cannot, having once been led to set my face to Madagascar, turn to other work instead. But this will I do, if the Lord enable me: I will be more 'terribly in earnest' in working where I am, knowing that I must soon go elsewhere. Perhaps God means my combating here with infidelity to be a training school for preparing me to combat with a not more powerful fiend—idolatry. Still, I

find the infidelity here only another name for indifference—and that exists in England under the name of nominal Christianity. It is the same old face, only a less deceptive name. Yet seed must be sown here, for there is much ground here; and although much falls on the wayside, much among thorns, and much on stony ground, yet we have the Master's own assurance that some—if not much—seed falls on good ground, the result being very great. That parable alone is enough to stir up the whole Church of Christians on earth to sow on all soils, if we would only believe it.

"I put off replying to your letter sooner, as I expected to hear from Dr. B. Thomson. As yet however, I have not heard from him. I must not, however, be in any haste in the matter. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Of course if the L.M.S. will send me, I must go when they will; but otherwise I am in no hurry to go. I should like, if the Lord will, to wait at least a year yet. Still, I must in this matter follow without hesitation God's will and the will of His servants."

Dr. Mullens, secretary of the L.M.S., having heard of Mackay's desire to go to Madagascar, wrote him a very kind letter, saying "that at that time the island was not ripe for his assistance, but was rapidly making way in that direction, and might, in due time, need such help as he could give." Mackay, nothing daunted, plodded on, studying the Mala-

gasy language in his leisure hours, and in November, 1874, writes to his father :—"How much a missionary must know, and how little I know! Would God I were ready and in the field! But what a field is this here! A community like Berlin sunk in licentiousness of every form is difficult to deal with. If ever, or anywhere, heathens are to be found, it is surely here. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Their fruits are drunkenness and debauchery. How I feel for them, poor fellows! Oh for a little of the power of the Spirit such as has of late been manifested in Scotland! Nothing but the Spirit of God can open the heart. I thank God that He has of late wakened me up, to some extent, to feel that 'if Christianity is worth anything, it is worth *everything*. If it calls for any measure of zeal and warmth, it will justify the *utmost* degrees of these, and that there is no consistent medium between reckless atheism and the intensest warmth of religious zeal.' Yet I know that it is only in so far as I attain to a high spiritual life by close fellowship with my risen Saviour that I can be in any way fit for winning souls. Neither learning, nor zeal, nor power of argument will accomplish anything without the Spirit. God fill us with His Spirit. That must be our prayer—a prayer that will have an answer."

In his diary about this date are the entries :—

Oct. 13th, 1874.—Twenty-five years old this day "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" for all His goodness."

"Man is immortal till his work is done." Use me in Thy service alone, Blessed Saviour. "Das Evangelium muss zuvor gepredigt werden unter allen Völkern."

Oct. 14*th.*—"Self-examination.—Why is a missionary's life so often an object of my thoughts? Is it simply for the love I bear to souls? Then why do I not show it more where I am?" (McCheyne). Lord, open my mouth where I am!

Oct. 15*th.*—This evening the new Hofprediger Stöcker at supper here. Seems an earnest, God-fearing man. Herr Hofp. Baur and he took counsel together to commence in earnest, by God's grace, the evangelization of Berlin, especially among the social democrats. Both see the need of laymen to help. May they take counsel of God, and the hand of the Lord be mighty upon them to save!

Oct. 24*th.*—Is it really the case that I believe I can serve the Master more effectively by going to Madagascar than by remaining in Germany, or than by returning to my native land? How my Father searches my heart! Lord Jesus, guide me by Thy Spirit.

In April, 1875, the Secretaries of the C.M.S. issued an appeal for a lay superintendent to take the secular oversight of a settlement for liberated slaves near Mombasa, stating that "he should be a thoroughly practical man, capable of superintending the erection of buildings, the making of roads, etc., and of directing the affairs of the settlement. . . . Above all, he must be a devoted Christian, with his heart in the main object of the mission—the furtherance of the Gospel. . . . Is there no retired officer (not too old), or *civil engineer*, or master

builder, or gentleman farmer, or other qualified person, prepared to give himself to this holy enterprise, and to help in laying the foundation for the evangelization of the tribes of East Africa?

Mackay having seen this appeal, writes home:—"Remembering that Duff first thought of Africa as a mission-field, but was sent to India, and that Livingstone originally intended to evangelize China, but the Lord willed he should spend his life in Africa, so perhaps the Lord means me, after all, to turn my attention to the Dark Continent; accordingly I have offered my services to the C.M.S.,—the greatest missionary society in the world—for Mombasa." The C.M.S., however, had 'already accepted a man for the post in question,' but said 'that if they should require any one for a similar position, they would be glad to communicate with him.'

In September, 1875, the engineering company in Moabit dissolved, and the chief director (a rich Jew) made Mackay a highly advantageous offer of partnership in similar works at Moscow; but his one desire being to bring his secular and spiritual capabilities into *direct* service in the Master's kingdom, he declined the tempting offer, and, waiting on the Lord for guidance, accepted an engagement as first *constructeur* in the Niederlansitzer Maschinenbau Actien Gesellschaft und Eisengiesserei at Kottbus, sixty miles south-east of Berlin. Here he found much opportunity for Christian work, and much of his spare time was employed in sending to all the clergy

in Germany, Bonar's little book, "*Worte an Seelsorger*" ("Words to Soul Winners"), which had been greatly blessed to himself. He also, with the author's permission, and at his own expense, arranged for the translation of "Grace and Truth"[1] into the German tongue, with the intention of distributing it in like manner; but before it was published, Stanley's famous letter, describing his visit to Mtesa, and challenging Christendom to send missionaries to Uganda, appeared in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, which led to the C.M.S. undertaking a mission to the Victoria Nyanza, and Mackay was one of the first to offer his services. Meantime, Dr. Duff having heard of his correspondence with the C.M.S., wrote him a long and kind letter, urging him either to wait for an opening in the Free Church Mission to Lake Nyassa, or else to join the Established Church of Scotland's Mission to the same region. He concludes his letter thus:—

"The Convener of the Established Church of Scotland's Committee has told me that they are sending out a little steamer to Lake Nyassa, and that they will require a *head engineer*, etc. I know they would be thankful to accept your services, in which case you would have full scope for your

[1] It was this book which opened the eyes of Bishop Hannington, and has been blessed to multitudes of others; and Mackay thought that the plain and emphatic manner in which it stated the truths of the Gospel was wonderfully suited to the German mind.

engineering talents in God's service, with as much evangelistic work besides as you would care to undertake. I do not at present see how you can in the C.M.S. intended mission turn your professional skill to good account, or, indeed, to any account at all. This I would regard as a calamity, as your professional skill is a TALENT, and an important one, which you might, and, if possible, ought to turn to good account in our blessed Master's service. At least, this is clearly my own judgment in the matter; and if I understood him aright, it is your father's judgment also. If, after committing the cause to God, you think well of this, send me copies of your testimonials, with a letter from yourself, and I will submit all, with my own recommendation, to the Convener.

"May the Lord graciously guide you.

"I remain, yours very sincerely,

"ALEXANDER DUFF

EDINBURGH, *Jan. 26th*, 1876."

But God over-ruled it otherwise, for the same post brought Mackay also the following letter from Mr. Wright, Hon. Secretary, C.M.S:—

(*Copy.*)

'CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

"SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.,

"DEAR MR. MACKAY,— *Jan. 26th*, 1876.

"The recommendations of the Central African Sub-Committee were brought before the Committee

yesterday, and I have the pleasure in being able to inform you that they very thankfully accepted your offer of yourself for the Lord's work in connection with their mission to the Victoria Nyanza.

"They cannot but trust that the matter is of the Lord, and their prayer is that He will graciously accept this special dedication of yourself, and make you an honoured instrument for the advancement of His kingdom in the heart of Africa.

"They did not enter upon the question—which was suggested when you were here—of your ordination. I think they will rather be disposed to send you forth as you are without loss of time; but this will be arranged when you come over.

"As was mentioned when you were here, the Committee would wish you to treat your present employers with every consideration; at the same time they would be glad to have your services at their disposal at the earliest opportunity, as they are anxious there should be no unnecessary delay in carrying out their undertaking. Let us know how soon we may expect you.

"Commending you in all things to the all-sufficient grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,

"(*Signed*) HENRY WRIGHT,

"*Hon. Sec.*, C.M.S.

"MR. A. M. MACKAY."

He returned to England early in March; and as the

plans of the C.M.S. became more developed, it was determined to combine the industrial with the religious element. And the Committee sanctioned for this end not only a light cedar boat for the navigation of the Wami, in the hope of the expedition getting by water to the foot of the hills of Usagara; but they also agreed that if an engine and boiler could be procured for £300, and be fitted into a wooden boat to be built by the missionaries on the Victoria Nyanza, the money would be granted. The heavy carriage of such machinery presented a formidable difficulty, and many weary days Mackay toiled through the streets of London before he succeeded in getting an engineer to manufacture a boiler according to his own design—on the principle of *welded rings*, yet each light enough to be carried up country by two men. Tools of all kinds, chiefly for working in wood and iron, and much else, he had to purchase. At length he went down to Edinburgh to see his relatives, and to spend his last days at home; but to their great disappointment they saw little of him, nor would he respond to almost any of the invitations of kind friends, all of whom were eager to receive him. There was no such word as *holiday* in his vocabulary; his mission was to him a *whole-souled passion*, and every hour was turned to practical account in picking up useful arts. Three hours learning astronomy and the use of the sextant from one of the officers at Leith Fort, and three hours in the printing-office of Messrs. Blackwood &

Sons, would fill up one day, while the next would be spent at Mr. Ross, the photographer's, and in the Medical Dispensary, learning to vaccinate and to use the stethoscope, while another would be occupied in seeing through some of the many Glasgow manufactories, or in running down to Motherwell, where the relatives of the distinguished "Gavin Ogilvy" kindly showed him all the details of iron-puddling and coal-mining.

And he left—the youngest (but one) of the well-equipped party of eight[1]—but in God's providence

[1] Just fourteen years ago, on April 25th, 1876, the C.M.S. Committee, at one of their ordinary meetings, quietly and unostentatiously took leave of five members of the first missionary expedition to the Victoria Nyanza. Lieut. G. Shergold Smith and two artisans had already sailed. The party of five comprised the Rev. C. T. Wilson, Mr. T. O'Neill, Dr. John Smith, Mr. James Robertson, and Mr. A. M. Mackay. After Mr. Wright, then Honorary Secretary, had delivered the Instructions, the five brethren successively replied, in accordance with the usual custom. We vividly remember one of those five little speeches. It was Alexander Mackay's. He was the youngest of the band, and was called upon last. "There is one thing," were his words in substance, "which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the Committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." The words were startling, and there was a silence that might be felt. Then he went on,—"Yes; is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But," he added, "what I want to say is this: when that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place."—*Eugene Stock, Editorial Secretary, C.M.S.*

destined, in the short space of three years, to be the only representative in Africa of that original band.

On April 27th, his last letter home, before embarking on SS. *Peshawur* from Southampton, concludes:—

"Having placed myself in the hands of the C.M.S., whose proceedings are ever guided by prayer to Him who over-rules all, I doubt not but everything is ordered for the best.

"May God grant me humble, trustful dependence on His promises in Christ Jesus our Lord; and thus, going forward in His strength, and not my own, I may rely on that arm which aforetime divided the Red Sea and made the waters of Jordan to stand on an heap.

"It is His cause—it must prosper, whether I be spared to see its consummation or not. May God give me health and strength and fit me for so glorious a work, the enlargement of the kingdom of His dear Son!

"Pray for me, that grace may be given me to keep steadily in view the one great object.

"Your loving Son,

"A. M. MACKAY."

"We hurry onward to extinguish hell
With our fresh souls, our younger hope, and God's
Maturity of purpose. Soon shall we
Die also!"

ON THE ROAD.

"I gladly testify that what I learned of the stocking frame was not thrown away; the facility of using tools, and of watching and keeping the machinery in order, came to be of great value to me in the Foreign Mission Field."—*John G. Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides.*

"A little carpentering, black and tin smithing, shoemaking and tailoring would be a real gift to a young man; he would be the prouder of himself, feeling, 'Let the worst come to the worst, I am not useless.'"—*General Gordon's Letters to his Sister.*

CHAPTER III.

ON THE ROAD.

FROM an old journal, the outer leaves of which are illegible from the action of the waves, having been lost in the wreck of the *Daisy* at Sadani, June 20th, 1876, but washed ashore some days afterwards, and sent to Mackay by Bwana Heri, the Sultan of Sadani, I cull the following extracts from his account of the voyage from Southampton to Zanzibar.

Sunday, April 30th, 1876.—At 10.30 the captain read prayers in the saloon, when a good number turned up to take part. Of course one or two of the *nil admirari* men stayed on deck smoking. Every one knows—they knew themselves—that they only made themselves contemptible by so doing. O'Neill and I, however, with no feelings of Pharisaism, joined heartily in the service, however formal it might be supposed by some "ultras" to be, as we wished to join with every one who inclined to echo Joshua's motto, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." In the evening it became much more settled, and the stars came out to join us in forgetting the discomfort of the previous days.

Monday, May 1st, 1876.—May day, warm, and bright, and clear. No day could be finer. Passing down the Portuguese coast, we can almost instinctively know we are in proximity to the sunny land of the vine. The ends of the great sierras are to be seen as we skirt the coast. The sea is calm, and the sun warm, and every lady shows herself in her fairest of fair sexness. The P. and O. stand now a poor chance of their cook's stores holding out too long. But the master of culinary operations seems to do his best to make it fashionable when the bell rings, so we do our best to reward him for his trouble by sending his largest dishes empty back to him.

Afternoon, 3.30.—Near Cape St. Vincent. Every man uses his eyes, with or without spectacles, binoculars, or telescopes, to the utmost. Bold, inhospitable coast—seems to be much sandstone. But the pleasant slopes behind we can only picture in our fancy. Ah, poor Spain, and poorer Portugal! I see only a blind wall when I see thee. But if I could, like a mason, see through that wall, what should I find?—a people blinder still. The loving Lord has given thee a sunny land with pretty mountain slopes, where every man in thee may sit under his own vine and lie in the shade of his own fig-tree. But the venomous blood of the Bourbons and the cursed leaven of Rome have undermined thy vital powers, and now thou art a corrupting mass, waiting, maybe, till, like thy fellow-

victim of the East, thy sickness proves incurable, and thou wilt cease to be.

Tuesday, May 2nd, 1876.—O'Neill woke me up at half-past five to see the African coast. I jumped at once to let my eye catch its first glance at the huge continent, the heart of which we meant to pierce. Now for thousands of miles we shall keep its highlands in view to our starboard, and after all we shall not have compassed the half of its mighty mass. Now for the springing up of new light in the dark land of dusky Ham! Is there any power that will elevate the degraded race? Yes, the Gospel—mighty power! We did not create Christianity—we received it, and received with it every blessing we have. Is it, therefore, much for us to give a little of what we had no right to get, and got only to give? But Christians talk at home of the expense of missions, and the sacrifice that missionaries make in setting to do a fraction of what *they* ought to do who adopt the proxy system of doing nothing at all.

To-day, after lunch, I heard a row above the stoke-hole. I came on deck, and found the Zanzibar men on board in true character. There they were, with their closely shorn heads and their airy garments, hoisting the ashes and cinders from the boiler-room floor to the deck. As each bucket went through the process of passing up or down the hoist, all joined in a most unmusical chant, the two or three who were working the hardest singing the most lustily. One fat fellow shouted so hard and clapped his hands

so energetically that the perspiration poured down his face and open chest. The two who were really working shouted the loudest, the others seemingly exerting themselves chiefly in keeping up the song and beating perfect time by way of inciting the busy pair.

These Seedee boys, as they are called at Bombay, are negroes from Zanzibar. As stokers, I believe, they are very good. When not engaged below, they lie above on the grating over the boilers, and either sleep away their idle hours or make jests among each other, one occasionally tapping the top of a rude drum with his fingers. But musical certainly they are not in our sense of the term. Their ear may, by training, be able to trace a melody in beats upon a badly strung drum, and simultaneous cries resembling ki—i—i—a—i—i—ia—proceeding from any other part of the throat than the larynx.

What the derivation of the word Seedee is I do not know, but was told this morning—with what probability of accuracy I leave the reader to judge—that they are called C. D. boys, because they do not answer to the epithet A. B.! (Able Bodied?).

Saturday, May 6th.—Arrived at Malta. What a dried-up looking place! Sandstone, sandstone, sandstone! Civita Vecchia (old city) is seen from Malta; at least, the town which stands near the bay where the great apostle was shipwrecked. We did not go there, as we wished to spend some time examining St. John's Church. Plain building outside,

but the interior profusely decorated. The paintings on the roof are quite recent, but there are some fine old works of art on the sides, both on canvas and in stone. It was the afternoon, and no service; mass being, of course, all over by twelve noon. As we went in, we were conducted round by a respectable-looking doorkeeper or sacristan, two others, less respectable looking, sitting inside the door. Soon however, one of the two—the more respectable one—joined us, and assisted in explaining to us the pictures, etc. The third, and least respectable of all, I noticed lounging about with his hands in his pockets, and always keeping within hearing distance of our subdued remarks. After we had seen the burning lamps, and the rows of candles not burning; the large altar and the host of small ones; the beautiful marble pillars, and more beautifully inlaid work; the grotesque, helical columns, and tombs of the brave old knights, we paid our *douceur* and departed. When outside the door, we asked our guide what the third fellow was who walked about the church after us with his big paunch and shabby suit. "That was a priest," said the man. And so I hope it was. Thou disguised Jesuit! (I am guilty of redundancy of expression in using these two words together.) I knew not that thou wert one, but perhaps thy eavesdropping may do thee good. Thou didst see me open one of the choral books, and, reading a few of its Latin sentences, ask the sacristans if they understood the words I read. Didst thou not hear

them say they did not understand? Didst thou not hear me challenge them for a defence of their hypocrisy in pretending to worship God by the priest vainly babbling to them in an unknown tongue? Oh that foul leaven of thine which is hypocrisy! What is Italy to-day but what thy corrupt teaching for centuries has made it? What is Spain? What is Ireland? Even in Malta thy vileness is everywhere conspicuous. Beggary, ignorance, blackguardism, crime,—these are the characteristic marks, with filth and poverty too.

We go to plant Churches of the living God in Central Africa; but we go sowing the good seed, knowing only too well that thy hand will soon come and sow tares among the wheat. The good meal will soon be leavened by thy stealthy hand, till the whole be one vile mass corrupted by thy Mary worship and thy mass worship!

But ignorance is the ground where thou plantest credulity most, and where thy false pretensions are of any avail; and to thwart thee in thine unprincipled actions, I shall, in the name and strength of God, set up my printing press on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and I shall not cease to toil till the story of the Cross of Christ be printed in the language of Karague and Uganda, and every man be taught to read it and believe it too!

Monday, May 8th, 1876.—Steaming quietly E.S.E., about 100 miles to the south of Crete. The island is not in sight. Met one large steamer and a brig

this morning. Otherwise no vessel within sight yesterday or to-day. Studied a little Suahili and medicine. Took an observation by way of amusement, and checked thermometers. Cool wind, beautiful sky, full moon. Just as the sun went down, Candia was to be seen far in the distance. Last sight of Europe for a long time to come!

Wednesday, May 10th, 1876.—This morning Port Said in sight. The deep blue of the Mediterranean water is changed for the less clear liquid of the old Nile. This my first taste of the Nile; but every one can bathe at its mouth. My next, God willing, will be at its source.

Wednesday, May 17th.—This morning arrived at Aden. The famous water-tanks at Aden we drove to see. They adjoin the town itself, which lies about three and a half miles east from Stear Point. As examples of heavy concrete work, the tanks are well worth seeing; but otherwise there is nothing at all remarkable about their construction, from an engineering point of view. The driver of our carriage was much perplexed at our ideas of anti-cruelty to animals, when we took his whip from him to put a stop to his perpetual belabouring of the two skeletons in front of him. On reaching Aden he promised to put in fresh horses, and on our coming down from the tanks, he assured us he had done so; but we found no difficulty in assuring ourselves, and him too, that these were the same poor animals that had driven us there, only he had changed sides, with

putting right for left! I lifted the harness on the brutes' backs, and found the skin fearfully cut. Is there no friend of the horse in Aden? Do Englishmen cease to be humane because they stay there? It seems to be so, else I should not have seen what I have seen.

Monday, May 29th, 1876.—To-night, as the sun went down, passed Kokoto-ni, the north end of the island Zanzibar. The sun went down two hours before we came to Zanzibar, but the moon was bright. The captain was chaffed by some of us as to his not being able to take us in that night. The navigation among the coral reefs is very difficult. He felt on his mettle, so he borrowed my binocular, an excellent one for night work, ascended the bridge, and never came down till we cast anchor in the fine morning off the town at 8 a.m. Thanks to Almighty God we are at our journey's end—let me rather say beginning.

A. M. MACKAY.

In a letter dated Zanzibar, 30th June, 1876, he writes:—

"Lieut. Smith and I started on Monday, 12th June, for the exploration of the Wami. We were eight days up the river, which we ascended only about seventy miles. It is frightfully winding, and navigable perhaps two or three times as far as we went. But we found the people inhospitable,[1] and

[1] Lieut. Smith and Mackay did not know then that the Wadoi are notorious cannibals.

the chiefs extortionate in their demands ; besides, the water was falling rapidly (two inches per day). As a rule we had from five to seven feet of water, and 150 in breadth. But what took us five days to go up takes only two days to walk in a direct line. The illness of Lieut. Smith, however, decided our return. He had fever three times within the first five days, and the last attack reduced him so very much that he was not even able to sit up, and is now only recovering from it. To the lovingkindness and protection of the good Lord, I owe perfect immunity from the sun and poisonous malaria all the time. As we slept night after night between the jungly banks of the river, the kind eye of the Redeemer watched over us. Had we both been ill at once, we know not who would have returned to tell the tale ; but the Lord ordained it otherwise, and to Him be praise. Perhaps much of my escape is due to the fact of the whole trouble falling on me during the greater portion of the time, as Smith was quite incapacitated. After coming back, we were swamped, *Daisy* and all, by the waves off Sadani. We rescued almost everything, however, and I got Smith to bed in the chief's house there. I chartered a dhow there, and at midnight I came on board her with our stuff, leaving some medicine with Smith, and the boat in careful hands. Cold and wet and hungry, I lay down in the miserable hulk among some goods down in the hold. In six hours I was here, and found the *Highland Lassie* had arrived. O'Neill I found down with fever, but

the rest well, thank God. Robertson and I started off in a few hours back to Sadani in the *Highland Lassie*. At night we drew near shore. Robertson and I went ashore in a boat to see where we were, but the tide was a mile out, and we lost our boat. So we had no help for it but make for the mainland, walking up to the knees in mud. We were directed providentially to a small fire of sticks where a boy was sleeping. He had been there cutting wood all day. We learned from him that we were a dozen miles south of Sadani! So we took off our boots, filled inside with mud and water, and sat by the fire waiting for dawn of day. At daybreak we found our boat and got back to the ship, made for Sadani, and brought Smith and the *Daisy* back. Some of us will start in a few days up the Kingani, to send Clark and O'Neill on to Usagara. I do not think I shall go, as there is so much to be done here for the general caravan."

Lieut. Smith, having had another attack of fever, was unable to go up the Kingani as he intended; but Mackay went, accompanied by Mr. Holmwood the Vice-Consul, whose knowledge of the people and facility in speaking Suahili proved of essential service. They were away from the 7th to the 27th of July exploring the river, which was found navigable as far as they went (160 miles), but even more tortuous than the Wami—so much so that the little *Daisy* itself proved too long to get round the sharp bends easily. Moreover, the numerous stumps of trees

in the channel rendered steering very difficult, and, indeed, the *Daisy* struck on one coming down, and sustained some damage. The idea of a water route was therefore abandoned.

The expedition for the interior was divided into four parties, and Mackay led the third caravan of 200 porters, etc.

In November, he became seriously ill in the march through Ugogo, but only allowed himself to be sent back on condition that Dr. Smith did not accompany him, which he was determined to do, and wrote to Edinburgh that "he certainly would have done, but that such a suggestion seemed to retard the prospect of his patient's recovery." So the two parted never to meet again in the flesh, for Dr. Smith died shortly afterwards, and Mackay writes brokenheartedly: "My noble and good brother is taken from us—so gentle and kind, and a capital physician. I will never look on his like again!"

Mackay recovered before he reached the coast, but received instructions from the C.M.S. not to start for the interior until June, by which time the rainy season would be over. The following extracts from letters to his family show how he employed his time in sending on a relief caravan to his brethren on the lake. Some interesting *rencontres* with slave-dealers are also described, as well as his adventures while cutting a good road to Mpwapwa, 230 miles inland, and amusing incidents in his attempt to take bullock-wagons up country.

"C.M.S.S. *Highland Lassie, 9th Dec.*, 1876.

"OFF ZANZIBAR.

"Unhappily I had to return *hors de combat;* but, contrary to my most sanguine expectations, I recovered long before I came to the coast. I fully expected when I left my companions that I should have to take a turn down to Johanna or Natal to recover, as my disease seemed so deeply inset. *Aber der liebe Gott ist mir gnädig gewesen und schon bin ich noch einmal gesund.* As a rule we did not find a camp where we spent the night on our run down from Mpwapwa, so I just had my tent put up in the open air under a tree, and there I always slept soundly. My men lit their fires and lay round me on the grass. It never got cold at night—*i.e.* not below 80°, or at the lowest 75° Fahr.,—so that with two thick blankets over me to keep the dew off, I was all right. But with such marching one must eat well. There is not always anything to be had to eat; but I bought the smoked leg of a wild boar at Mpwapwa, and that, with a few fowls' eggs I bought by the way, served to make me a decent meal.

"I am living here on board the *Highland Lassie* out in the anchorage. On shore the mosquitoes bite so hard that I find it better to sleep on the cool deck of our little missionary ship. At present there is little quietness, as mechanics from the *London* are repairing the vessel. It is, I believe, most beneficial and necessary to be laid down a bit. It keeps a fellow's pride and confidence in himself down, and makes him

see how all strength comes from the great Giver of all things good. I enjoy very much reading all the papers you send me. The British Association and the present anti-Turkish feeling have afforded me many a pleasant and profitable hour's reading. I have not yet had time to read more than the half of last month's news. To-day or to-morrow should bring in the next budget, too. All success to the King of Belgium and the Glasgow merchants. I read in *The Record*—Church of England organ—a full report of a recent great meeting where Sir B. Frere, Price of Mombasa, Cameron, and Sir J. Kennaway were the chief speakers. The spirit of the speeches was all that my heart could desire. It is worth while to hear African men talk about Africa. But the stay-at-home *savans* are generally ridiculous in their remarks. You would scarcely believe it, but scarcely a single European in Zanzibar has been over as far as Bagamoyo. The continent over the way is a blank to them.

"I am sorry S—— should think I entertain regrets at coming out here. Why, I would not exchange my position for a thousand times the value of his. It is true that I have much secular work to do yet before I get settled down in Uganda, and probably shall have much more after; but it is all for the one end which my heart's desire is to see accomplished."

"ZANZIBAR, *28th Jan.*, 1877.

"Flying about and hurry and worry seem to be the work I have on hand at present. I do much, very much long to be at my proper work in Uganda; but these preliminaries must be done, and I have no reason to grudge having an extra long spell at them. My engineering now has turned into pagazi-hunting, donkey-driving, and cattle-dealing. Such work, combined with making up of bales for carriage, training bulls for draught, and preparing all the necessaries for an expedition into Central Africa, requires all my time and thought. Above all things, it requires forethought. In Germany I used to be asked why it was that we English engineers were more successful in our designs than Germans who were more scientifically trained. My reply was, that the first essential of a good designer was *forethought* (Vorsicht), the second *experiment* (das Probiren), the third *courage* (Muth). These things I used to put before indefinite calculation and beautiful drawings. And now I find that my training in these essentials, with such materials as steam and steel, does me good service in the present work, where the outfit of a caravan is the thing wanted."

"*5th March*, 1877.

"I told you last month that Mr. Wright had written me not to start for Uganda till June; so I have this month fitted up a caravan of about seventy loads, and despatched it under charge of an Englishman named Morton, who once belonged to the English

Universities' Mission here. My instructions are also to set to work on the road from Sadani to Mpwapwa. I shall likely put a good gang of men, sixty or seventy, on the work, that I may be able to progress rapidly. Every one here agrees with me in regarding my proposal of a *wooden* tramway as the most feasible and cheap method of roadway.

"In the course of the month I have had various adventures outside of the work of equipping the caravan. Living at Sadani, I have discovered that large slave caravans are continually passing the place. I liberated the slaves of one caravan, and gave chase to several others. An Englishman from Zanzibar came over to see me one day, and joined me in a pursuit of forty miles in one day; but want of food compelled us to return at nightfall after we had almost overtaken a gang of 120 little children in chains. A Swiss gentleman—called M. Philippe Broyon—and myself attacked another caravan one evening; but the Arabs and slaves got off in the jungle when it became dark. The Arabs kept up a hard fire against us, and shot one of my men, breaking his pelvis bone. Broyon shot an Arab in the leg, and unfortunately killed a slave, I believe. But I have determined to let all slavers pass by quietly in future, as the chief and people of Sadani are determined to rather help the infernal traffic than stop it. Some of them went out to help Broyon and me, but they took care to put no powder in their guns, and previously advised the slavers to get off as fast as possible, as white men were

coming after them. Said Burgash's great edicts of last June are paid not the slightest attention to, and the traffic is at present going on as bad as, if not worse than, ever. I have informed Dr. Kirk of what I find going on, and he has got the Sultan to inform the chief of Sadani that he will be under peril of his life if more slaves pass through Sadani. The friendship of the chief—Bwana Heri—is very useful to me, as Sadani is now my depôt and place for starting inland; but we cannot agree about the slave trade, and he knows my presence there is bringing him into hot water. Still, I must do my duty, and I know I shall not be put to shame.

"Philippe Broyon is a Swiss, and the first white man who has gone into the interior to trade. Mirambo has sworn eternal friendship with him, and given him his daughter as wife. I have already obtained much valuable, because reliable, information from him. It is owing to him that Mirambo sent to our party to say he would let them pass in peace, and would also be friendly to our mission. Next to Uganda, Urambo is the greatest power in Central Africa."

"ZANZIBAR, 30*th March*, 1877.

"I am rather shaky just now. I have had a rather bad month this time, as the African giant Mukunguru, or remittent fever, has at last attacked me, and thrown me down three or four times. I am now recovering, all fever being gone; but I have hard work to get strength again. More than three weeks ago I fell

ill over at Sadani. The trouble of getting the caravan, which I have entrusted to Morton, fully ready and started, proved just enough for me. At Sadani I was carefully nursed by Broyon, who had just returned from the heart of the continent with a large caravan of ivory he had gained. I then came over to Zanzibar in one of the Sultan's steamers, where a gentleman named Streeter, who came out last mail for Mombasa, watched me carefully till Mr. Brown, of Smith & Co., our agents, came and got me to his house on the beach at Shangani Point. Here I am near the doctor's house, and am in every way most comfortable. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which Mr. Brown has nursed me in the worst stages of my fever. As for Dr. Robb, the Consular doctor, he has been most unwearying in his attendance, coming to see me late and early, three or four times a day, and supplying me with medicines free, as I am a missionary."

"*April* 10*th.*

"I am again well, thank God, and have become quite indifferent as to the sort of accommodation I get. I have slept in all sorts of places—a cow-byre, a sheep-cote, a straw hut not larger than a dog-kennel, a hen-house, and often in no house at all. So anything suits me, provided I get a spot tolerably clear of ants and mosquitoes. Of all the plagues of Egypt, none could have been worse than that of the black ants!"

"MAGUBIKA, USEGUHA, EAST AFRICA,
"25*th May*, 1877.

"My present position is a village over forty miles from the coast. I have got this length, and in fact a good few miles further. I have had a deal of very heavy cutting to do, and some ugly places to level; but with it all I have within the last month prepared a clear wagon way for a distance of fifty miles. I would have been much further on had not one very awkward nullah taken me seven days to bridge over. There is not over a foot of water in the nullah at present; but I found from the flood-marks that in the *masika* time a spate sweeps down it some twelve feet deep and fifty feet broad. Many a stately tree came down to form the girders, piers, and piles of this the first engineering work on the future highway to Central Africa; and as the timber I used was hard as iron, I hope it will long stand against the attacks of white ants, and constitute, as it is already, a standing marvel in the eyes of all the *Waschensi* (natives) who pass that way. There are many more nullahs between the coast and the further point I have cut to, but I have been able to get a fair way over them all by merely sloping down the banks with pick and spade, and in some cases by making also a long *détour*.

"My working gang consists of only about forty men, and these I have armed with the best American axes, English hatchets, picks and spades and saws, all of which tools are as new to them as they are to the

natives of the villages we pass through. A donkey's load of large iron nails I have taken with me, and plenty of hammers to drive them in, but the wood is, as a rule, too hard for the iron to enter—an emergency I had foreseen and provided against by supplying myself with a large stock of strong rope of cocoa-nut fibre. One of the tools I brought with me from England proves more serviceable than all the rest together, though its use may be called a secondary one. It is merely a two-foot grindstone, which I have mounted on a wooden frame, and every evening we return from work in time, the edges of the tools are applied to the face of this wonderful machine, while the villagers crowd around as anxiously gazing on as little Toddy ever did when he 'wanted to see the wheels go wound.'

"The dense and thorny jungles, of which I have had already a collective length of nearly a couple of English miles, presented a resistance quite peculiar to themselves. They form chiefly a growth of underwood and climbing plants, which have sprung up on the site where a fine primeval forest once stood. What has become of these forests it is hard to say. Remnants of stumps seem to indicate that they were cut down by a previous generation of savages, probably to make way for the growing of corn, which they sow only on the most fertile patches; and the villages in their vicinity having been destroyed by war or other causes, the ground was left to nature's hand, and she has indeed shown me what she can produce

when left to work her will. Imagine a forest of lofty, slender trees, with a cop between of thorny creepers, so dense below that a cat could scarcely creep along, and branched and intertwined above like green, unravelled hemp. The line of the *road* through it is a path wriggling right and left, as if it had followed the trail of a reptile, and almost losing itself here and there, where the creeping wild vine and thorny acacia have encroached upon it. Caravans from the coast to Unyanyembe, Uganda, Ujiji, and from these places to the coast, have passed and repassed such impediments on the way; yet, though the pagazi's clothes were torn, and the bales had at times to be dragged along the ground, no one ever ventured to cut a branch or a twig to let the daylight in, where the light that was, only served to make the darkness visible.

"I had come up this road before, so I knew what was before me, and now the densest jungle has yielded to the slashing strokes of a score of Snider sword bayonets, which I have given my best men to carry.

"In the more open country the men are as thinly distributed as the trees on the wayside, and sometimes five or six are far behind felling a huge baobab that tries the temper of the tools. But on entering a jungle all hands are at work together, and, as is their custom, they stir each other on by chanting a chorus of a few words with little or no meaning. One of their choruses, extemporized, I guess, for my particular edification, runs thus:—

Eh, eh, msungu *mbaya*
Tu katti miti,
Tu ende *Ulaya*;'

which I may paraphrase: 'Oh, is not the white man very bad to be cutting down the trees to make a way for Englishmen to come?' Through the densest thickets, where before I could not pull my donkeys through, I have now made a clear way broad enough to allow the largest bullock wagons to pass each other at any point.

"Passers-by open their mouth as well as their eyes at the *njia kubwa* (big road) of the white man; and when they return to talk together at evening in their *tembes*, the story of the 'big road' is told, and, as is always the case in Africa, with enormous exaggerations. With the chief men, however, the story does not always go well down; and the report is being widely spread that the English are coming to take possession of the country, an alarm which I hope will die a natural and speedy death. The chief of the village near which I made the bridge took a more practical view of the matter, and told me one day, with all the command his dirty visage could assume, that I must pay him a hundred dollars for cutting down the trees in his territory. I told him that it was he who should give me the hundred dollars, to pay my men for making a bridge which he and his people could not make, but which, as soon as I was gone, he would call his own, and probably levy *honga*, or tribute, from those caravans which cared to pay him.

"It is the enterprising Church Missionary Society that has projected and is paying the whole expense of these first steps in the way of making a highway into inner Africa; and the matter is much to their credit. As a German friend of mine (Rev. G. Palmer Davies, Director of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Berlin) wrote me recently, referring to the grand plans of the King of the Belgians, of the geographers and explorers whom he gathered around him in Brussels: 'While scientific and commercial men are talking, the servants of the Cross are acting; and while the former are fixing in words the problems to be solved, the latter are quietly solving them.'

"We are Christian missionaries, and our work is the spread of the Gospel to the very ends of the earth. Where we do not already find a way by which to enter unknown lands, we make a way ourselves. In doing so we make a way for others to follow after—a way for the trader to enter with his wares, and to return a richer man. Such being the case, it would be but fair for us to expect that such purely secular work as road-making be taken up and vigorously executed by those who will the most largely profit by the undertaking, instead of leaving it to be done at the expense of the Church. Yet what I have quoted above from Mr. Davies will ever continue to be true, and no less so will be what he adds: 'But I expect more from the C.M.S. in their field, and from the London Mission on Tanganyika, and the Scotch Mission on the Nyassa, than from the International

Society for some time to come. What they do will doubtless be accompanied by a grand flourish of trumpets, and may thus attract more general attention. Their Agamemnons will certainly find scribes enough to make them known. Your Agamemnons will also, I trust, not fail in such; but of one thing I am sure, your names will stand high in the roll of God, for you go forth as His and His alone.'

"Many thanks for the *Daily Telegraphs* with Stanley's letters. They are indeed interesting and valuable to me. He will now be the man of the year, notwithstanding all his enemies say. How little charity there is in human nature, to try to pull down a man's successful work. Tyndall's address in Glasgow also reached me last mail. I have read it through, and know it will be of use to me in various ways.

"I told you last month that I had got a horse from the Sultan of Zanzibar. But I have not long enjoyed the use of it, for ten days ago it took suddenly ill—of what I do not know—and in a few hours it died. Bwana Heri, the chief of Sadani, has therefore given me his own riding donkey, and it saves me many a mile on foot. I have become friends with all the chiefs on the road, and they, every one, have promoted me to the rank of their 'brother,' which means a great deal in East Africa. In the case of big chiefs it is of great value. Stanley is *brother* to Mtesa and Mirambo, and that has aided him much."

"C.M.S. Camp, near Kikwago,

"*Christmas Day*, 1877.

"You should see me every day with clothes bespattered with mud, and hands black like a sweep's, catching the spokes of the wheel every now and then as they get into holes, and yelling at the top of my voice to the oxen, till the forest resounds again. So much yelling have I to do in the six hours we march per day, that when I get into camp I am always quite hoarse. It is good for one's lungs to have to *bellow* a good deal. A team of twenty-six oxen, frequently spanned on in front of one cart, does need good shouting and lashing to get them to pull together. It is not walking with my umbrella or riding on a donkey behind a cart, but ever getting some one or other or all the carts out of this difficulty and the next. My men are far from skilful in the art of driving long teams through the forest, and are constantly bringing the carts against trees, or stones, or into holes, not unfrequently upsetting them altogether. Supposing you were a passenger in one of our vehicles, you would come by a few rail(less)way accidents almost every day. It is hopeless, for instance, in trying to cross a river, to find, say one ox lie down, another break loose and run away, several more with their faces to the wagon, where their tails should be, and so on. One's patience gets sorely tried by such occurrences, but the only way is to patiently arrange all and try again.

"Sitting on the ground in the bush by night, and

writing in a hurry, by the aid of a dim ship's lantern, allows me to produce a most miserable scribble. I am besides all the while tormented with countless mosquitoes and other insects; while the hyenas are smelling the oxen, and growling all about. I have my Winchester repeater lying by me, ready for any friendly visit from such denizens of the forest."

Mackay now hears of the murder of Lieut. Smith and Mr. O'Neill, and hurries on with all speed to the scene of the disaster, to prevent further bloodshed. Courageously visits the murderous king of Ukerewe, and makes blood-brotherhood with him. Finds that everywhere "drink is the curse of Africa." Is shipwrecked off Buzongora, and pays a beautiful tribute to Stanley, of whom he was ever a great admirer.

"MPWAPWA, *March*, 1878.

"I wrote last month what information I had as to the death of our two excellent fellows at Ukerewe. Of course I have not received any more information, but I hope soon to meet Morton, who I hear is on the way down, in charge of a caravan of ivory belonging to Mirambo, and he in all probability has heard more particulars than have yet come to hand. At all events, the statement that he thinks Lkonge, the chief of Ukerewe, should be punished, and that Mtesa intended sending a fleet of 1,000 canoes to do so, makes me feel that I cannot be too soon on the spot to do what I can to stop any such action being taken. Revenge would not help the matter in the

slightest—at any rate, for the good of the mission. The British Government could not do anything except at a cost of millions of money and many lives. I mean to get outsiders, like Mtesa and Mirambo and the Arabs, who seem all to be vowing vengeance against Lkonge, first to rest quiet, and then to try, by deputation or otherwise, to make peace and renew terms of friendship with the king of Ukerewe.

"The matter will be one requiring careful diplomacy; but I hope to be guided rightly by Him who alone rules over all, and who moves the heart of kings as He sees best for His own glory.

"The martyrdom of our two brothers may be the beginning of brighter days for the whole of the lands round Lake Victoria Nyanza; but it will, I fear, be at the cost of many lives and much money that any real benefit will, even *in time*, be conferred on this great continent, which seems to withstand the most determined attempts to do it good."

"*April*, 1878.

"The great chief of Mvumi was afraid to allow the white man to sleep in his tembe, in case I should have some designs on his valuable life; but the small chief at Mtamburu invited me cordially to share his filthy hut, which was one and the same with the cowbyre and sheep-cote. I was only too glad to avail myself even of such a hole; for towards dark a band of roving Wahehe turned up, and, after performing a war-dance in front of the tembe, quietly demanded an ox from the owner, which he, of course, had as

quietly to give. From me they demanded something small. I showed them the contents of a bale which seemed to take their fancy, but when they saw it was only some books and papers, they declined a gift of that sort. A yard of merikani, strange to say, satisfied them; at least, on their chief receiving it, they all got up, and drew themselves up in line, some ten paces in front of where I was sitting on the ground outside. They were each armed with a huge shield of hide, painted white, red, and blue; and their weapons were spears—some half-dozen seemed behind each shield—and bow and arrow. As they prepared to salute in the form of a charge, it was impossible to know if their action was hostile or friendly. To have moved my hand towards my double-barrelled rifle, lying by, would have led to instant bloodshed; but I sat unmoved, when, with spears in position, they made a simultaneous spring, and kneeled behind their huge shields in a semicircle close round me. A moment they rested thus, and the next they laid their shields face downwards, and their arms on the top, and made obeisance in the politest fashion. No united action on the part of trained soldiers could have been more perfect, and I saluted them in return only glad that all this demonstration was mere play. They then left, taking with them the ox, and, after laying hands on several more cattle belonging to the adjoining tembes, settled down in an old Wanyamwezi camp near by. They gave us to understand that they were waiting to be joined by a large number more

of their tribe, when they were going away north to Usukuma to fight and plunder.

"The heavy rain penetrated the flat, earth-covered roof, and turned the place into a sea of liquid manure, and thus I had to lie in misery till morning.

"I have been eating thick porridge of *mwere*, and sometimes *mtama*, which is rather more palatable, ever since the thieves took a fancy to my small stock of biscuit. *Mwere* tastes like sawdust and ashes, but that one gets even to like it in time, were there not always a large per cent. of sand amongst the meal, due probably to the rude method of grinding the grain.

"It is when one must live from day to day dependent on what food one can buy on the road that one learns to pray in earnest, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' A fowl is often to be had with the grain; but it is sometimes trying, after a long day's march, to have first to look for food, then wait to have the grain pounded and cooked, especially when one is hungry. Firewood has to be found, and near villages, that is generally scarce, while what can be called drinking-water has to be fetched from a distance. Breakfast and dinner must then generally run into one meal, which, being eaten towards evening, serves for supper also.

"But then there is the psalm, 'The lion's young may hungry be,' etc.; and as that is true, it is also true that I have never wanted any day yet, and feel sure that I never will."

"UYUI, *2nd May*, 1878.

"From Mpwapwa to this took me a whole month's tramping. Very much of the road was through marsh, the rainy season being just over, and many days' wading was promotive of neither comfort nor pleasure. Between eating coarse and badly cooked food and constant wettings, I had to halt for a day or two in the middle of a hundred miles jungle, to dose myself, as I found that any amount of Dover's powder and camphor was of no avail so long as I continued marching. But rest gave nature fair play, and I soon recovered, and made a determined resolution to eat no more food unless I saw it well cooked first. Every day porridge of *mtama*, or maize, and no alternative, one would think tedious at best; but it is when one gets sick, and the stomach gets tender, and loathes all food, that a few ounces of wheaten flour would be welcome, and would be of priceless value. But my small stock of biscuit had been stolen, as I told you before, and rice was nowhere to be had. Telling my boy a score of times to boil the porridge well, seemed to no purpose. So I mixed thin gruel of the maize meal, and sat over the pot till it boiled itself into a jelly. This I continued to do day after day, and saved my life.

"I do believe native food would suit Europeans well enough if only properly cooked. But the natives are too greedy to cook. The food must be nearly as soon out of the pot as into it. Nor are they by any means exempt from evil consequences from their

gluttony. Every day my stock of medicine is sadly taxed by hosts of invalids, whose chief ailments are dyspepsia and its attendants.

"Here I am the guest of Said bin Salim, Governor of Unyanyembe. Three months ago this old man was deposed without reason or notice, and has had to take refuge here in Uyui, some seven hours from Taborah. He says the reason of his ejectment from office is, that he has recently entertained several Englishmen in his house; and the other Arabs are jealous accordingly. They say that Englishmen only come to stop their trade in slaves, and desire to thwart our progress to the utmost in consequence; while Said bin Salim is willing, to some extent at least, to act up to the terms of our treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar. As yet no word has come from the coast, as to whether Said Burgash will stand by his old non-slaving governor, or bolster up the new Liwaleh—Abdullah bin Nassib, commonly called Kisessa.

"I could write many pages of what I have seen in the last month, and how I have found enormous tracts of country but recently devastated by merciless slavers.

"Arab caravans with tons of ivory[1] are moving

[1] "Every tusk, piece, and scrap of ivory in the possession of an Arab trader has been steeped and dyed in blood. Every pound weight has cost the life of a man, woman, or child; for every five pounds a hut has been burned; for every two tusks a whole village has been destroyed; every twenty tusks have been

down to the coast now; and each has, as a supplement, a string of living little ones trotting on with necks linked together, to be disposed of to the highest bidder at the coast.

"I hear that Mshamgama, Mtagamoyo, and others, are vigorously prosecuting their slaving raids at Manyema, while the traffic seems to go on unabated here all around.

"But what is the use of writing about such matters? There are a few gunboats on the coast, and our naval nation rests there satisfied. But there is an ignorance of doings here which is not bliss. But will wise England remove the curse?"

"KAGEI, VICTORIA NYANZA,

"*9th July*, 1878.

"I should like much to write a detailed account of my time since I turned my back on that most unpleasant of places—Unyanyembe, but time forbids. I am sending, of course, to the C.M.S. a report of the most important part—my visit to the island of Uke-

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obtained at the price of a district, with all its people, villages, and plantations. It is simply incredible that, because ivory is required for ornaments or billiard games, the rich heart of Africa should be laid waste at this late year of the nineteenth century, signalized, as it has been, by so much advance, that populations, tribes, and nations should be utterly destroyed. Whom, after all, does this bloody seizure of ivory enrich? Only a few dozens of half-castes, Arab and negro, who, if due justice were dealt to them, should be made to sweat out the remainder of their piratical lives in the severest penal servitude."—"*In Darkest Africa.*"

rewe, where Lieut. Smith and O'Neill were murdered so recently; and probably you will see some notes of it in the monthly *Intelligencer*.

"By-and-by, when my journal reaches London, you will get some reading that may a little interest you.

"It is but fair that the good friends of Central Africa should receive at least some account of the work they have at heart, and for which they give of their means; and I do endeavour to keep a note from day to day of our progress, that I may from time to time send to headquarters a short report; but essential as that part of my work is, it is nevertheless the one I always feel most reluctance in fulfilling. Speke used to say he would rather walk across Africa again than write an account of his first journey. For myself, I would rather travel a hundred days in this unsettled country than set my mind to report the events of one single day. The reason may be laziness, nevertheless the fact is such.

"It was on the evening of Thursday, 13th June, that I reached the village of Kagei, on the southern shore of the famous Nyanza. From Unyanyembe I had tramped some 250 miles in a northerly direction, but in a line very far from true to the meridian. One day east, another west, and then a few days due north, we held on our way through sandy deserts, across swampy plains, and over miles of maize and plantations of pumpkins, making for friendly tribes and avoiding the more hostile ones, as a mariner would steer his course in a dangerous and rocky

channel. But so unsettled is the country, and so little obedience to the sixth and eighth commandments in general prevails among the barbarous tribes, that even by picking our steps we could not help at times falling into the hands of these truly uncircumcised Philistines—the Wanyamwezi.

"On the evening before reaching Kagei, I had reached a point from which a first glimpse could be had of the noble lake. As eagerly as ever the ten thousand Greeks shouted Θάλασσα! Θάλασσα! in the immortal Anabasis of Xenophon, did I gaze on the silvery sea, and thank God that now I was near the Nyanza at last. For had I not been two years and more on the way from the coast to Kagei, and now an end to miserable marching was come, at least for a time? Had not my companions succumbed to the climate one by one, and even reinforcements failed? now I was here alone to hold the fort till better days should dawn.

"Our store here has been in the hands of servants —freed slaves and runaway slaves of Zanzibar—who have plundered from our stuff all they considered valuable, and what they have left they have sadly spoiled. Confusion worse confounded was the state I found everything in.

"In a huge hut, lent us by Kaduma, the chief of the place, I found all that was left of the valuable property of the expedition, except such articles as have been already taken to Uganda. Piled in heaps promiscuously lay boiler shells and books, cowrie

shells and candle moulds, papers and piston rods, steam pipes and stationery, printers' types and tent poles, carbolic acid, cartridges, and chloroform, saws and garden seeds, travelling trunks and toys, tins of bacon and bags of clothes, pumps and ploughs, portable forges and boiler fittings—here a cylinder, there its sole plate, here a crank-shaft, there an eccentric. Despair might well be found written on my features as I sat down after my two years' march to rest and look round on the terrible arrangement.

"Ten days' hard work from dawn to dusk made me give a look round the same hut with much greater satisfaction than when I first gazed on the scene. The rain-gauge is no more full of rats' dung, nor does a boiler-shell contain books. The engines for our steamer stand complete to the last screw, the boiler is ready to be riveted, tools and types have separate boxes, and rust and dust are thrown out of doors. It seems to me more than a miracle how much remains entire of the really admirable outfit which the able directors of the C.M.S. supplied us with when we left England. It reflects the very highest credit on Lieut. Smith, and those who travelled with him, that, amid the most trying difficulties of every step of so long a journey, they were successful in bringing here so many articles of value. When it is remembered that every article had to be cut and broken up into parts at the coast, so that nothing should exceed a man's load of 70 lbs., and now I find almost everything complete, even to its smallest belonging, after a

tedious transport of over 700 miles, we may so far consider the expedition a success, and the blessing on our efforts to this point an earnest of the much more we hope to follow.

"The *Daisy*, which was brought in segments from the coast, but which arrived much shattered, was rebuilt by Mr. O'Neill, and has already been of great service on the lake. But her days are almost done. I find her in sad condition—not a plank sound. What the teeth of the hippopotamus spared in the survey of Jordan's nullah, the rays of the sun have split, and the parts sheltered from them have fallen a prey to another formidable foe—white ants, as the vessel lay on the beach at Kagei.

"Day after day I have been patching the planks and caulking the leaks, sprawling on the ground below the vessel, with hammer and chisel in hand, and crowds of naked natives eagerly gazing at the white man mending his big canoe. Plates of copper and sheets of zinc and lead, with nails and screws and cotton wool (which, by the way, grows here plentifully in the wild state, while even a little is cultivated by the natives to make strings for their beads); these, with oil, will, I hope, however, enable me to make a safe passage to Uganda, and still leave us in command of this mighty inland sea till more of us are together, and we get time to build a stronger, better boat, for which we have the necessary steam power.

"The people of Kagei are *Wasukuma*, the largest branch of the great race of *Wanyamwezi*, and their

language but a dialect of that spoken by the people all around Unyanyembe. I like the people here much. They are all friends with me, and I am friends with all. When they see the turning lathe at work, or find me melting down the fat of an ox and turning out beautiful candles, their wonder knows no bounds. Of an incongruous mass of bars of iron and brass and bolts, they could not guess the use of, they have seen me fit together one and another complete steam engine, and various other things which looked so marvellous, that again and again I have heard the remark that white men came from heaven. Then I teach this and that more intelligent fellow the use of various things, and try to impress upon all a truth I find them very slow to believe—that they themselves can easily learn to know everything that white men know. I tell them that we were once naked savages like themselves, and carried bows and arrows and spears; but when God began to teach us, we became civilized.

"Round comes Sunday, when tools are dropped, and the reason asked 'Why?' I have my Bible, and tell that it is God's book, and He commanded the day of rest. Many know a little of Suahili, which is, in fact, closely allied to their own language; and in that tongue I find many an opportunity to teach the simplest truths of revealed religion, especially how God has come down among men. This 'great mystery of godliness' is the astounding story to them; and many I find eager to learn to read that they may

know the book which I say God Himself wrote for men.

"With the children I am on the best of terms. At all times I find myself surrounded by a host of little boys, eager to help me in anything, it being a special honour to be asked to bring a live coal to light my pipe.

"More than ever I am longing for the day when the necessary rough work of pioneering will be done, and I can settle down to spend every day in teaching the little ones. I cannot think the day far distant when I shall see my daily school for these children, and watch them grow in wisdom and understanding, and in the fear of God. Such a class I dream I see a nucleus of a training college, which shall furnish manifold seeds of life in place of the units which we white men must ever be in Africa. Of these will some be trained for the work of the ministry, and the day arrive when a Msukuma will be Bishop of Unyamwezi, and a Muganda primate of all Nyanza!

"But much soil must first be turned up, and a deal of what may be called dirty work done, and many weeds rooted out before the good seed be cast in with success, and then we know for certain that some will bring forth a hundred-fold. If we sow before we plough, we sow by the wayside, or on stones, or among thorns; and the devil, the flesh, and the world are, here as everywhere else, ready respectively to deny a harvest.

"Lieut. Smith wrote me from Kagei, on Dec. 5th,

that he and O'Neill were starting that day for Uganda, and this is the last news I have from my good and brave brethren. What befell them after that we know only from such of their men as survived the fatal battle, which seems to have followed only a few days after. Somehow or other they had to go to Ukerewe again, and had sent away the boat with their interpreter. While waiting his return, Lkonge appeared with a large force and attacked Songoro, an Arab (or rather half-caste) slaver, who had a lot of slaves with him. Songoro, on being wounded, ran for protection to where Lieut. Smith and O'Neill were standing with only some half-dozen men. Lkonge demanded them to give up the Arab, and on their refusal he and his warriors fell on our party and slew them all. Songoro also and twenty-three of his men were slain.

"Thus ended this fearful massacre, the cause of which was a heathen chief's determination to revenge the double-dealings of a Mohammedan slave-dealer. The two servants of the Cross who were slain in his defence fell in the discharge of duty as men to a fellow-man, and in obedience to the Christian law of love. But right is right, since God is God; and the Lord will be avenged of the death of His servants, whose blood cries from the ground to the Church of Christ to speedily repair the breaches in our number, and send many men to Ukerewe to teach the murderers the way of the forgiveness of sins. It is God alone who can turn good out of evil; and though in

this matter we think He has moved in a mysterious way, and gathered a dark cloud over our hopes in the dawn of Christian days on Victoria Nyanza, yet after sorrow joy shall come, and the gloomy cloud will break with blessings on the heads of the dark heathen of Africa.

"At Unyanyembe and Uyui, I of course found one prevailing feeling among the Arabs—of revenge, not for the death of the Englishmen, of which I believe they are very glad, but for that of Songoro. While they vowed vengeance on the head of Lkonge, the king of Ukerewe, they were either too cowardly or too weak in arms to execute their purpose. Surprised, indeed, they were when I told them that I meant no revenge on Lkonge's head, that I was a man of Isa (Jesus), whose followers, unlike those of Islam, did not avenge wrongs, but rather forgave them.

"By the Ukerewe men whom I found here, I sent a message to their king saying I had arrived at Kagei, and should be glad of a conference with him; that if he was afraid to come to me, I was not afraid to go to him. If he feared I would shoot him, I should leave my rifle and revolver here; and instead of taking my own boat and servants, of whom he might be afraid, I asked him to send a good canoe with his own men for me.

"After a week or so the canoe arrived with a deputation, consisting of the king's uncle, who is prime minister, and a dozen of Lkonge's head men. They begged me to go to Ukerewe with them. To test

their candour, I asked that the head of the deputation be detained here as security for my life till I should return safely. But he was too important a councillor to be absent in my talk with the king. I then asked that not less than three of the others should remain as hostages. This was at last, after much talk, agreed to. As from this I saw they meant me no evil, I said I would not demand the pledge; so I embarked in their canoe, and we all set off gladly together. My own men strongly urged me not to risk my life by going to Ukerewe, as they were sure Lkonge meant to kill me, as he had done Lieut. Smith and O'Neill. When they saw, however, that I was determined to go, they begged me not to ask them to accompany me, as they were too afraid to go. I told them that I had not the slightest intention of taking them, saying I knew they were cowards; and if an attempt were made to kill me, they would all run away and leave me to my fate. My main reason, however, I did not give them; viz., that I did not wish to go with any show of force.

"Putting my house in order in case of accident, and taking in my pocket a few doses of quinine for fever, Dover's powder for dysentery, and some sulphate of zinc in case I should require an emetic, Lkonge being known as a poisoner, I left for Ukerewe as I have said, leaving my arms behind. Kaduma sent with me a man who knew the language of Ukerewe well, and a little Suahili—my language; and he acted as interpreter throughout.

"With Lkonge I had repeated meetings—on the whole of a satisfactory nature. I learned—what I had gathered in scraps from various quarters before, and had reason to believe—that he and his people had no desire to kill the white men. The Arab Songoro had played a false part with the king, and was arrested for debt. In trying to make his escape with Smith and O'Neill, he was attacked by Lkonge's men, when he shot two of them. The king had given orders to bring the white men to his house, that no harm should come to them in the fight with Songoro. Either they did not comprehend the intention of the men who came to take them to Lkonge's, or they suspected the king's orders conveyed treachery. At all events Songoro persuaded them to fight with and for him; and Mr. O'Neill especially did dreadful damage with his rifle, the Wakerewe themselves confessing that he killed ten men and wounded more than thirty others, who are to this day not recovered. At length ammunition failed, and their boat having gone away contrary to orders, no means was left of escape, and my dear friends fell.

"I told the king I believed his story, and had come a long way to hear it, that I might write it down and send the news to England. I said I could not make any promise as to what the Queen of England would say or do, but that for myself I was come in a friendly way. I asked him if he wished me to bring two of my white brothers to his island to teach his people to read and write and know the Word of God. He

begged me to do so, asking if God had come down amongst us. I told him He had, and that we would teach him what God taught us. But I warned him a second time not to mix up white men with Arabs, lest they might get killed, and our Queen might send a few field-pieces against him, and he would lose, not only his houses, but his head also. I told him the terrible tale of Abyssinia and Ashantee, and was struck with the very attentive ear he gave to my narrative (he understands a little Suahili himself).

"My stay ended by my giving him a present of a dressing-gown, and our slaying a goat between us, thereby sealing the African bond of blood brotherhood.

"All the time I was away I lived on the king's bounteous hospitality; and after a nine days' absence I returned here, much to the shame and confusion of my unfaithful followers, and was greeted on landing with universal shouts of joy on the part of the natives, the women dancing madly on the beach, foremost among them being the head wife of Prince Kaduma, arrayed, specially for the occasion, with so great a load of beads that I could but wonder how she could dance at all.

"Poor old Kaduma himself was holding a high day with *pombe* (native beer), and made the occasion one on which to stay longer over his pot than usual.

"Oh, how often will I enter in my journal, as I pass through many tribes, 'Drink is the curse of Africa.' Useguha, Usagara, Ugogo, Unyamwezi, Usukuma

Ukerewe, and Uganda too—go where you will, you will find every week, and, when grain is plentiful, every night, every man, woman, and child, even to sucking infants, are reeling with the effects of alcohol. On this account chiefly I became a teetotaler on leaving the coast, and have continued so ever since. I believe also that abstinence is the true secret of continued and unimpaired health in the tropics.

"Who wishes to introduce civilization into Africa? Let a *sine quâ non* of the enterprise be, that its members be total abstainers. The West Coast is ruined with rum; it is killing the Kaffir in the South; and even on the East Coast, at Zanzibar, a vile liquor is distilled from the sugar-cane at Kokoto-ni, that is retailed by every Hindu, Banyan, and Goa merchant in all the Coast towns, to the destruction of the Suahili race.

"The *Wanika* tap the cocoa-nut tree and sip its juice with straws, till every village I passed through, even in early morning, seemed a pandemonium. Inland the grains are used to produce the ferment. *Matama*, or panicum, is the general malt; but failing that, Indian corn, and a small millet called *mavere*, are called into requisition, the strength being often increased by the addition of honey. On the shores of Nyanza plantains are plentiful, and from them a wine is made, which causes king and people to meet on the low level of intoxication.

"I cannot say how long I shall be detained in Uganda; but I hope in less than a month to be on the

way back to Uyui, to meet the three Englishmen who are, I expect, by this time well on the way inland to join our mission. But it is *day by day* in Central Africa; and to make plans far ahead generally means to have them overturned.

"At Uyui, last of all, died my faithful companion in all trials, 'Bobby.' Of our other dogs I used to say, none was faithful to his master but Bobby."

"Faithful among the faithless only he was found."

"KAGEI, VICTORIA NYANZA,

"*4th Aug.*, 1878.

"Here I am keeping watch at the southern end of the lake. Last full moon I hoped to have ventured on my first voyage across the pathless Nyanza, but God ordained otherwise; for just then I was seized with a violent attack of remittent fever, followed by many days' chronic diarrhœa—my old enemy. Unfortunately I had no opiates to effect a cure, while the nauseous remedy for dysentery—ipecacuanha—failed in this case. The *Daisy* lay on the beach with repairs half finished, nearly every joint unsound, and her planks presenting fresh rents every day under the terrible sun. My men were helpless in the way of repairing the vessel; and my hope of getting away from here seemed entirely shut off, as sickness reduced me to the strength of an infant. At length I resorted to a native cure—a solution of tamarinds—which by God's blessing set me on my legs again, and I recommenced work.

"We launched the *Daisy*, but she proved as leaky as a sieve, in spite of all my patching; while daily gales and thunderstorms, following the solstice, rendered venturing to sea for the time out of the question. I therefore uncoupled the aft section, which was most faulty, anchored the other well out in deep water, and got my friendly natives to carry the compartment up into the village, where, under the shade of a beautiful large fig-tree, I have subjected the vessel to a thorough repair, putting in new planks, and otherwise overhauling the whole. But no wood was to be found, there being not a tree in the whole vicinity, except a few fig and banana trees in the village. I got, however, a few logs belonging to the dhow which unfortunately was wrecked last year near this on her maiden trip from Ukerewe. But these had to be sawn into boards—a no trifling task. I fitted up a pit-saw and set to work; but the heavy end of the operation had to fall on myself, and I had little strength for it, as my men have no idea of *straight*, either with head or hands. One learns to make the most of a board when purchased at the expense of one's own muscles. That is now over, and many a copper nail driven in and well riveted, and I hope to connect the part under repair with the rest, and to put to sea in about a week.

"But this lake, like the Sea of Galilee, is a sea of storms. As a rule, the waters are calm; but very frequently, and with no warning from the barometer, sudden gales spring up and lash the surface into

mighty waves. True, these gusts of wind seldom last long; but they will always be a source of danger to us until we make a stronger craft, for the *Daisy* is too frail at best to navigate such a lake. Another source of danger lies in the countless number of rocks and islets, which stud the water like the famous archipelago. To the bargain, I have no knowledge of sailing,—I mean of handling sails; nor does any one here profess the slightest acquaintance with the art. Among the natives a sail is unknown. Canoes are everywhere, generally scooped out of the solid trunk of a tree, and exceedingly unsafe, although the *Wasoga* and *Baganda* build larger sizes by sewing planks together with the fibre of the banana tree.

"It is a strange fact, and one which I believe is true of every tribe in Central Africa, that the natives are absolutely unacquainted with the art of fastening two pieces of wood together, except by lashing. As a rule, therefore, they prefer the laborious task of hewing everything out of the solid. Oars are unknown. Propulsion is by short paddles like large wooden spoons. Much toil is therefore entailed, but only what one might expect; for no negro knows the use of the lever, or of any other simple mechanical appliance by which to save labour. In all operations, work is done by the application of sheer brute force; hence the people are everywhere worn out at an early age, merely for want of contrivances. It is really astonishing that an old man or old woman is scarcely ever to be found. All are done up, or worked out, in middle

life, and then they die. It is not that they have no metals with which to make tools. Iron is nearly everywhere, but only hoes and spears and arrow-heads are made of it, and even these are manufactured with very great labour, and by most primitive methods.

"I often think how idle are all the dreams of our great *savans*, who would have us believe that man is developed to the use of metals from only paws and claws, through the stages of stone and brass and iron in succession. Instruments of stone or bronze neither are, nor ever were, used by any savage tribe in this interior. They began with iron, and remain so to this day, with no vestige of progression, but traces, on the contrary, of retrogression. Let our so-called philosophers, therefore, leave their *kitchen middens*, and *flints of the drift*, and take a look around the wider sphere of this big continent, and they will learn to draw other conclusions from other premises.

"A little practice will, I hope, soon put me up in the art of setting the sails; but much I would give for Lieut. Smith back among us, for here he was at home. As soon as our new men come, I hope to knock together our steam boiler and engine and circular saw, not here, but in Uganda, as we can get wood there in plenty, and cut up timber for building a new, strong vessel into which said boiler and engine shall go, and then I hope we shall have command of the great expanse of the Nyanza, and be no more hindered in our work. A new and accurate chart of the lake will then be a necessity to save shipwreck;

but its production will be no longer a matter of difficulty. You will observe that we have no means of access to Uganda, except by crossing the lake from here, as the Karague route is closed by the hostile *Watula*, as effectually as the direct route from Mombasa is closed by the wild *Masai*, or *Wakwavi*, as they are called by the people hereabout. The Nile route may in time be open; but it will ever at best be a tedious and dangerous journey that way, although it may be considerably shortened by entering at Berber from the Red Sea. You will thus see that a good vessel is to us of the first importance, while without such we shall ever be prevented from working among the many tribes settled all round the lake. We hope soon to have stations, not only in Uganda, but in Karague, Ukerewe, and here also; and for communication between these we must make use of our water highway.

"The level of the Nyanza is a point never yet settled, and never will be, as it is very varying. I find the lake has *risen* some five or six feet above what it was nine months ago, nor have I found any sensible alteration in level during the two months I have been here. You may well understand from that fact that my previous statements about the terribly wet season this year were not exaggerated. It must have been no little rain that caused a reservoir as large as Scotland to rise and *maintain* a rise of five or six feet for months, notwithstanding all that passes through the sluice at the Ripon Falls every day.

"Yesterday my work was a great centre of attraction among the natives. I have no ship's compass, only my pocket travelling one, which would be rendered useless by the oscillation of the vessel. Accordingly, I set the turning-lathe in motion, and fabricated gimbals on which the instrument can turn at ease. As they see the card freely moving in the centre, it looks as if floating, and the universal explanation is that it is magical English water.

"I have not here my apparatus for determining heights by the temperature of boiling water, as I left it to come with our other goods. Speke and Stanley have both determined the altitude, or rather different altitudes, of the lake by the boiling point; but when my instrument arrives, I must do so again. From more than 150 aneroid observations, by two instruments by different makers, taken many times each day over a period of two months, I find by the one aneroid a mean of 3,652 feet, and by the other 3,605 feet. From this must be deducted the height of my hut above the lake, which is about thirty feet. Unfortunately I have not here my observations taken at the coast with these instruments to find their correction for sea level; but when my books arrive, I shall be able to say what must be added to or subtracted from the above means.

"We have been successful in carrying three empty barometer tubes here unbroken, and also a pot of mercury. When I can find time I shall have them mounted and filled, and then I shall be able to make

more reliable observations than any which either boiling thermometers or aneroids can give. Instruments are so apt to be broken or damaged here that I am always reluctant to take them out for observation. My aneroids I succeeded in bringing safely here by carrying them upon my person. Every instrument which any of our men got to carry has sooner or later been rendered useless. Burton's experience was similar, and so was Speke's. As to watches, none of our party has been able to carry a watch in going order for any time. A final effort I made by enclosing one in a bag of goatskin tightly sewed, and by wrapping it up besides in a handkerchief, making a point likewise of allowing it out of my possession on no consideration, and I am happy to be able to have succeeded in having now here an excellent lever in good going order. If I get it as far as Uganda in safety, I shall probably not remove it from there.

"How one must be jack-of-all-trades in a country where no trade is known at all, it is difficult to imagine unless on the spot.[1] The natives, on the other hand, expect the white man, and, what is most trying, the *same* white man, to know everything, and to be ready to do any kind of work. A few have

[1] "It is the practical Christian tutor who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa."—*Stanley.*

guns—old flint locks—which are nearly always out of repair, and these, of course, are brought to me to mend. That I am not able to make a fish-hook, or a needle, or any such article at once on demand, is not for a moment believed. It is, of course, simply that I *will* not. Then sickness is ever rife, and many complaints of long standing. Medicine must be given, whether I understand the case or not; otherwise I am pronounced unkind and unmerciful. If a cure is effected, good and well; if the patient dies, it is unfortunate, but natural enough, for such ignorant people to say that my medicine was the cause of death. I therefore never volunteer to give medicine, and consent to try a cure only when sorely pressed to do so. One great difficulty one has to contend with in such cases is, that they always are impatient of recovery; and if my medicine is not effective at once, then a native cure is resorted to, which spoils the effect of the proper remedy, and delays recovery further. Funny notions they have of medicine. Unless nasty to the taste, a drug is considered as of no value; hence there is no difficulty in getting them to quaff the bitterest draughts. But charms are valued as potent, even in the worst cases, and are always resorted to. Still there is less of that sort of nonsense here than I found nearer the coast.

"The Wasukuma have certain, perhaps I should say uncertain, ideas of God; still they have notions in that direction, although neither they nor any of the tribes I have been among in East Africa make or worship

idols. There is a strange contrast in this respect between the East and West Coasts, for on the latter idolatry is everywhere. Among the Waseguha and Wasagara and Wadoi, all further east than this, small huts or fetish houses are invariably erected at the outside of every village to keep the evil spirits away; and ears of corn, shells, and often *pombe* (native beer) is placed in them to propitiate the gods. But further inland, among the Wagogo, Wanyamwezi, and tribes round the Nyanza, nothing of the sort is ever seen. A system of divination is practised among the Wagogo, something like the conjuring tricks of fortune-telling by cards. They lay a number of small pieces of wood in a hole in the ground, and the medicine man, by producing various combinations of these, two and three at a time, professes to foretell events by this augury. I have seen no other savages do so, but the Arabs continually practise an art not very unsimilar. I found at Unyanyembe the grossest superstition existing among the most enlightened Arabs. Every day much paper was wasted with divination. If a caravan was expected, the time of its arrival was predicted by drawing at random a series of lines of dots, not counting the number at first, but afterwards counting them in pairs, when each line was found to produce either an even or an odd number. The evens and odds were then separately combined as dots and dashes. Each combination received a particular signification, and further manipulation with the series produced a result believed

in devoutly as the answer of the oracle. When paper was scarce, a board sprinkled with sand served the purpose. Astrology, too, as foolish as ever practised in the dark ages of Europe, still leads a healthy life among the pious followers of the false Prophet in Central Africa. These whitewashed sepulchres, as all Arabs are, go daily through all the prayers and other public performances of their blind belief, yet one and all are guilty of daily acts of the most outrageous description. It is the most devout and pious who are the greatest rogues. It is these who send their slaves to ravage and murder, and bring back a booty of women and children from among the helpless heathen. Even here they have their emissaries carrying on the accursed traffic in human flesh and blood; and the caravan route to Unyanyembe from here is still, as I find it ever has been in the memory of men here living, no less than hell's highway.

"Stanley predicted this as a thing of the future. I find it past and present, and what steps are being taken to prevent it in the future also? So far as Zanzibar is concerned, I answer with certainty—*none*. On every hand slaves are as openly bartered as ivory: the one goes to the English market, and the other to markets where a trade is carried on to-day as thriving as if Wilberforce had never lived, nor Abraham Lincoln died, nor Sir Bartle Frere visited the island of Zanzibar—an island no greater than a county in Scotland, but great in crime as the Babylon

of the Apocalypse. Renegade Arabs from Muscat have settled in Zanzibar, and from the number of these a colony has planted itself in Central Africa, owning allegiance to Said Burgash, but really independent of him, as his power is far too feeble to penetrate a mile inwards from the seaboard. It is this contemptible colony, where every Arab lives in a mud hut, that is the main source of the slave-trade. As Homes said of the Indian mutiny: 'England takes down the map of the world, which she has girdled with empire, and makes a correction thus: DELHI, *dele*. The civilized world says, Amen.'

"To put an end to this enemy of all that belongs to humanity, we must make the first step of our policy *delenda est Unyanyembe*. When we can write *deleta*, the backbone of the giant of slavery will have been broken. The last words which K—— at Zanzibar said to me were, that he believed the slave-trade was for the time stopped, as he had learned nothing of it for some time. Alas! that was but a barn-door flight of learning. It is scarcely credible that Europeans in Zanzibar are almost to a man as profoundly ignorant of the opposite coast, not to speak of the interior, as any one never out of range of the sound of Bow bells.

"I must leave this painful subject. Enough that the terrible evil is still unchecked, and there is my testimony in spite of all negative information from Zanzibar.

"I do not know that I have ever had opportunity to

give you any information respecting the great stretch of country between Unyanyembe and the Nyanza. As a rule, it is an uninteresting road—I mean physically—but in some respects it is far from being so.

"One passes through alternate stretches of jungle and clearing, and never meets with a hill worthy of the name. One exception there is, about half-way, where a bold range of mountains, composed of excellent iron-stone, runs in an easterly and westerly direction. This, in fact, is the general run of the country all the way. As one goes further north, a strange sameness characterizes the whole, low rocky eminences being met with at every mile, and all bearing east and west. Even in the lake itself the system is continued, for Ukerewe is really nothing more nor less than one of these parallel *sierras;* and judging from the numerous islets lying in a row between its western extremity and the coast of Karague, I expect to find, on sounding, that a submerged bank extends across the lake in this part. Unyanyembe lies only some 300 feet above the Victoria Nyanza; and although its drainage is to the Tanganyika, one is soon out of that lower basin, and entered upon the level plain, which sends its waters to the Nyanza by the *Simeyu* river, and its strangely winding affluent the *Mononga.*

"All the country is granite, generally grey, beautiful as ever an Aberdonian quarried in the hills of Woodside or Boxburn. Now and again, where the feldspar predominates over the quartz, blocks are

found of a reddish tint, very much like the product of Peterhead. These sierras I have already alluded to are a series of piles of mighty boulders crowning low downs of sand, and covered generally by a scanty vegetation. The mighty granite masses are no glacial boulders, but relics of a higher land that once stood a couple of hundred feet above the present general level. Here and there a solitary monolith is all that remains, but generally there are great piles of rock towering one above the other, as if some African Titan had been playing at building strongholds, but his masons struck before a single one of the walls was complete, and now the whole are in ruins. On the face of these rocks one may almost trace the movements of the hand of Time, as each boulder shows round its base a family of fragments, some detached centuries ago, and others with all the appearance of having come away but yesterday. As rain and sun combined to break up the larger masses, so these powerful forces are ever acting on the broken pieces, grinding them down to form the loose sand, or rather coarse gravel, of which all the soil is composed, and slowly but surely reducing the whole country to one unbroken plain. On the day the bottom of the Nyanza sank, and another country north of Uganda became still more depressed, the great lake that covered Usukuma discharged its watery contents to produce seven years' plenty in Egypt. The mighty reservoir then contracted into what we call the Victoria Nyanza, and no wonder that the diminished

supply which the Ripon Falls could yield was looked upon as a time of famine in the land of corn. The emerged land got by-and-by saturated with showers, and the surplus water found its way to the lake, and hence to the mighty river, and now the equilibrium is restored, and the Nile rises yearly as in former days.

"Whatever be the history of Nyanza in the past, the relations of this reservoir to commerce in the present should not be overlooked. In these days of Indian famines, much talk is made on the subject of artificial tanks for the storing of water against periods of drought. The wheat and the rice and cotton fields of Egypt are of no small importance in the world's supplies; and considering the amount of English money invested in the country, capitalists would do well to turn their attention to Lake Victoria, for the rise and fall of the waters in that tank determine the amount of produce in Egypt. If this year the unusual rains have devastated the land of Unyamwezi, and gone to swell the bosom of Nyanza to a height of six feet, it is evident that this volume of water must flow out some time; and if when it has reached Cairo it does not produce 'corn in Egypt,' I fear all ideas of tanks as a means of irrigation are at an end.

"In the Geographical Magazine which published Stanley's map, Ravenstein makes much of the want of agreement between Stanley's map and his account. Among other corrections by that 'stay-at-home

geographer, an island called *Kiwa* is laughed at, because, says the reviewer, the word *Kiwa* means island. In what language I do not know. The Suahili word is *Kisiwa*, and in Uganda they say *Kisinga*, nor have I found any one in this part of the world call an island Kiwa. It is too bad to find London men thinking they at any rate can improve upon our information regarding things here."

"M'Kongo, West Coast, Victoria Nyanza,
About Lat. 1° S.;
"Near Msira Island (Stanley's Map),
"*8th Sept.*, 1878.

"Ten days ago we were wrecked on the shore of this place, and probably much more than other ten days must elapse before we can find ourselves clear away from it. On the 23rd August, 1878, we set sail from Kagei, but a severe thunderstorm soon swept the lake, and continued increasing all the next day, while most vivid lightning among the distant mountains of Karague made us anxious to reach the shore. All night we toiled at the oars—that is, the few who could row, for the Baganda men whom we had on board had no idea of rowing—and just before dawn we neared the land. Many a time I let down my twenty-fathom line, but in vain, until at length, when hope was at the lowest, and we feared to find ourselves in fathomless water on an unknown shore, but which the occasional faint glimmer of a star showed to have precipitous cliffs, I found bottom at fourteen

fathoms. Hope revived, though the storm seemed to be making towards us, and finding a point where the cliffs receded, having a level sandy beach, we cast anchor in three and a half fathoms of water, lowered the masts, and hoisted an awning to secure us from the approaching tempest. The storms met and passed away, but we were all too much exhausted to think of moving on. Our food was done, but we hoped to secure some bananas among the neighbouring villages. For this purpose we anchored a little nearer the shore, but no sooner had we changed our position than the storms now gone past made themselves felt on the sea, and terrible waves began to break over us. For half an hour we did our utmost to keep the vessel afloat, raising a false splash-board with sails, and trying to keep the ship's head to sea. One tremendous wave made the bowsprit dip under the anchor-chain, when away went the bulwark on the weather-side, and the next sea came bodily into the open boat. We were rapidly sinking, but had we got farther out, we might have succeeded in keeping afloat until the sea calmed. Our crew became panic-stricken, and nothing remained but to try to save our goods by drifting ashore. After considerable bruises from the chain, we got anchor up, and next moment we were stranded on the beach. Our instruments and perishable effects were landed in less time than I take to tell the story, and by degrees we got the engine's tools and heavy 'boiler-shells' safe on land. We tried hard to save the boat from the surf, but our

united efforts were of no avail, for she became a complete wreck. The natives began to gather round, and envied our goods as we spread them out to dry, but refused to render any assistance in hauling the boat up the beach. The unmerciful waves rapidly did the work of destruction, tearing away the side from the keel, and nearly detaching the hinder compartment bodily. The wreck was already so complete that it could not now be much worse, and as the storm subsided a little we set to work to knock up a hut out of spars and sails, and as our goods dried we gathered the articles together, to conceal them from the covetous eyes of the natives. Thankful to God for sparing our lives, and that our property was not more damaged, we changed our dripping clothes, and found some food. We soon set to work to repair the *Daisy*, much as one would make a pair of shoes out of a pair of long boots; cutting eight feet out of the middle of her, we brought stem and stern together, patching up all broken parts in these with the wood of the middle portion, and after eight weeks' hard labour we launched her once more on the Victoria Nyanza.

"Only the other day I came across some of Stanley's letters in the *Daily Telegraph*, and discovered, to my dismay, that this is the very spot where Stanley had one of those hair-breadth escapes from massacre which seem to have characterized throughout that last but memorable march of his across the continent. Well it was for us that he was not 'vengefully

disposed' on that morning; for had he then fired but a single shot, the natives would doubtless have taken a terrible revenge on us, as we were wrecked on the very same beach; but a kind Providence foresaw all, and ever since we set foot on this shore the natives have proved themselves as kindly disposed as we could have desired. Wherever I find myself in Stanley's track, in Uganda, Ugogo, or even Ukerewe itself, I find his treatment of the natives has invariably been such as to win from them the highest respect for the face of a white man."

ARRIVES IN UGANDA.

'Mtesa, kindly, but formal, fearful of his dignity, crafty, suspicious, and capable of acts so vile and foul that they may only be hinted at, surrounded by an abject court, an object of grovelling adoration to slavish thousands, but really great in nothing."—*Two Kings of Uganda.*

"We need here practical hands, as there is a great deal of physical work to be done. But whatever Uganda needs, there is at least 'one thing needful,' and any work we do, if it does not aim at imparting a knowledge of that, and bear right down on it too, will be of comparatively little value."—*A. M. Mackay.*

CHAPTER IV.

ARRIVES IN UGANDA.

MACKAY reached the place, which he had chosen as his home, in November, 1878. In the following extracts from letters and journals, we find him holding the Sunday services at court, and gaining the confidence of the king, who for a time abolishes slavery and forbids all Sunday labour.

"UGANDA, *Nov.*, 1878.

"You would sometimes be amused to hear the high idea entertained by the king and people about their own country. It is only natural, however. Not long ago Mtesa said to me: 'Mackay, when I become friends with England, God in heaven will be witness that England will not come to make war on Uganda, *nor Uganda go to make war on England!* And when I go to England,' he continued, 'I shall take greatness and glory with me, and shall bring greatness and glory back again. Every one will say, "Oh, Mtesa is coming!" when I reach England, and when I return, "Oh, Mtesa is coming back again!"'

"Of course, at such statements I only look very

grave, and say, 'Just so, exactly.' At present (do not laugh) Mtesa really believes that Uganda is the most powerful country in the world. Though he fears Egypt, he has often spoken of going to fight against Col. Gordon. I have had some stiff arguments with him on this point. You will understand that in such matters I must be very careful. A king that is used to nothing but flattery from his courtiers, whose lives he can take at any moment if they do anything other than flatter him, is no ordinary individual to speak plainly to. One needs a smooth tongue when speaking to him. I do not mean to say that I am afraid of him, but there is no use giving offence. And yet the truth can be told, although not in just so many words. In sacred matters, however, I do very differently. In teaching the relations between man and God, I make no mincing of matters. When I have to say what goes hard against heathen custom and pride and love of self, I give my message, saying, it is not mine, but God's command."

"UGANDA, *Nov.*, 1878.

". . . When I last wrote you, I said I should write more fully next; and now it is just as hard to fulfil my pledge as then. Being alone, I have very much always on hand, and seldom have a moment to spare.

"It is to the mercy of God that I owe my life to-day, for last week I nearly succeeded in accidentally poisoning myself. I was gathering castor-oil seeds

in order to express the oil, and foolishly ate a few, thinking they were harmless. When I was up at the palace a few hours after, I began to feel very ill; and on coming home I discovered from a book on therapeutics that the seeds contained an acrid substance which is very poisonous, three seeds being sufficient to prove fatal—I had eaten at least half a dozen! And, perhaps, the fact of my having taken so many saved me. At once I noted the cause in my logbook, took strong emetics, and an ounce of the castor oil itself, commended myself and mine and my work to God, and lay down to die. My servants gathered round me, but soon fell all asleep, and I had difficulty in rousing them up to keep constant fomentations on my stomach; but a most violent thunder-storm came on, lasting a great part of the night, and that kept one of the fellows awake. It was six days before I was able to appear at court again, and every one, even Mtesa himself, called me a skeleton, as they looked on my sunken cheeks.

"I therefore hope that the Lord has work for me to do here yet—the shadow has gone back on my dial, as it did on that of Hezekiah. May I trust in the God of Israel as he did, and may it be said of me in after years that in all the reforms I tried to bring about here, 'The Lord was with him.'

". . . God has blessed, and is still blessing, our work here; for He has made the king and people willing at least to be taught. Fortunately Suahili is widely understood, and I am pretty much at home

in that tongue, while I have many portions of the Old and New Testament in Suahili. I am thus able to read frequently to the king and the whole court the Word of God, and there is a mighty power in that alone. On Sundays I hold regularly divine service in court, and all join as far as they understand. Stanley began the good work, and now we are enabled to carry it on. I have made the faith in Islam a special subject of study of late, and at every fitting opportunity am able to put to confusion the pretensions of the Arabs who represent the false Prophet here. The day is dawning, and I hope will soon be bright. The king and I are great friends, and the chiefs also have great confidence in me; and I hope to be able to guide them in the way of a more humane policy than has existed hitherto. Cruelty, slavery, polygamy, witchcraft, are only some of the terrible evils to be combated, and I have not been slack in my testimony regarding them. Only the grace of God can undo all that the devil has been doing here since the world began. But that grace is sufficiently powerful to do so and more. . . ."

"UGANDA, *Christmas*, 1878.

"To-day I held a special service, all the chiefs being in 'extra dress,' when I explained the great event of the day. I read the account of the birth of Jesus, as given in St. Luke's Gospel, and explained fully the message of the angels. When I had done I was asked to tell more, and I embraced the oppor-

tunity to show the dignity of labour from our Lord's thirty years' life at Nazareth.

"Lately an Arab trader arrived with guns and cloth, for which he wanted only slaves. Prices thus: one red cloth, one slave; one musket, two slaves; one hundred percussion caps, one female slave. I vigorously opposed him, and informed the king of the Sultan's decrees against the slave traffic, and of the cruelties perpetrated on its victims. Then I gave a lecture on physiology, and asked why such an organism as a human body, which no man can make, should be sold for a rag of cloth, which any man can make in a day. The result was not only the rejection of the Arab's demand, but a decree forbidding any person in Uganda to sell a slave on pain of death. By another decree Mtesa has forbidden all Sunday labour, and the question of the evils of polygamy has been seriously discussed by him and the chiefs."

"*Jan. 10th*, 1879.

"Since I last wrote I have little news or information of interest to you. Work goes on smoothly and steadily, and I hope that our teaching is taking root. In nature the greatest things grow slowly, and we can expect no other mode of operation here. A mushroom growth produces nothing lasting, hence we must be patient; still, I have little doubt but that if we sow much we shall reap also much, and that the harder the toil so much greater will be the result. . . . Reading, I am teaching by the 'look-

and-say' method, and for this I prepare a series of large type sheets in the Luganda language. It is wonderful how rapid progress my pupils are making in this way. I find the teaching I received at the Free Church Normal School of the greatest value in this respect. Would that all missionaries were taught how to teach. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Paterson and his colleagues of Moray House for what I learned there. The national schools in Uganda need more men from that excellent institution. . . . The people are not savages nor even barbarians. They are out of sight far in advance of any race I have met with or even heard of in Central Africa; they are exceedingly neat-handed, far more so than the coast people, who call themselves alone 'civilized.' It is indeed a great step in advance that was taken by the Free Church in the case of the 'Livingstonia Mission,' and by the C.M.S. in our case to make missions in Central Africa industrial. The African has never shown any capacity to grasp the Unseen *per se;* he requires something tangible—practical. . . . Uganda is out of sight the finest part of Africa which I have yet seen. The climate is delightful, like an ever-English summer; at night it is seldom colder than 60° Fahr., and in the daytime only a trifle above 80° Fahr. Rain falls here almost every night, and no day passes without thunderstorms. Grain is almost unknown, the universal food being green plantains, which are generally merely boiled. The trees grow with no

attention, and each bunch is a man's load. The natives are rather prodigal with the trees; they invariably cut one down to get a bunch of plantains; but so extraordinary is the vitality of the tree that it sprouts again immediately, and in about fifteen months has produced another branch, and is then felled as before. The people are an active, intelligent, but excitable race; they have little or nothing to do for their daily food, as the rich soil yields of itself all that is wanted in this way. Uganda is a constant succession of hill and hollow, the latter being generally swamps; hence mosquitoes are a most terrible plague. The ground, when not cultivated, is covered with rank tiger grass, stout as reeds, and these seem particularly favourable to the presence of mosquitoes. They harbour besides wild beasts innumerable, and pythons—a kind of snake allied to the boa constrictor—of dreadful size. The natives are most afraid of buffaloes, which have a peculiar fondness for plundering their plantations of plantains.

"This country is really a rich one, and might produce anything. Cotton, coffee, tobacco, are indigenous. Every stone is iron, and kaolin is in inexhaustible quantity. This kaolin—a stratum of white clay below the red clay—will prove of great value when the country becomes open to trade. But it is not necessary for me to give any lengthened description of such things. No account could be more accurate or admirable than that given by Col.

Grant in his 'Walk across Africa.' Indian corn is, I believe, indigenous, as also sweet potato; but wheat and rice are grown only by coast men. I should fancy this would be excellent land for growing tea and quinine, and many other valuable articles; but, until there is some proper means of access to the country, the soil and its many products must lie idle. Only English enterprise can overcome the difficulties, although one great step is gained when we make the natives themselves alive to the importance of a good road. I fear animal power of any kind will never be available in Central Africa from the presence of that fatal fly, the *tsetse;* but in these days of steam we need not fold our hands. I hope soon to show what can be done in that way, though on a small scale; for there are several articles of steam machinery belonging to the Mission, and when I have these at work we have the power to produce more and on a larger scale."

Sunday, Jan. 12th.—By dawn no less than four great chiefs and their retinues called. Begged thread and buttons—gave both. Went to palace. Court at length opened. No music or dancing to-day. Read prayers, adding prayer for heathen unbelievers. Mtesa asked "what would be the lot of the heathen who never heard of God?" Replied that God held them guilty, not for want of knowledge, but because they did not *seek after* Him. Read Gospel, Matt. viii. 18; ix. 17. Explained each paragraph. I find

Mufta has no understanding of the parables or anything else. He is, besides, most unfaithful in interpreting any passage when he thinks the king will be offended. To-day I explained the joining of new cloth on an old garment by incompatibility of Christianity and heathen customs, *e.g.*, polygamy and slavery. Mufta would not give my meaning, still I gave the king to understand the truth. Probably fearing further teaching on the subject, he immediately dismissed the court. . . . I believe the reading of the life of our Lord is not without effect. To-day the king remarked to his people: "ISA (Jesus)—was there ever any one like Him?"

Toli and others in, part of afternoon. Many boys are ever with me. What attracts them I don't know, for I give them nothing.

Tuesday, 14*th*.—Yesterday and to-day engaged in fitting up shop for iron work. Forge, anvil, lathe, vice, and grindstone, are now in order, and will, I hope, be of very much service.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Host of chiefs and slaves crowding my smithy. The cyclops blower and turning lathe are great marvels to them all. The grindstone, however, is perhaps the most interesting object. They cannot understand how "the wheels go round!"

Tuesday, 21*st*.—May God give me grace to search my heart! What have I been doing since I came to Africa? O Lord, make me and every one of us faithful to Thee, faithful unto death. May we aim at nothing short of the salvation of souls! What a

different life did Johnson lead at Sierra Leone! May my heart be as full of the desire for the salvation of souls as his was! The Spirit of God is working in me. It is not in vain. He will perfect that which He has begun. Give me a burning zeal, O God, for winning souls. Am I not here the link between dying men and the dying Christ?

Sunday, 26th.—Held service in court. The psalm I selected—51st—struck with force, and the king gave the meaning of it in Luganda. Read St. Matthew x. 32–xi. 30. The Spirit of God seemed to be working, for I never found so deep an interest before, nor so intelligent an understanding. Explained carefully the failure of man to keep the Commandments of God, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. He not only loved God with all His heart, but loved man so much as to die for him. The king was so struck with the truth of this, that he said to Songura, "This is truth I have heard to-day; there can be only one truth. You cannot say there are twenty *mani* in a *frasilah* if there be only twelve. Your religion is different from the truth, therefore it must be lies." He spoke of the persecution which he must endure from Egypt by becoming a Christian, but saw that persecution was the cross of Christians.

I never had such a blessed service. Oh, may the mighty Spirit of God work deeply in their hearts by His grace! He alone can do it.

Afternoon, king sent message with present of goat saying, it was a blessed passage I read to-day. Toli called and spoke of the same.

To-day the king reproved Songura for wanting to sell a gun on the Sabbath. May God make us consistent ourselves in the observance of His day! That is not easy in Africa, still it is possible. Even in travelling I always found it practicable.

Adam returned after several days' desertion. By foolishly firing off guns in these days of setting out to war, many have been seriously shot by accident. Two men I find with their legs broken, and another with a bullet through the shoulder. I know too little of surgery to treat the cases well, but shall do my best.

Friday, 24th.—Great day at court. All great chiefs, eight in number, with their slaves and dependents, commissioned to go to Busoga to reduce rebellion. Some 10,000, I believe, will be the strength of the united force. Talked earnestly with Kyambalango, Sembuzi, and others on method of warfare. I advised to cease from cruelty. When the enemy sued for peace, to slay no more, nor chop their ears off, nor to steal their wives and slaves. Told them to unarm the rebels, and be satisfied with goats and oxen.

Wednesday, 29th.—Koluji called. Promises to repair roof of workshop. Talked with him on the custom he has, with many chiefs, of carrying a rosary, as the Mohammedans do. He promises to leave it off. He sees also the absurdity of charms, although recently he believed so strongly in them as to buy of me a white cock to sacrifice. Persuaded two more

chiefs to lay aside rosary. Great chief (next to Katikiro) has, I am glad to say, taken my advice, and rejected his charms on his legs against snakes.

Before going to bed, heard great cry of goat being carried off by a leopard. It seemed to be at the very door. Aroused cowherd and rushed out with lantern, but found our goats all safe in shed. My fowls have been disappearing every night, till now I have none. A great hole in the side of their hut shows how easily the beast of prey knows how to get his supper. It is, indeed, dangerous to open the door after dark.

Sunday, Feb. 9th.—Sat for hours in church teaching. To-day wrote out the Lord's Prayer in Luganda. Edi had written it with much other matter (I think from Stanley's dictation), in Arabic character. I am really astonished to find many copies of this about. The eagerness to know and possess the truth is much more deeply seated here among chiefs and youths than I suspected.

The next scene is that of Mackay boldly denouncing the virtue of placing bloody charms on the threshold.

May 1st.—Several medicine-men put in an appearance, shaking their magic wands at the door; and from the deference shown them, I could well see what a place these evil priests occupy even in the court at the present day. Then two of the grass bunches, dipped in blood, were brought in by a magic man. The king received them by simply touching

them, and they were at once placed on the threshold with several there already.

I felt the occasion most opportune, but could not get a beginning. Soon, however, by God's help, I gathered my thoughts in Suahili and began. To lead gently and agreeably up to the point, I began talking of the greatness of Uganda and its great king, and how he alone of all the kings in Central Africa was willing to hear and obey the Word of God, and to worship the one true God and His Son, Isa Masiya. But, I said, some of his people seemed to wish him to serve other gods also. For instance, there, and kneeling down I took hold of one of the charms on the threshold. I said these were poor gods. Was not Jehovah in heaven far greater than all these bunches of grass? That was an insult to God to look for good luck from such things. Good luck came from God alone.

"Oh, it is *destari*" (custom of old). That was the general reply. Then I continued to show the absurdity of the thing. Was not grass in the jungle and grass in the doorway just the same? A mouthful for a cow!

The next defence of it by the king was that it was an *offering*. I called to his mind the Psalms and other Scripture I had read to him before, how Christ has once for all shed His blood, that God requires only the worship of our hearts.

Then arose much talk about the necessity for mixing the new (white man's) religion with the old.

I spoke very earnestly on this, and asked the king if I had not read to him how Christ said a piece of new cloth cannot be sewn on an old garment. I begged my words not to be misunderstood, for they were not the words of merely a *Msungu* (European), but of *Muungu* (God).

But Satan had his messenger to check me. None of the half-breeds were present, but one of Baker's renegades did terrible talk in Arabic. I do not think the fellow meant to be against me, but he is a great flatterer, and therefore a favourite courtier. They call him Babekère. Mtesa generally interpreted his words to me. They were pretty much that white men were in Egypt, in Alexandria, Jeddah, Khartoum, etc., and all were engaged in doing the wonderful things which white men could do, but that they did not demand that the old religion of these places should be laid aside. When we showed some wonderful work, then the king would be able to ask the Baganda to follow the white man's faith.

Hardly I pressed the necessity of putting things of heaven first, for soon we should all have to leave this world, and could take no skill or trades with us to the next. Talk was often very trying and unpleasant to listen to, but I took little notice, except to renew my supplication, begging them to serve God only. "Thou shalt have no other gods besides ME." This they have heard, and I pressed attention to it.

The king at times got warm, and said "he knew to read before we came, and knew the Bible Stanley

had told him we would make every kind of thing for him, and now we would make nothing." I showed the absurdity of his asking me to make everything with my two hands, while his 2,000,000 of people went about idle. I would teach them what I knew, that they might know after I died. This I had always said, and had asked for pupils, but had got none yet. Mtesa said he could not ask the people to follow our religion till we had first shown our skill in arts, etc.

Again I referred to the bloody charms, and explained how no man could serve two masters, by saying I could not be true to his interests and to the Khedive's also. But it was the Word of God alone that was my authority, and that he said he read frequently. Here God touched his heart. A few words with his chiefs in their own language, and I saw what was coming. I asked leave to take up all the bundles and burn them. Copplestone[1] begged me not to be so hasty, but Mtesa ordered the lot to be taken away, and forthwith it was done, and now no *fetich* or devil's mark lies at his door. We talked a little more, and in a friendly way, and our lengthy sitting was soon after ended.

The chiefs, who had sat nearly all the time perfectly mute, being dumfoundered at the boldness with which I spoke, as soon as we got out crowded round me, and embraced me after the Uganda fashion.

Copplestone and I came quietly home, and I now

[1] He and Stokes joined the Mission, April 8th, 1879

thank the good Lord for the victory the truth has this day gained.

I fully believe various charms will be wrought against me by the defeated magic men, but He that is with me is greater than he that is with them. May God make us all faithful, but also humble!

From this time we hear of Roman Catholic priests frequently coming into open collision with the C.M.S. missionaries. On 22nd February, 1879, *two* arrived at the capital, and these were speedily followed by three others. These were part of a host of men trained at Algiers, and sent by the "Notre Dame d'Afrique" Society. It is part of their policy to send men where Protestant Missions are already planned or at work. It is impossible to look upon this rivalry with pleasure, because it is confessedly a rivalry of the Roman Catholic creed and custom against the Protestant. The conduct of these priests at first was offensive in the extreme. They refused to kneel at prayer in worship when conducted by Mackay at court. They openly proclaimed their opposition to the teaching of the C.M.S. men who were there before them, and they did not scruple openly to proclaim them liars. Better relations were afterwards established, through the good sense and courtesy of Mackay and his brethren, and by the common danger which both Missions had to share; but it remains a scandal to Christendom that this Algiers Mission should openly set itself in opposition to Christian

Missions of another creed when working amongst the barbarous races of Africa.

Sunday, May 11th.—I went early to court alone. Found the *padre* there, but, after shaking hands, I sat away from him. King sent to ask if I had brought my book. I said I had, so we were summoned in. Mtesa begged me to pray as well as to read. The *padre* did not leave his seat, nor kneel down, nor even join in the Amens. I read the story of Elijah on Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal, and the rain from heaven. Mtesa desired me to read more; but I politely refused, as I wish to make a delight and not a weariness of reading. Mon Père did not say a word. Mtesa asked him if he understood. He said, "A little." I handed him Kings in Suahili to look at. The king asked if he knew it. He replied that "he knew it *a little*, as it was out of the Bible!"

Saturday, 24th.—We had talk on "two religions." He said he would not have two religions in his country, meaning Islam and Christianity. I said I had little fear of his turning a Moslem again, but he would have two religions when he had Roman Catholics and Protestants together. The Frenchmen, he said, would not read prayers, nor teach their religion, at least they had not yet done so. I merely replied that when the *padres* had all come, and been here some time, he (Mtesa) would see that all I had told him about them was quite true.

"Every nation of white men has another religion?" "No." "Perhaps the religion of the Frenchmen is a true religion?" "It is like Mohammedanism, a mixture of true and false. We believe in and teach only the Word of God; they add to it much of man's word, as of equal value."

It seems to me that God has allowed these false teachers to come that we may be more earnest in teaching the truth. Oh, that we could and would use the short time we have more to God's glory! We did what we could to keep the tares from being sown when the first Papists turned up; but we failed, and now they will settle in the country beside us. Well, as Christ Himself taught, let the tares grow up along with the wheat, and on harvest day God will gather them separately.

Wednesday, 28th.—Oh, that we could unite with all our might and call down the Spirit and power of God on our work! It is not at court, but among the common people that we ever can have real success. Experience of the most successful missionaries shows that work among the young is the most hopeful by far. This we must keep ever in view. May the Lord give us grace to unite all our energies in the great work—His work—here! The work is gigantic, and we are few; but if we live united to Him and to one another in *love*, our power for good will be nothing short of the mighty power of God.

Lord, enable us to search our hearts, and humble ourselves before Thee. Oh, for a closer walk with

God, more faith, more sincerity, more earnestness, and more love! I must study more the Word of God. "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you." The Master said so, and His words are true.

Sunday, June 1st.—Stokes and I took a walk this evening to the top of the high hill to the south-west of us. Most delightful was the air on the top. We saw Murchison Bay at various points, and a great expanse of country on every side. The population seems dense—houses and gardens in every valley, and on all the many hill-slopes. What a field for labour! If we could only talk with the people in their own tongue, why then it would not be the pleasure of the king, but far and near we should proclaim among the common people how God is God, and God is love. I do not believe we could be hindered in doing so. We know as yet really next to nothing of the people, but the little we do know shows them to be pleasant and friendly.

The Romish priests now arrive on the scene in great force, and much trouble follows. The king desires baptism!

Friday, 27th.—To-day the Frenchmen had their reception. Their presents seem to have been admirably selected; *inter alia:* five repeating rifles, box of powder and shot, etc., embroidered military suits, cuirassiers' helmets, officers' swords, mirrors, silver plate, etc., etc.

Sunday, June 29th.—This day is one the recollection of which will remain on my own mind, and on the minds of all at court. The lesson I intended to read and explain was the last three chapters of St. Matthew (in Suahili)—the death and resurrection of our Lord. I went to court, but scarcely expecting any opportunity of reading, as the day was so dull. By-and-by it became finer, and the chiefs arrived. Then M. Lourdel and his Superior came in (to the outer courts). I rose and bowed to them, but M. Lourdel did not introduce me to his colleague. They went and sat down in a hut, and I went over to the chapel, where I spent a pleasant hour in teaching the first truths to a circle of willing fellows.

About mid-day the king opened *baraza*. As soon as I was seated, the padres were shown in, and sat down beside me. Mtesa did not allow the half-breeds and general rabble to come in, and the usual noise of drums, harps, etc., outside was ordered to cease.

Then I was asked to come forward to read. I showed a little hesitation, these two men being beside me; but the Katikiro and chiefs only pressed me more, and made way for me. They all knelt, and after opening the Prayer-Book I said to M. Lourdel, at my side, that we were going to pray, and perhaps he would kneel with us. He said he did not understand me, nor would he understand when told by one of the others in Suahili. So I went on, and was not interrupted by the padres, only I heard one whisper

to the other *Pater noster* when I was reading the Suahili version of it. Prayers being over, I was asked to read the Scriptures as usual. I opened the book and commenced. The first sentence—"Ye know that after two days the Son of Man is delivered up to be crucified"—struck them by its accuracy of prediction, and hence its testimony to the divinity of the "Son of Man." I never got farther. Mtesa, in his abrupt style, said to Toli, "Ask the Frenchmen if they do not believe in Jesus Christ why don't they kneel down with us when we worship Him every Sabbiti? don't they worship Him?"

M. Lourdel was spokesman. He became all at once very excited, and said, "We do not join in that religion, because it is not true; we do not know that book, because it is a book of lies. If we joined in that, it would mean that we were not Catholics, but Protestants, who have rejected the truth. For hundreds of years they were with us, but now they believe and teach only lies." Such was the drift of his excited talk, in a mixture of bad Arabic, Suahili, Luganda, and French!

The king translated the meaning to the court.

Another asked me what I had to say. I felt sure that the moment was one requiring great coolness and great firmness, for my opponent's excited state might prove contagious; while his repeated denunciation of me as a *liar* (*mwongo*) could not be easily disproved on such an occasion—nor did I attempt to disprove it.

I endeavoured to give the king a simple account of the history of the Church, and why we had left Rome. I stated as clearly as possible that our authority was the Word of God *only*, that the Romanists had the Pope as their head, while we had one head—Jesus Christ. I tried to smooth the matter by saying that we had one belief in many things—one God, one Saviour, one Bible, one heaven, and one law of life.

But my friend would have no terms of peace "There was *one* truth, and he came to teach that, and we were liars! We were liars to say that they worshipped the Virgin Mary; we were liars to say that they regarded the Pope as infallible. The Pope was the king of 'religion' in all the world. He was the successor of Peter, who was the successor of Christ. The Pope was the only authority to teach 'the truth' in the world. Wherever we came to teach lies, the Pope sent his men to teach the truth. If what he said was not true, he would die on the spot," etc., etc.

I listened calmly to all, and never replied to the padre. Only when the king asked me to speak, I quietly told him how the "truth" stood. I said that he should first hear more of the doctrines of the Frenchmen, and I had little fear of a man of his intelligence being able to come to a right decision.

"How can I know what is right and what is false?" "By appealing to the *Book*. You have the Gospel in Arabic, and can read it." "Yes; and I have read in it, and know that you teach only out of it." "Well

look and see if you find there that Christ appointed a line of popes as His successors to teach the truth."

Never did I hear the word *mwongo* so frequently used. The padre was really, to say the least, not guilty of using too much of his native *politesse.*

His Superior seemed to me at times to be persuading him to be quiet, and at others to be prompting him, but he only spoke in French. I could not but feel sorry for the king and his chiefs. Their feeling of hopeless bewilderment made them say, "Every white man has a different religion."

They went home, and so did I. It is with a heavy heart that I think of the trouble now begun. But it is the great battle for the truth, and the victory will be God's. I took the one ground that we must ever fight on and for—"Christ the sole head, and His word the only guide."

It must be with all our might that we must labour to give the people the Scriptures in their own tongue, and teach them to read and understand them. Where will Popery be then?

Sunday, July 27th.—The lesson I read was the third of John's Gospel—the second birth. Afterwards the Arabs had much to say on their doctrine of fatalism, and I did my best to refute their blind belief. Two padres were present, but were silent. I took care in the lesson to say nothing to rouse their opposition, unless the whole subject of justification by faith might be regarded as contrary to their creed. At any rate, I thank God that they were quiet, and

did not spoil our service other than by constant whispering between each other.

Sunday, August 10th.—The lesson I took was "the two debtors" who had "nothing to pay," in the house of Simon the Pharisee. I got the whole audience interested, and therefore attentive. May the Lord bless His own Word!

By-and-by the king called us in. He seems just now in the humour for cross-questioning the Mohammedans. Last Friday he called Musudi (the one-eyed rogue) forward, and posed him sorely on why they did not translate their Koran into other languages.

We had a long and interesting discussion on the Koran. I have found a tendency at times among the people to undervalue their own tongue, and wish to learn English or Suahili, while I always endeavour to persuade them that their own language is beautiful, and that they should all learn to read and write it, and pray in it. The dogmatic statements of the Arabs are as ill-natured as they are foolish and unreasonable, and I firmly believe Mtesa and the court laugh at them.

To-day the king brought up the subject of wearing charms, etc. The Arabs asserted the saving power of pieces of the Koran being always worn on their person. I caused much laughter at their expense about this. Kyambalango took up the matter, and, from his own experience, related many cases in which such charms did not make Mussulmans invulnerable.

They refused to believe that the Turks could be beaten by the Russians when the former carried the flag of Islam; but I mentioned an instance nearer home, when the heathen Mirambo put the pious men of Unyanyembe to flight more than once. But a blind "believer" will talk much nonsense when he cannot talk sense.

This evening I have much enjoyed reading the "Trident, Crescent, and Cross." The story of what God has done in another land does much to refresh and encourage one in the face of similar difficulties.

God give us the meekness of Him who did not strive nor cry!

"Lessons on Life of our Lord," by Mr. Stock, I find ever a most valuable book in preparing the passage for Sunday reading at court.

Saturday, 23rd.—All this week I have not been to court since Sunday. Every day at work in the smithy, making and repairing articles belonging to the natives. For these, goats and plantains are sent in as payment, and this is getting pretty necessary, as we have nearly nothing to buy such with.

Sept. 1st.—Went to court. Had opportunity to add to my vocabulary of Luganda. Phrases and idioms are what I try most to get accurately. I see the importance of being very *accurate* in securing words and phrases, and I am not afraid of being able to far outstrip the Frenchmen in that.

Sunday, 7th.—Read prayers in court, and took up the mission of the twelve and the seventy. Mtesa

asked, when I had finished, about baptism. "Could any one baptize?" "No." "Can you?" "No; but the clergyman is qualified to do so." "I wish to be baptized and my chiefs." I then told him that baptism could not be performed on any except true believers, and these we judged not by their words, but by their actions. He asked me to explain more fully. I told him that we judged a good tree by its fruit being good; that many were ready to say that they believed, and were willing to become Christians; but who were ready to live as Christians? I saw no one yet laying aside lying, stealing, witchcraft, murder, Sabbath-breaking, and such like. After further talk, I asked him if he would, for instance, be willing to lay aside polygamy, and be content with only one wife. I said that we could not baptize a man who, in his daily life, went right against the commands of God. He said that he knew that the Uganda custom in this produced many evils, and he had once made up his mind to live two years with no wife at all; but after two months he returned to the old way.

We next see him in the king's presence vigorously opposing the Arabs and their blind belief; also glimpses of him, with tools in hand, working hard at the bench for daily bread, surrounded with pupils spelling out their reading-sheets, etc.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Yesterday I was at court, when a great argument was held on the Koran. Mtesa had asked the half-breeds to read a passage about

Solomon sending a letter by an eagle to a distant queen, whom he afterwards vanquished for refusing to pay him tribute. Mtesa asked me what I thought of the story. I replied that it was very nice; but was it true? "Oh, Mohammed got it direct from heaven!" they said. I explained that most of the accounts of ancient Jews given in the Koran were obtained from the Jewish Talmud, which was simply a collection of unreliable traditions. It was absurd to talk of things being revealed by God only 1,200 years ago, which were known to the Jews for hundreds of years before Mohammed's day. The Mussulmans stormed terribly at this, and denied that such a book as the Talmud existed, or, if it did, they had nothing to do with it.

Tuesday, 16th.—Terrific conflict with the Mussulmans again. They blasphemed terribly against the assertion that our Saviour was Divine. Mtesa had given out that he regarded every one as a blockhead (*mjinga*—simpleton) who could not read. He then spoke on translating, and jested about the absurdity of the Koran being a book for all people, seeing that it could not be translated into Luganda. Masudi (the one-eyed) and Ramathan were the chief speakers. The Superior of the French mission was present, but said nothing, and, I believe, understood very little. The Mussulmans are themselves only ill-informed on their own creed, but are correspondingly fanatical. They are, besides, glib talkers, and talk any one down with ease.

Wednesday, 17th.—Went to court this morning, as I expected a renewal of yesterday's battle, being almost sure of there being a *baraza*, as last night the new moon was first visible. This closes the Ramadan fast of the Mohammedans, and they are particularly zealous just now. The half-breeds were strong in numbers, and stormed, blasphemed, and, above all, lied furiously.

To the great amount of absurdities they brought forward about the prosperity and power of Mussulman nations in the world, I replied nothing. I told the king that the religion of Jesus Christ was a thing quite apart from temporal power; that Jesus Christ was a poor man, and His religion was not one of the sword. Lourdel assented to this, and, in fact, we stood fast together all through.

The Mohammedans railed on us as the worshippers of pictures, as having more gods than one, and, above all, as being mainly intent on conquest.

Mtesa began again about baptism. We would not baptize him, and he wanted an English wife, and I would not give him one! He would not have me to teach any more unless I should get him a princess from Europe! I told him of the nature of such arrangements with us. "Peradventure the woman will not come." He was astonished when I said that no woman could be married without her consent. I brought forward the saying of our Lord, that "he that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery." I received the very answer I

expected—"I have no wife; my women are all slaves."

Sunday, 21st.—Went to court alone and held service. Yesterday I had gone over and improved my Luganda version of the prayers, and this morning I read the revised form. Instead of the Apostles' Creed I have translated the Nicene Creed, as the latter is more explicit on the divinity of our Lord, and this is the great question just now, as the Mussulmans declare Him to be only a prophet; while on the other hand, the new teaching of Mary being the "Mother of God" is well met in this creed; while the short creed, I find, has not sufficiently guarded against such an inference. It is a pleasure to be able, in ever so imperfect a manner, to have prayers in such a language as all present can join intelligently in, and this they did to-day.

The first part of our lesson was the feeding of the five thousand. In connection with that, Munakulya (a *mutongole*) has begged me to teach him a grace to say at meals. Such a subject is full of instruction to an audience like what one finds here, where daily food is got with no toil.

Then came the most important and most opportune subject—"Whom say ye that I am?" (Luke ix.) Without alluding to the debates of the previous days, I dwelt much on the great fact of "God manifest in the flesh." I turned up passage after passage showing the testimony of all the evangelists, of angels, and of Jesus Himself, to His oneness with the Father. It

was in the chapel (not in the king's presence) where we had service; but the Katikiro and many chiefs were present, and joined most attentively in considering this great question. I hope (D.V.) to continue the same subject next Sunday.

Sunday, 28th.—The chapel was full, those of lesser rank sitting outside. After reading prayers in Luganda, I went over again the subject of last Sunday, showing that the united testimony of prophets, angels, apostles, and the Lord Himself was that He was no less than the Son of the living God, and the one Saviour of the world. Then came the special subject for to-day—the value of an immortal soul.

Such lessons are by no means over-formal, but are given much in the way in which Moslem teachers explain the Koran. We all sit on the floor, on mats, and in a familiar way I endeavour to inculcate the great truths of eternity. Many listen attentively; and as their habit is to repeat over their understanding of each clause, I get an idea of how far they have caught my meaning, and derive no little encouragement also in thus feebly fulfilling so great a duty. It is an awful position to stand between darkness and the light of life.

I had just finished, when the king asked us into his house. He had a lot of books (Arabic N. T., etc.) by him last Sunday. The two Masudis were there, and Mtesa asked them if they had brought a book they had many days ago promised to bring as conclusively proving something Mohammedan. They

had, and read largely from it. Then I asked to be allowed to read Christ's own testimony as to His divinity, and the king bade me read. The Mussulmans maintained that at the end of the world their prophet would come to be the judge of all. I refused to argue on the matter, but read aloud the 24th chapter of St. Matthew. Mtesa acknowledged that he believed in our Lord as the Son of God from all eternity, and as the only future Judge of the world. He seems to take pleasure in discussion, however.

I liked exceedingly Mtesa's behaviour to-day. I often think there is the work of God in his heart. We must only pray earnestly that the Lord will give him grace to be a real disciple. It is no small matter for such as he to leave the way of his forefathers and live a Christian.

I feel truly thankful that now our opportunities of public teaching at court are not confined to these occasions of controversy in court, which at best are a secondary means of good. Teaching directly from the Word of God in our Sunday lessons in the chapel, where no one has ever yet interrupted me, will, I believe, be of more real value. But the blessing is only of God.

Friday, Oct. 3rd.—This afternoon I had a visit from one of the king's sons—a young fellow, but really "a bonny boy." This is the first time that any of them have ventured here. Much I would give that we could influence for good all the young princes. One of them will by-and-by be selected

king, and a really Christian king in Uganda would be the dawn of a new era.

Sunday, Oct. 5th.—Kyambalango kept me long reading with him early. Went to court, and had prayers in chapel. Resumed consideration of the same subject as last Sunday: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself." I spoke very plainly and solemnly on this, and had all listening seriously. I pressed the truth home, and hope, by God's blessing, that several felt in some measure the gravity of the theme. Then we went to the ordinary waiting-place, when we had dinner. This over, Mtesa called us in—chiefs only. We had much serious conversation with him. He sent out for a catechism which Lourdel had given him in French and Suahili—the same one which M. Lourdel had read part of some time ago to the king in my presence. Mufta read a portion of this with my help, as the Suahili in it is spelt in a French way, and is besides very poor. The first chapters are, on the whole, less full of error than those later on. It begins:—

"1. *Q.* What is a Christian?"

"*A.* A man who has received baptism."

"2. *Q.* Is every man who has received baptism a Christian?"

"*A.* Yes; but all are not good Christians."

Farther on comes the treatment of the adoration of the Virgin, purgatory, extreme unction, etc. When this was over, the chiefs began telling Mtesa what

I had been impressing on them in the chapel. The subject of polygamy then was talked on for some time. I told them that I fully recognised the difficulty of the case, but said that we also should go in for many wives were it not that the plain command of God was against it. I said that they could still keep their households of women as servants. The Mussulmans had again much to say. They declared that polygamy had nothing to do with religion. I asked their chief advocate, "How many wives have you?" "Four." "Why not five?" This they knew to be an injunction of their creed, and could not answer. They then maintained that religion was a thing of pure belief, and had nothing to do with manner of life. I asked, "Then why did you not join the chiefs and me in the food which the king sent out to us just now?" They were floored again, and Mtesa and the whole court laughed heartily at them.

The king said that he had asked the Frenchmen about polygamy, and Lourdel had told him that he should have only one wife. "We want to do what is right in this matter, and long ago I have considered the question, but never could see how to arrange it. I was always unwilling to say much on the subject, as I feared my chiefs would denounce me." It was gratifying to hear the king talk thus. The Katikiro said also that I had told them to-day that their responsibility was great, seeing they now knew so much of the truth, if they did not do as

well as hear. The difficulty is this: At present a man's status is reckoned by his establishment, which depends on the number of his wives. These cook the food, and do all the work.

"How is a man to get on with only one wife and several children in his house?" asked the king. "Who will look after the goats, cook the food?" etc. I said that we in Europe had women servants always in the house; but they were not our wives, and need not be necessarily wives here either.

I have never seen the matter so seriously discussed before, and I only pray the mighty Lord will enable them to decide for Him and not for the flesh.

Mtesa put some curious questions about prophets. It appears that the Arabs had told him the other day that the prophets (Adam, Abraham, Joseph, Solomon, whom they call prophets) were all polygamists, and were yet of God. Mtesa asked me if there were any prophets of the devil. I told him that these (Adam, etc.) were not prophets, but that David and Moses were, and many more, and that these latter were men of God, and foretold the coming of the Messiah. He said that he did not want to have anything to do with prophets of the devil,[1] and meant to follow Jesus Christ and His prophets. Strange to say, the Moslems held their peace to-day, and I

[1] I did not guess then what was in his mind, and that prophets of the devil were the *lubares*, or witches of the country.—*A. M. M.*

took care to say nothing that would directly rouse their opposition.

I have heard it in letters from friends that Mtesa is only a hypocrite, and has no real desire for the truth. This may be somewhat so, but it is also more than somewhat not so. The natural man cares not for the things of God. It is true no less in England than in Uganda, that the "carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the will of God, neither indeed can be."

But where is our faith? Is it not our prayer, and is it not and has it not been the prayer of a multitude of God's people at home, that the Gospel should take root here in the heart of the king and people of Uganda? Are we then to cease to expect what we pray for? And are we to disbelieve our eyes and ears when we see the first signs—they may be faint signs—of the work of the Spirit in the heart of the king and of more besides?

As my father writes, "Conversion is truly a miracle, and nothing but the Spirit of God can effect it." "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." It is not foolish enthusiasm that would lead me to trust this Word of the living God. I believe it, and there will be converts here to the truth as it is in Jesus. Weak enough is our teaching, and even weaker yet our life testimony; but even a grain of faith will do to render that little effective, for there is a mighty unseen power behind.

Lord, give us faith. Any we ever have comes from Thee. Give us more. Faith is the power that moves the hand that moves the universe. It is like the engine-driver's hand, that moves the valve that sets the locomotive a-going. It is but a small force that is needed to move the lever that opens the valve, but that once moved, the strange invisible power flows in, and the mighty machine is in motion. The highest works of man are but a feeble symbol of the actings of that great unseen power that moves the universe. Yet they form a resemblance, though faint, for "God made man in His own image."

Sunday, Oct. 12th.—As soon as we had taken our seats in the chapel, and all the chiefs had got seated, and we were about to begin, Mtesa sent for us to come in to him. First he got all noise stopped, and bade the whole company outside sit as close to the door as possible that they might hear. Then he asked me to read. Prayers being over, I read in Luke ix. the account of the transfiguration, and how our Lord answered the dispute among the disciples, "which of them should be the greatest." I alluded to the claim of the Roman Catholics to Peter's pre-eminence, and I hope the bringing of all such questions to the test of the Word of God will be regarded as the only true solution of difficulties. Still, I said, that it was a minor point this one of Pope or no Pope, compared with the all-important one so often discussed—is Jesus the Messiah, the Son of God, or only a prophet? That was the greatest of all questions.

Yesterday I spent the day in carving wooden types for making reading-sheets. I hope these will be a small beginning in aiding our efforts at diffusing reading and other useful knowledge.

Monday, 13*th*.—All day carving wooden types, which give a good impression in the printing-press. It is slow work, and I have only succeeded in making ten after hours' work. Gave reading lessons all early morning and the afternoon. This is my birthday, and I find I am now thirty years old. When I look back, it is a life of strange vicissitudes that I have had. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and led me in a strange way, notwithstanding my countless shortcomings. Above all, I bless His great name that I have been spared to reach this place, while so many of my comrades have fallen on the way, and have been privileged to teach the glorious Gospel to the people that have so long been in darkness. Really there is nothing else so well worth living for. Only one score years and ten is a short span, and mine, I fear, cannot be much longer than it is to-day. But I am in the hands of my gracious and merciful Father, and His dealings with me have ever been those of love, and I feel certain that the days that remain to me—be they few or be they many—will only overflow with His goodness and mercy.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Have given away and taught a host of the alphabets printed from the types I have finished cutting. Pupils increase in number every day; some learn slowly, some quickly. Many are

getting a knowledge of reading. Writing I am beginning to teach on the native-made boards. Paper we cannot afford, as our stock is very small.

Sunday, 19th.—Went to court, and had service in the chapel. Our lesson was the remainder of Luke ix., and I pressed the audience to consider that they had put their hand now to the plough, and must not look back. Christ gave up His glory to save us; we must also give up something to be His followers.

In the early morning I had Kyambalango reading the Suahili Scripture lessons, and all afternoon I have been inundated with visitors, some reading St. Matthew's Gospel, and others spelling out their reading-sheets. Yesterday I had four chiefs in at once, and to-day several also. Another chief began reading with me the other day, and has so far made rapid progress. Most of those that read with me know Suahili pretty well; in fact, they are the only ones almost that do know it well.

Sunday, 26th.—Went to court, and read prayers and gave them a lesson afterwards on the "Good Samaritan," and the "One thing needful" (Luke x.). One chief had a copy of the Koran, which he was pretending to read, although I know he did not understand. When our service was over, I asked that he should give us the benefit of what he had found in his book. He replied that he had been reading that God was our Father! I explained to the whole audience that such a truth was not in the Koran to my knowledge, as in the creed of Islam

Allah was a distant being to fear and dread, and not, as Christ taught us, "our Father and our Friend." That God is love, seems to me the essence of our creed, and I ever like to speak to men of God as being such.

Afterwards a *baraza* was held. Mtesa was very pleasant, and we had much conversation, in which I spoke decidedly against witchcraft in every form, above all as manifested in such a being as Mukasa, the god (*lubare*) of the Nyanza, who is at present at Ntebe, and has for some months prevented any canoes from starting for Uganda southwards. Court was quiet, as usual on Sundays, and Mtesa had his Bible and other books before him. I was astonished to hear the judge tell some men who came with a case for trial that he could not hear them to-day, as it was *Sabiti*.

Monday, 27th.—All day occupied with readers at various stages. Some I hear in the house, while others I take into the workshop and teach them, while I am busy at the vice. Had serious talk to-day with Kyambalango, Munawa, and others, on the evils of polygamy. I fully believe to see an end now to this barbarous custom, which is sapping the life of half the community, especially in the higher circles.

Thursday, 30th.—Took with me to court over a dozen sheets of large alphabets, which we had printed from the types I cut. Mtesa was delighted with them, and distributed them at once among his chiefs and others. He gave me paper to make more of

the same, as our stock of stationery is exhausted, except the very little we retain to write to England upon. I find he has had the Suahili service written out by Edi in Arabic characters, and had ordered the same to be written out on boards by all his body guard, chiefs, and pages. Meantime he ordered the boards to be laid aside that they might learn to read the printed alphabets. We hope soon to print the service in Suahili, and to turn out enough copies in our press to serve for many worshippers.

In the afternoon Mtesa had a regular school, having sent for all his chiefs, soldiers, etc. (of the guard), and those whom we have been teaching, Mukasa,[1] who has read with me for some months, pleased the king so much by his reading that he was promoted on the spot to be our *mutongole*, and to look after the chapel and its concerns. Another lad, whom I taught some time ago, named Kadu, and a favourite attendant of the king's, has also been promoted to the rank of sub-chief, and has got a large plantation.

Nov. 1st, 1879.—Food is very hard to get, and many a day I have had to work hard at the vice and lathe to get plantains, which you know stand to us instead of bread. This interferes very much with the time I might have at my disposal for teaching reading and religion ; but somehow or other I get a good deal of that done also, and in a place like this, where the people are above doing any work, my example in

[1] Of course this is not Mukasa the *lubare*.

the workshop may not be lost.[1] Invariably, when at the bench, I have several pupils reading and spelling out their sheets all the time I work. Even while I am writing this, I have two chiefs in reading, with several of their slaves, who even beat their masters in sharpness.

We find our work growing in our hands; and now I can confirm what I said in my last, that the desire to learn is ever increasing among the chiefs and people. Hosts of people come to us every day for instruction—chiefly in reading, of course; and as we put portions of the Scriptures into their hands as soon as they get over the first difficulties of reading, we have very frequent means of instructing them in the truths of eternity.

I have cut large types in wood and in lead for our alphabets and reading-sheets, and with a small fount of lead type which we have, we are able to keep our little printing-press constantly going—in fact, we cannot make it keep pace with the demands on us for matter to read.

Already we are able to put into the hands of the people short pieces in their own language; and the pleasure we receive in hearing them read these,

[1] "Practical living knowledge is quite as great and surely quite as important as dead theories; and without question, he who only knows what is and can be taught in the schools, knows very little. . . . The teacher's practical skill will make a great difference; in the esteem of the public he will rise not a little."—*Seidel's Industrial Instruction.*

and understand them makes us feel amply rewarded for the labour we have had hitherto, and encourages us to go on to greater things.

The first glimpses of our work bearing fruit are also appearing; and although nothing is so successful as success, and it is success we look for, and so far as we are concerned we should not seek to stop short of its attainment, yet it is only God that can give the increase.

Wednesday, Nov. 5th.—Printed a lot of large-typed sheets of syllables, and easy words in Luganda. Our fount of these letters is unfortunately incomplete, being only on to p (some dozen or so of each letter), but we have got very good syllables, etc., as far as the letters go. I hope to cast and cut letters for the rest of the alphabet, as the type is very good, and a capital step between the large alphabets, which we print from the wooden blocks, and the small type supplied with the press.

Thursday, 6th.—This day is the anniversary of my arrival at this place. Praised be the good and loving Father of all, who has bestowed on us and on our work so much blessing and prosperity since then, in spite of our imperfect service and our constant unfaithfulness. I have much reason to rejoice that matters have turned out as they have done, in spite of the gloomy prospect not many months ago, and the still gloomier forebodings of the members of our mission here.

HEATHEN SUPERSTITIONS.

"We are helpers, fellow-creatures,
Of the right against the wrong;
We are earnest-hearted teachers
Of the truth which maketh strong—
Yet do we teach in vain?"

A Drama of Exile.

"A new name I am getting here—'the Anti-Mukasa.' This has no reference, however, to a sofa-cushion!"—*A. M. Mackay.*

CHAPTER V.

HEATHEN SUPERSTITIONS.

IN his journal at this time Mackay gives very full and interesting accounts of some of the superstitious beliefs and practices of the natives; but the chief interest of these records with most people will be the picture they present of the fervent zeal of Mackay, and the restless energy with which he plies Mtesa and the chiefs, sometimes in open court, and then privately one by one, with arguments to break down their superstitions and to receive the Word of God as their guide. His bold and intelligent appeal to the Scriptures seems to have deeply impressed Mtesa, and this habit of referring all questions to the Word of God became in the end the chief factor in the mental and spiritual revolution which in the course of years passed over vast numbers of the Baganda.

Sunday, Nov. 30th, 1879.—For our lesson I read and explained the parable of the Great Supper, and tried to make the subject as practical as possible. We did not see the king, but understood that after we left he had an audience, at which only some three or four of the head chiefs were admitted. It is said

that the main subject of conversation at court is whether Mukasa, the "spirit," is to come to see Mtesa, or Mtesa be carried to see him. At all events Mukasa has left the Lake, and is now quartered about a mile to the south-west of our *shamba*. His drums every day are a trial to our ears. He is expected to heal the king by a single word! But he must wait for the new moon before he commences his incantations.

Sunday, Dec. 7th.—Went to court, and had prayers in chapel, the place being to-day exceptionally crowded. During prayer, I am happy to say that perfect quiet is preserved, and all, more or less attentively kneel and join in worship. I refuse always to commence until the drum-beating outside and other noises are stopped.

During the lesson which follows, I have not been able to get the attention of more than the half of those present, *i.e.*, those sitting near. This is partly, if not altogether, due to the Katikiro, who is interpreter from Suahili into Luganda, not talking in a sufficiently loud voice, so as to be heard by all. Hence those behind take to reading whatever they can get their hands on—alphabets, sheets, gospels, etc.; and the disturbance thus produced is by no means small. By tact and quiet requests to leave their papers and listen to the lesson, I think it will be quite possible to gain the attention of all. To-day I stopped in the middle of the parable—the Prodigal Son—to ask a group, who were spelling out a page of syllables

behind, to listen to the story of the lost one found. Had it been anything else than a parable, I should have had difficulty in getting their attention; but the fascinating story triumphed, and I think they learned at last that a prodigal can only get his belly filled with the husks here below, and that the only true satisfying food is from above.

I read a new prayer to-day in chapel, asking our God to overthrow every device of Satan, and every usurpation of omnipotent power by a wizard, that all men might know that Jehovah is God alone. By the assistance of my pupil teacher (Mukasa), I rendered this carefully into Luganda yesterday; and the breathless silence which attended my reading of that in chapel, followed by Amens from all, was striking. May the Almighty hear and answer! I heard several talking about it afterwards, and some came to get me to explain fully what I thought of the *lubare.* I was hearing the Katikiro and some others reading a chapter at the time, and had to put off the inquirers.

After lunch Mtesa sent for seven or eight, but not more, of the chiefs, with myself, and two of the Arabs. He said he had many questions to ask; and I only hoped some of them were on the witchcraft question. I had my Bible in my hand, and had carefully considered how I might show from the Scriptures the evil of dealings with familiar spirits.

The king began by saying he had experienced slight earthquakes on three occasions in the present palace, and wished an explanation. Then he had

questions about the relative size of the earth, moon, sun, and stars. After these were discussed, I was just about to open the subject of the wizard, when he dismissed the court. May God grant me another occasion to teach His truth on this important question! "He that believeth shall not make haste." His own time will be the best time. May I not fail to redeem it!

At present the name Mukasa is in every one's mouth. This morning I met scores of loads of plantains being sent him by the king. Cattle, hens, etc., and women have been also sent him by Mtesa.

Thursday, Dec. 11th.—This is a day for which I lift up my heart to our gracious Lord and Father for His grace and love. The morning was fine, and, after a couple of hours' teaching, I went to court alone. *Baraza* was already commenced. After various matters were over, I saw the king was in better spirits than on Sunday, and after an interval of silence, I stepped forward, and sat down before the king.

I said I wished permission to ask one word of him. Mtesa replied, "Say on."

"What is a *lubare?*" I asked. The question took all by surprise, some smiling because they knew the folly of the *lubare's* claims; others made signs of displeasure, because they considered the *lubare's* claims undisputed. Mtesa received my question in good part, and began explaining that the word *lubare* was equivalent to the word *pepo* in Suahili (*jini* in Arabic). He then went on to some story about the

remains of his ancestors being preserved by certain persons who were either regarded as holding converse with the departed spirits of the kings, or were themselves possessed of certain spirits.

I said that there was no such thing as mediums of the kind, or spirits being represented by living men. Those who said that they possessed familiar spirits were only liars; that there were many such in Uganda, but the chief of them all was the *lubare*—Mukasa. I believed he himself had little confidence in the powers of such pretenders, but I had heard that several of his chiefs had been advising him to go to the *lubare* to get cured. "I sit before you," I said, "your servant and the servant of Almighty God, and in His name I beg of you have no dealings with this *lubare*, whether a chief tries to persuade you to do so, or a common man advises you."

The king assented to my statement, and translated my words to the court. I continued that if this Mukasa is a *lubare*, then he is a god, and thus there are two gods in Uganda—the Lord God Almighty and Mukasa; but that if Mukasa is only a man, as many said he was, then there are two kings in Uganda—Mtesa, whom we all acknowledge and honour, and this Mukasa, who gives himself out as some great one.

Mtesa caught my meaning at once, and translated again to the court. He said that he was intending to hold a council of his chiefs with a view of coming to some resolution on the matter. I said that now

was the time, for if he did not believe in the *lubare*, as being an enemy to God's truth, he could soon bring the chiefs to see the absurdity of the pretensions of this fellow.

The king then commenced questioning the chiefs. "What is a *lubare?*" Answer, "*Maandwa*" (*lit.* a bull, called so from the immoral life they lead). "What is *Maandwa?*" Answer, "*Mulogo*" (a wizard or sorcerer). "What is a *Mulogo?*" Answer, "*Muntu*" (a man). "Then if he is a man he is not a *lubare*, for a *lubare* is a spirit, or god." I was delighted to leave the king himself thus to discuss the matter. The Mussulmans repeatedly tried to interrupt me, and even the king, by their talk; for, although they oppose all belief in other gods except Allah, yet they have faith in genii, etc. They were ordered to keep silence, however; and what I stated further tended to attract their assent rather than their opposition to my statements.

I said that this Mukasa was practically causing rebellion in the country, for he disobeyed Mtesa's orders, and asserted his right over the Lake as before that of the king. It was more than five months since he (Mtesa) had ordered his traders (the Arabs) to be supplied with boats to go to Usukuma, yet these traders were not yet able to start, by Mukasa's counter-orders. This was a state of things that should not be allowed to exist. In the Book of God I was prepared to show him that both in the Old and New Testaments all sorcerers were denounced as liars, and

were ranked in the lowest scale of iniquity. Moses commanded them to be put to death. In our own country, in times past, they were put to the stake. But we did not as Christians sanction such a severe measure, nor did we come here to advise the shedding of blood ; but still, on looking at the express command of God as stated in His Book, we did advise that every man who deceived people into believing that he was possessed of a spirit should be ordered to cease such deception, and if he chose to continue it, he should be sent to prison. Those men were great liars, and Mukasa, as the head *lubare*, was the greatest liar, and the greatest rebel in the country.

Mtesa seemed rather delighted at the decidedness with which I spoke, and translated everything, even recurring to the other way I put it—"if Mukasa is a god, we have two gods; if he is a man, then there are two kings here." Those who at first were inclined to defend the evil genius had at length nothing to say for him. The Katikiro mentioned that Lukonge called himself god of the south end of the Lake. One of the Arabs recommended waiting a couple of days to see what Mukasa had to say for himself. "What was to be done?" was the question.

"Lukonge," I said, "is a heathen, and knows not God." "But I know God," Mtesa responded. "Yes, it is because you know God, and I believe wish to serve Him, that I now ask you to choose one or the other, and not honour an enemy of God. In all history we read that God was with every king that

feared Him, while those who went astray after other gods came to an end of shame. God has said, 'Them that honour Me, I will honour; but those that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed.'"

Some loads of plantains, etc., were at this moment presented, and other disturbances arising, Mtesa gave me to understand that the subject should drop for the time, but he should attend to what I had said. I thanked him, and retired to my seat.

There was some talk afterwards about his sickness, and about the rumour of a white woman having come alone from the coast unarmed, and commencing to settle in Ukerewe. The king also said that he had heard of an old man (an Englishman) being on the way from Zanzibar to Uganda.[1]

When court was dismissed, I had many a friendly shake of the hand with the chiefs; and while I was greeting, with perhaps more than usual frankness, those I thought were the strongest advocates of the *lubare*, I was pleased to find that they seemed quite friendly, although some of them gave me the curious look of those who felt that I had gained a victory over them. The Katikiro was especially polite, and told me that he had found my runaway boy, and would have him sent back to me. I had not said a word to him on the subject, as I fancied his head slave had determined to keep my boy, and I did not like to press the matter.

[1] This might have been Dr. Mullens.—*A. M. M.*

Chimbugwe, the chief who is over all the king's household, and is his more constant companion than any other, asked me for a Gospel. I sent him one afterwards. (St. John is the only Suahili book I had a number of.)

On the way home I called on Sembuzi, who gave me a present of a load of Indian corn in cobs. I told him a little of the talk at *baraza*, and he allowed me to carry away his principal charm—a miniature shield and spear.

Yesterday I sent to the king two pairs of steel pincers, which one of the coastmen had made him some time ago, but which were so roughly done that Mtesa sent me them to finish. I hope he is now satisfied with them.

Readers in at all hours. This week I have many new ones. If I get an hour or two at any time in the workshop, I generally have some one reading with me while I work at the vice or forge.

Much I feel my feebleness in trying to teach the truth of God to the king and his people. But no word of man, however strong, can prevail against the great powers of evil. Only the Spirit of the living God working in the hearts of all can effect that which we desire to see—the overthrow of evil, and the establishment of the kingdom of Christ in this land. God give us faith to pray for that believingly!

Sunday, Dec. 14th.—The day was very fine, and many were present at service. After prayers, instead of our usual reading in St. Luke, I turned up the

Scriptures from Exodus to Revelation, reading a host of passages to show the mind of God towards dealers in witchcraft. The laws of God to Moses, the example of Saul and Ahaziah, the manifestation of our Lord to destroy the works of the devil, the Acts of the Apostles—especially the case of Elymas—the works of the flesh contrasted with the fruits of the Spirit in Gal. v., and, finally, the list of those who may not enter through the gates of the heavenly city (Rev. xxii. 15). All these I read in order, having previously written out the passages in Suahili.

I had wonderful attention to-day—much more than usual. This was partly due to Chambalango acting as interpreter, as he is much better heard than the Katikiro. The subject was a very practical one besides, especially at present.

I was gratified to hear one of the chiefs say that the list of passages read was enough to set the matter at rest, and there could be no more dispute as to the unlawfulness of witchcraft.

The other day, when Mukwenda was in, he of his own accord cut off two charms he was wearing on his arms, and gave them to me. He did so as a proof that he has no faith in the *lubare*.

Sunday, 21st.—Held prayers in perfect quietness. Before commencing, I had a sober talk with the audience on witchcraft. The chiefs seemed to me to be somewhat ashamed of their belief in this absurd pretender—Mukasa.

After prayers, instead of reading and explaining a

chapter as usual, I made a sort of introductory lecture, as being close on Christmas Day. I went over the history of God's dealings with man, from the fall to the New Testament era. I tried especially to show the provision which the Lord has made for ever-sinning man, by the great sacrifice of His own Son. I explained also how even the chosen nation at all times fell into idolatry, and God had finally to cause them to cease to be a nation at all.

One or two fellows who were laughing and making a disturbance in a corner were repeatedly reproved by the others, and I was glad when they left. The general feeling is in favour of decorum during our lesson, although their notions of decorum are loose enough. It will only be when the Lord makes His love felt in their hearts that there will be the proper reverence paid to His word and ordinances. Yet I believe even our feeblest efforts are blessed more or less. It is not the manifest amount of reverence or attention that is the real measure of the amount of good effected. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

Last night I heard that the king had given orders to a lot of chiefs to build hurriedly some houses within the court for Mukasa. I did not take much notice of the report, except to ask Koluji—a *Mutongole* who had always been a great friend of mine—if the story was true. He told me that he had heard nothing about it, and that he had been unwell.

On my way home I met one of my pupils (a lad),

who told me that yesterday all the chiefs had supplied men to build three houses for Mukasa in the king's inner court, and that they had worked late by moonlight to have them finished, against the arrival of the *lubare* on Monday morning.

I felt my heart overflow with sadness at this. I had pleaded earnestly in court ten days before against the folly of witchcraft. Last Sunday I had turned up passage after passage in the Bible, and shown from the Word of God that witchcraft is sinful, and to leave the worship of the Almighty to follow lies, is to err exceedingly. Sore was my heart with disappointment now to find no better result than if I had said nothing on the subject at all.

After a mouthful of breakfast I set off to visit several of those chiefs who, I believe, were most open to conviction on the subject.

I first called on Kyambalango, and saw him privately. I expressed my deep sorrow at the determination of the court to receive this deceiver with all honour, especially after he and many of the chiefs, and the king himself, had expressed to me their belief that the *lubare* was a liar and impostor. Kyambalango said he knew I was right, and that they were doing wrong. He said he would come to me next morning at dawn, when we should consult as to how the evil might yet be checked. (He did not keep his word, however, for he neither came to me next morning, nor did I see him afterwards at court.)

Next I went up to the palace. In the usual outer

court I found a few sub-chiefs, and among them Munakulya and Koluji. I said to Koluji that it was not only unfriendly in him to have said he knew nothing about the building, but it was sinful to say he knew nothing about it, when he had actually been engaged on the work. The others present laughed at the exposing of Koluji's falsehood. I told them all that I knew they felt ashamed at having built houses for this Mukasa, who, I had often told them, was a deceiver. But, I said, they had done no wrong, and had acted perfectly right in obeying the king's order. They were bound to do exactly as he said. Only to deny having done so was to lie, and that was quite in keeping with the *lubare*, whom they respected so much; but it was a sin against God.

I then went to see the Katikiro. As usual, he was buried in his harem, and I did not find him. I went through a lot of his private courts, and found in one a lot of charms, consisting of a miniature fence of reeds a metre long, and about a metre high, with three miniature shields, and some branches of wands tied to a small tree.

Next I called on Sekibobo, the greatest chief, except Mukwenda, who is only a lad. He received me very kindly, and asked me to help him to read a page or two of a Suahili hymn-book he had. I spoke to him about the folly of mixing up the worship of Jehovah with that of a man who lived by deceiving people. In the morning he had listened attentively in chapel when I spoke about the same—how they

joined in worshipping God on one day in the week, and reverenced a servant of the devil on other days. Sekibobo denied having had any share in building the houses for the *lubare*, or in bringing him here.

He presented me with a huge goat, which I asked him to delay sending till to-morrow, as the day was Sunday, while I promised to give him what he urgently asked strongly for—a larger Suahili book.

Next I called on Kago. He was, as usual, very friendly, and told me also that he knew nothing of the buildings for the *lubare* last night in the palace grounds. We had a deal of talk on the nothingness of charms, which he wears in abundance on his person, while over his door a few score are suspended. I was offered a goat, but declined till next day.

On my way home I called on Sembuzi, and afterwards on Wakibi. They, like all the rest, have nothing to say in defence of the pretended wizard. I came home at dark pretty well tired.

I have laid the matter earnestly before the Lord God in prayer, that He may open the dark eyes of their understanding, and teach them by His own Spirit that He is God alone.

Monday, 22nd.—This is another day for which I have much reason to praise the Lord, while I have been taught it is not of man, nor by the will of man, but by the Spirit of God alone, that men's hearts are moved. I got the Katikiro to promise to send my letters to the Frenchman, who I found had started half an hour before.

I chaffed him about his charms which I saw in his court yesterday afternoon. He pretended to know nothing of them! Of course I could not say he was a liar, although to have said so would be the truth. I only said, "When we return from court I shall come with you, and show you where the charms are, and you can throw them away!"

On my way to court I heard many people laughing, some in scorn at me, and others merely from the amusement in prospect. They spoke among themselves about the chances being small that I should gain admittance.

After waiting some time with the chiefs in the ordinary court, Mtesa opened *baraza*, and, although the crush was great, we all got in. Lourdel presented the king with a gun and some powder and shot. A native produced a gun (two-barrelled), the stock of which had been carved by himself with the boar's head exactly after the pattern of the Belgian guns. It was wonderfully well fitted and carved.

A very few minutes after we were seated, I rose and sat down in front of the king. I thought it well to commence at once, as then there was little chance of Mtesa taking it into his head to dismiss court to save discussing a difficult subject. Lourdel was close by me all the time, and Pearson[1] was on a stool behind. I was, of course, squatting like a tailor on the floor, as all the chiefs and Arabs do.

[1] One of three gentlemen who joined the Mission, by the Nile route, Feb. 14th, 1879.

Mtesa seemed to know what I meant to talk about, and I felt not a little encouraged by his giving orders for all music and other noises outside to cease at once.

I began by asking if it was now his pleasure that I should cease teaching the Word of God at court on Sundays. He said, "No; not by any means." I said that now he and his chiefs had made up their minds to bring to stay at court the *lubare*, whom he (Mtesa) allowed to me the other day to be a deceiver, that I had no right to interfere with his orders or whom he chose as his guest; only this visitor, for whom preparations were made, was no ordinary guest, but was looked up to by the people as possessed of powers which belonged to God alone; that we could not mix up the worship of God Almighty with the worship of a man who was the enemy of God. Mtesa listened attentively, and then said to his chiefs, "Do you hear what Mackay says? He says that we cannot bring the *lubare* here without offending God." One of the chiefs replied that the *lubare* was only coming with medicine to heal the king. I replied that the *lubare* was not merely a doctor, but was looked up to by all as a wizard, and as being able to heal people by enchantment. Mtesa allowed that I was right, and said he knew very well that this Mukasa was coming to use witchcraft. I said further that we should only be delighted if Mukasa could cure the king, and neither I nor any one else could object to his bringing medicine for that purpose.

The king went on to say that Gabunga (chief on the Lake) had come some time ago to say that Mukasa was able to cure him. "Bring his medicine, then," said Mtesa. Jumba brought some; but said it was of no use unless the *lubare* was present himself to perform the cure. "This and that other fellow," continued Mtesa, "says that he is a *Maandwa*, and that the spirit of my ancestors has gone into them; but do you think I believe that?" I said that I believed he had more sense than to believe anything of the kind; for when a man dies, his soul returns to God, so that these fellows were only liars, and deceived the people. The king replied, "What you say, Mackay, is perfectly true, and I know that all witchcraft is falsehood." I thanked him for this statement, but the Katikiro and other chiefs showed themselves very ill-pleased. They saw no harm in the *lubare* being received with all honour. He would make medicine which they would hang up in the palace-houses, as Mukasa was a great medicine-man. I repeated that medicine was an excellent thing, but it was not medicine that Mukasa got so great a name for, or that they regarded him as a *lubare* for; but that he was a great diviner, and wished the people to believe him a god.

The king assented again strongly to this, and called forward one of the coast men—Ramathan—who is said to be an Afghan from Cabool. (There is a Belooch also at court—a gathering of nations here!) Ramathan at first saw that the king was

assenting to my statements, so he also assented, and said that if this *lubare* were able to cure the king, he should have done so long ago, as Mtesa had now been ill for two years.

After further talk, when he saw that the chiefs were strongly in favour of the *lubare*, Ramathan veered over to their side, and said that, as raw flesh of a day old did not ever corrupt anything, there could be no harm done in letting the *lubare* settle in the palace for a day or two.

I said that I could not hinder the king having the *lubare* as many days at court as he liked, only I found it my duty to tell him that his encouraging this false person would have a powerful effect in the country in confirming the faith of the people in witchcraft, in which he (Mtesa) himself did not believe. I took my stand on the Word of God, which said that all who used witchcraft were enemies of God.

Mtesa said that he did not know what to do, as his mother and her friends were the main advocates of the *lubare*, and it was they who first advised him (Mtesa) being carried to see the wizard; and when he declined, on the ground of sickness, they got him to have the wizard brought here. He did not know how to get out of the fix, for he knew that it was wrong, yet his mother's people wished it. I replied that we were ready to show all honour and respect to his mother and relations, but God was greater than all; and I advised him to choose which he would

serve. I had no more to say, and soon after the king dismissed the court.

I left, feeling that I had the king's ear, but that several of the chiefs were strongly opposed to me.

Before court broke up, the king called forward Kago and another chief—both great advocates of the *lubare*—and deputed them to go to his mother and the other old women (aunts, etc.), and say that he (Mtesa) did not wish to have the *lubare* brought to court, but that he wished to hear what they had to say.

In the afternoon, when Mufta was with me, he was sent for by the king, who was holding another court. I believe that Kitunzi was there present, and advising the king strongly against having anything more to do with the white man's religion, as it was only a preliminary step to taking the country that we were now teaching. Ramathan was also present, and was talking much against us.

Mufta was told to leave, and go back to me, which he did. A third *baraza* was held in the evening, but what transpired I do not know.

Tuesday, 23rd.—This morning Mukwenda told Lourdel that the king had said he would kill any boys who came again to learn reading here. I doubted the truth of the king having said so, for Mukwenda is himself a mere boy, and has no say at court; although some of the chiefs had probably said that they wished no more teaching by us. One or two lads were reading, however, with me this morning, and others last night till after dark.

Soon after eight o'clock a messenger came, saying that the king called us all to court.

When we were seated I was called forward, and Kago and a woman were brought in. The king said that the result of Kago's mission was that this woman, (his aunt, I believe), had been sent to bring me to the council of the king's mother, and others of the family of Suma, that I might explain to them why I refused to allow the king to see the *lubare*.

I replied that I would not go to explain at any other court than this; that I did not refuse to allow the king to see the *lubare*, only as a servant of God I had warned him of the sin of witchcraft; that I used no force, and had told the king yesterday that it was my place to tell him the truth, while he was free to follow or reject my advice.

The chiefs—especially the Katikiro—all set to talking a deal, after which I saw that the king was afraid of acting contrary to them. Mtesa then gave a verdict which pleased them all, for they *nyanzigged* boldly after he said it. He said that now they would leave both the Arab's religion and the Muzungu's religion, and would go back to the religion of their fathers!

I was asked why we came here, and what we came to do. I replied that we came in response to his own request to Stanley, that he wished white men to come and stop with him, and teach his people the knowledge of God. He said that he understood that we came to teach them how to make powder

and guns, and what he wanted was men who would do so. I said that we did not understand that, and that our first work was to teach the Word of God, and how to read it. He replied that, if to teach that was our main object, then we were not to teach any more. He wanted us to work for him. I said that we never had refused to do any work he wished us to do ; and that everything he had asked to be done, I had done. There was scarcely a chief present, I said, for whom I had not done work. I showed my hands, which were black with working in iron every day for these very chiefs who were saying we would not work for them. They said that they wanted us to stop teaching to read, and to do work only for them and the king. I replied that we came for no such purpose ; and if he wished that, then we could not stay. "Where will you go?" "We shall go back to England."

Then he said that when Lieut. Smith came, he brought a letter from the Queen saying that we had come to do work for him. I asked the letter to be produced. It was brought. The Arabs tried to read the Arabic version, and Mufta tried to read the Suahili ; but both failed. I then read the Suahili version myself, and pointed out that to teach the Word of God was stated to be the first object of our being here. I also pointed out that the letter was not from the Queen, but from men who were engaged in sending the Word of God to every land.

He asked me if we taught Said Burgash. I

replied that the missionaries in Zanzibar settled there by Burgash's permission ; not to teach him by force, but to teach any of his people that chose to be taught. That what we wanted here was not to introduce Christianity into his country by force, but liberty to teach any of his people that wished to be taught, and liberty for any of his people to embrace Christianity that wished.

The Katikiro said that they wanted white men to make guns, and caps, and powder. They wanted us to bring them guns innumerable as grass, etc., etc.

I could only say that there were plenty of people in England who would come and sell such things, and there were others who would make them ; but we came only to teach the knowledge of God. All other work which we did, I said, we did out of friendship, because they wanted it, and not as fulfilling the end for which we came. Such-like talk went on for an hour or two, after which the court was dismissed.

To-day was a scene in which the heathen raged and the people imagined vain things. They have decided for a sorcerer instead of the Lord of glory. It is heartrending to think of this result of more than two and a half years' teaching of Christianity at this court. To-day the chiefs followed each other like sheep, yet I am convinced that several present would have chosen quite the contrary were they not afraid of each other. The Lord will bring good out

of evil, and this decision of to-day will only redound to the firmer planting of His kingdom in this land. I do not feel discouraged—only disappointed for the time. No power can stand against that of the Cross of Christ.

One result I should rejoice to see, viz., to have permission to work only among the common people, and let the court alone. When I asked this to-day, the idea was scouted. It seemed that the chiefs themselves saw the absurdity, or rather danger, of the common people (*bakopi*) being taught Christianity, while they themselves stuck to their idols and witchcraft.

It appears that the idol *Nende*, or, at any rate, its guardian angel, *Kajugujwe*, and also the third god, *Kibuka*, are also to be settled with Mukasa in the huts just built in the palace inner court. It is a terrible downcome to return to such follies, but the Israelites of old did so likewise.

Meantime we mean to keep quiet, God sparing us, until the present storm blows over. Let the old gods have their way; it will not be for long, and I know it cannot satisfy the hearts of these people.

Wednesday, 24th.—Before dawn I was wakened by a terrible beating of drums in the neighbourhood. I got up, and looked out in a dense fog. I gathered at once that it was the procession of the *lubare* going to the palace.

The sound of the drums got nearer, and the united shrill cries of hundreds of women became more

distinct, and then faded away as the great procession turned up the highway to the king's. I felt relieved that the party had not to pass our *shamba*, for who knows what a capricious and fanatical mob might have done on a moment's impulse? But I retired into my house with the feeling that we were in the hands of our loving Father, who will not allow a hair of our heads to perish.

I afterwards learned that the *lubare* put up at the house of Gabunga (head chief on the Lake), who is now at the capital, till mid-day, when he was received at the palace. The king was removed from his ordinary house, and seated in the main court, where the three huts were built for the three deities. By some reports, Mtesa and his wives alone were inside the house, the Katikiro sitting in the doorway, and all the other chiefs sitting outside, while the *lubare* also sat outside near the door, the other two deities sitting near him.

All agree in saying that a vast quantity (400 large *kitas*) of beer was consumed by the *lubare* and chiefs, Mtesa scarcely touching the liquor; that the king sat silent all the time, while the *lubare* sang. Some say that Mtesa paid little attention to the *lubare*, but called forward the *Maandwas* (small sorcerers, etc.) to play and dance before him. Few were near enough to know anything that the *lubare* said or sung; but one man (Toli) says that he predicted war in the country from the presence of strangers, not now, perhaps, but within four or five years.

Sunday, 28th.—Early sent for to see Kaitabalwa, who is ill.

Several subs were present, and all having on charms, which they said were for snakes. I gave him a lesson on the impotence of such things compared with the power of the great Creator. One of them had a very bad head; and as he maintained that a charm was effective for snakes, I bade him try a charm to cure his head. I picked up a few bits of things, and tied them in a bundle, as the dealers in witchcraft do, and asked him to believe that that would cure him. "Here is a piece of cane," I said, "which God made; here is a piece of *lubugu* (bark cloth) which God also made, and here is a piece of plantain fibre which God alone made. I tie these things together, and although before, you trampled them under foot, now they have a saving power!" There was much laughter at this, and one of the party cut off his charm on his arm. He afterwards asked me for medicine for his bronchitis, and I brought him here and gave him a cough mixture.

My lads came down after mid-day, and Mukasa read a few Suahili Psalms (including Psalm ii.) with me. He says that Sekibobo and Mukwenda, with a few subs and many people, came and sat in the chapel for a long time this forenoon. The king sent out to know if I had come.

All this strongly confirms my opinion that the decision come to in full court last Tuesday was not

final. The king and some chiefs evidently expect us to continue our teaching as before. My boys being allowed to come unhindered every day certainly does not look like as if a very strong veto had been put on our continuing our work. It was all, I think, a strong effort that a very few old chiefs made to bring pressure to bear on the king to make him recognise their old gods. I am sure Mtesa will feel much ashamed of the last week's performance. May God forgive his want of courage to confess Him, and give him and such of his people as are disposed to believe, grace not to be ashamed of the Saviour's name!

Wednesday, 31*st*.—They say Mtesa refused to see the company of *Maandwas, i.e.*, wizards and witches, to-day, because the cure that was expected to be wrought on him by the *mere presence* of the head *Maandwa* (Mukasa) has failed. He therefore considered the whole an imposture, and would have no more of them. Would to God that it may be so regarded by Mtesa and all the rest!

Mukasa is said to have decamped and gone back to the Lake. May this be the last of that vile power!

Thus the year closes. The old serpent has tried again to bruise the heel of the seed of promise, but the head of the enemy will soon be destroyed by the power of the Lord our Righteousness.

Friday, Jan. 2nd, 1880.—This morning early, commenced to translate St. Matthew's Gospel into Lu-

ganda. Finished the first chapter. A perfect host of difficulties present themselves at almost every step. It will take very long indeed before they can all be met in any translation.

May the same Holy Spirit who inspired the Word at first, cleanse my heart and hands in this work, and sanctify it to the glory of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ!

Sewed up wounded hand of woman, and gave various medicines to other invalids. It has struck me at this time more forcibly than ever before, that all missionaries should have a good knowledge of surgery and medicine, or at least have one of their number in each station qualified to take in hand any disease or accident. It is the fact that all native gods and sorcerers are cure-workers, and all medicine-men looked up to as being possessed of more than natural powers, that leads me to see the great influence in favour of Christianity that a medical mission can exert, if prudently conducted.

Thursday, 29th.—Several mornings Mukasa and I have been translating the fifth chapter of St. Matthew.

I heard the other day that Mtesa said to the chiefs a day or two ago, "Why are you not going on with reading? You are only living for this world, and trying to amass riches. You had better prepare for the world to come. Here are white men who have come from Europe to teach you *ku somesha* (to teach religion). Why do not you learn?"

He then asked all round who could read, and who could not, bringing in all pages and other lads about the grounds. A lot of sheets of syllables, etc., and short sentences, which I gave him several months ago, he now gave out to chiefs and others who had not already got them.

This is certainly so far encouraging, especially after the action taken by the court at Christmas. Several have since then been here begging alphabets, etc. For the first time since Christmas Kyambalango came to see us last night. Other chiefs also are coming about. God has heard our prayers, and He has been working in the heart of the rulers of this country without any intervention on our part. Oh, for wisdom to know rightly how to improve our opportunity!

What is the meaning of this "devil possession" so much believed in here? Every *Maandwa*, or priest of a *lubare*, is at times said to have his (or her) *lubare* in the head, or to be possessed (*asamidè*). I remember well on my last visit to Buzongora, at Kaitaba's, on going into a house on the arrival of our canoes at Bumbire, a woman appeared just inside the door on her hands and knees, having a child strapped on her back. She pushed her lips back and presented two jaws of teeth like a growling lion, and without uttering an articulate word, growled at me like a wild beast. This was to prevent me entering the hut. Some Basesè who came with me, carrying my boxes, ran off in terror. I went in,

nevertheless; but seeing the hut too wretched for my accommodation, I went off to seek another. Some time after, I returned to see if she were still there, but she was gone.

Every dead king has a *Maandwa*, who makes all believe that the spirit of the late monarch has entered into him, or does so periodically. On these occasions he raves frightfully, talking in a strange falsetto voice, when people bring pots of *mwenge* (beer), for the *muzimu* (spirit of the departed) is believed not to *eat*, but to *drink* plentifully.

That *much* of all this is downright imposition on the credulity of the superstitious people is certain, but it remains to be proved that *all* is imposition. Doubtless, as among all primitive and semi-civilized, as in savage nations, many forms of mania and other diseases have been ever believed to be due to the presence or influence of some δαίμων; so here, certain persons, at times suffering from mental disorder, have come to be regarded in their fits as possessed. These would easily come to believe themselves to be at such times under the influence of an unseen spirit, or a *lubare*. Others, seeing the immunity they possessed from danger of apprehension, as also their means of securing gifts from their superstitious neighbours, readily learned to imitate the actions of madmen, with the purpose of gaining respect, or rather dread, and offerings of cattle, fowls, and beer. Thus the system of deception has grown, and with its growth become more exacting and insolent.

When a *Maandwa* dies, another, generally from among his followers, at once takes his place; while, whenever a king or queen dies, sure enough soon after, a *Maandwa* appears who apes the voice of the deceased, and professes to be possessed of the *muzimu* (soul) of the dead sovereign. The manufacture and sale of charms eke out the means of subsistence of such false prophets, who invariably dress in only goat-skins, white or black, and carry a club of crooked wood, ornamented with iron knobs and bells.

The *Balaguzi* (prophets or diviners) are a different crew from these *Maandwa*, or priests. They dress similarly, but never appear without a huge bundle of *mayembe*, or magic horns, great iron bells, and a file of leather flaps, by the shuffling of which they divine and soothsay. Their main work seems to be the detection of thieves, when they sit in front of the suspected, with faces smeared over with ashes, and listen to the evidence attentively, at the same time keenly watching for any signs of nervous fear of detection among the accused. Not only the highest chiefs and king himself regularly employ these detectives in cases of loss by theft, but condemn to death the persons pointed out by them; while even the most fanatical Moslems here have recourse to these charm-workers, when any loss of property occurs!

Even our religion is looked upon by many, if not all, as only another sort of witchcraft. I have heard

them always speak of Islam and Christianity as being merely new kinds of *customs* or practices (*ngere*), while they call our Book a charm, or *jembe* (*i.e.*, idol)—"strange gods"!

Among themselves the greatest inexactness and ignorance prevails as to the powers, ranks, and offices of the different *lubares* which they worship. Some *Balubare* are good, and some bad; but all need gifts to propitiate their wrath. There are also *Maandwa* of Katonda (the Creator); but they are never spoken of, and being little known, their influence is nowhere.

Many natives have told me that Katonda and the *lubare* are one and the same; but those who profess to know better, affirm that when Katonda created (*ku tonda*, to create) all things, he handed over the government and preservation of everything to the *lubare*, who is therefore feared and worshipped by all. Thus they divide the God of *creation* from the God of *providence*. But as in old Greek and Latin mythology, each phenomenon of nature has its own separate divinity, or *lubare*,—*e.g.*, *food*, *famine*, *rain*, *war*, *thunder*, *earthquake*, *plague*, *smallpox*, etc.;—while some living creatures, especially *serpent* and *parrot*, are worshipped, as well as any monstrosity in nature, *e.g.*, a hollow tree, a strangely shaped rock, etc. I know of a rocky islet in the Lake that is devoutly worshipped, as also a wooded hill near the capital, on which not a tree is allowed to be cut, under the belief that ill-luck will attend the builders and owners of any house the posts of which come from there.

All seem to agree that the *Maandwa* are a bad lot, but they are not so ready to confess that the *lubares* are bad too.

After the priests and prophets I have mentioned comes a class of what are called *Barōgo, i.e.*, charmers. There seems to be little distinction between them and the *Basao*, or medicine-men, probably owing to the fact that in the administration of all medicine a certain amount of jugglery is practised. They always speak of *charming* a disease, when they mean *curing* it. This charming, or witchcraft, is (when the patient dies) as liable to be visited with the extreme penalty of the law as it was in Scotland in days gone by. Poisoning, or, as they say, *charming by poison*, is regularly carried on by professionals of the art. Vegetable poisons are doubtless chiefly used, but bones of the dead and parts of putrid bodies are also mixed up, and the fatal dose administered in beer, or in the vegetable sauce commonly used by chiefs to season their boiled plantains when meat is scarce. Women not unfrequently poison their husbands in this way. So afraid is the king of being poisoned by his own wives, that he will taste nothing until first the cook, who is one of them, has eaten a little (before his eyes), not only out of every dish, but out of various parts of every dish!

The head wife in every harem is always called *Kadu lubare* (little slave of the spirit). I have heard the word applied also to a child born by a woman who had been barren, but who brought offerings to

a shrine or temple (*sabo*) of a *lubare*, begging to have offspring, and promising at the same time (like Samuel's mother) to dedicate the child to the spirit. After such a child is born, the mother revisits the shrine with the infant, and worships there the unseen spirit, thanking the same for the child, and nominally handing it over to the *lubare*. These little roadside shrines have generally no *Maandwa*, or priest, being simply a miniature hut in a clean-swept space. Every chief, and nearly every commoner, has one or more of these little temples, with an aloe or other solitary tree growing close by, on which are hung bits of charms of the most trivial description. Every house has charms hung on the door, and others laid on the threshold. A native does not venture out of doors in the morning until he first throws out an ugly bell-shaped charm, made of grass covered over with bark cloth. This is kept at the back of the door, and at dawn, whoever first gets up opens the door, throws out the ball, saying, "Here, *lubare*, this is yours."

I must not omit to mention the *Bafumo*. These seem to exist in every country of East Africa. They are called by the same name among the Wanyamwezi, and their office is to perform divination by killing a fowl, spilling its blood on or near the threshold, and examining the entrails. I have noticed the practice most frequently observed when a chief has fallen seriously ill.

CRUELTY OF THE HEATHEN.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."—*Psalm* lxxiv. 20.

"A few days ago Mtesa gave an order that every man in the country was to wear a bead on his wrist, under pain of losing his hand, and every woman to wear a bead on her waist, under pain of being cut in two across the waist."—*A. M. Mackay*, 1*st Jan.*, 1882.

CHAPTER VI.

CRUELTY OF THE HEATHEN.

IF anything were wanting to shame the selfishness and break down the optimism of many opponents of Christian missions, a perusal of the facts related in this chapter may do good. Which is the better, to enjoy our comforts and our luxuries with all self-complacency, telling Christians to leave the heathen alone in their simplicity, whilst the earth groans under its wickedness, or to bestir and deny ourselves to spread the light of truth and grace, and show them a better way?

Mackay and his fellow-labourers in Uganda chose the thorny paths of self-denial, sometimes repelled and deserted, and left almost to starve for want of food, sometimes enjoying a brief period of acceptance and favour and personal comfort, but always living in uncertainty, and more or less apprehensive of danger.

Feb. 1*st*, 1881.—Meantime, every crime and form of uncleanness is rampant in the country. Each day reveals to us fresh tales of iniquity and cruelty and oppression. One army has been sent east to murder and plunder. Not even the natives themselves can call it *war*: they all say it is for robbery and devastation. Another large army has been sent west to

Gambaragara for the same purpose; while the king gives out that if he recovers from his loathsome disease, he will at once go in person to attack the king of Rwanda.

Every day there is a wanton slaughter going on of innocent victims. For a time, after we came here, we were ignorant of this. It may have been done more quietly on our account, or our ignorance of the language and people prevented our detecting it sooner. Now, at any rate, before our eyes the terrible crime lies bare. No more is it the king himself who says, "Go slaughter such a one and such a one." Now each executioner—we do not know how many executioners there are, but on every road diverging from the court there is at least one—has orders to capture and kill mercilessly all or any that pass on the highway. Unsuspecting peasants coming in from the country with plantains on their head are seized upon in a moment, and dragged into the executioner's court, secured in forked sticks till morning, and slaughtered at dawn. Some days many are thus murdered, and other days fewer. It is especially men who have no friends or powerful chiefs as their protectors who are the victims. No crime have they committed, nor been guilty of the most trivial offence. It is the king's pleasure that so many be butchered every day by each executioner, and on certain days a greater number, and the owner of the slaughter office must find his victims where he can.

It is dark, about 10 p.m. All is quiet, the last

drum heard being the executioner's across the small valley, announcing that he has secured his victims for the day, and will spill their blood in the morning. Suddenly a sharp cry in the road outside of our fence, then mingled voices; an agonizing yell again, followed by the horrid laugh of several men, and all is still as before. "Do you hear?" says one of our lads; "they have cut that fellow's throat—hee, hee, hee!" and he laughs too—the terrible Baganda grin of pleasure in cruelty. So it is. The poor fellow had been found on the road at so late an hour. He was alone, and the prowlers sent out by the king, "to keep the peace" after dark, cut the man's throat because the king likes blood, and the chiefs thirst for blood, and they themselves will get promotion only as they manifest a similar desire. Who can tell on how many of our fellow-men the sun rises each day in this land of blood, but who are suddenly hurled into eternity before another morning dawns? All this merely to gratify the bloodthirstiness of this monster in position of absolute power—this murderous maniac —called by good people in England, and people who should know better too, "the *humane* king of Uganda."

It will find little credence in Europe when I state it as a fact that after this king embraced Islam, before Stanley's arrival, he one day ordered two hundred youths to be burnt alive, merely because they had gone a little further than himself in adopting the new creed—having been circumcised by the Arabs.

But that was a small slaughter compared with others. Two years ago, I understand, the king gave orders for a *kiwendo*, as it is called, *i.e.*, a great butchery of human beings. Suma, Mtesa's father, used to have many such; and Mtesa, after the example of his father, must exercise a similar power. *Two thousand* victims were caught in the highways, chiefly at night, the capture requiring many days; and when the number was made up, all were put to death on one day. Less than a year ago, another similar atrocity was committed. Mtesa ordered the sepulchre of Suma to be rebuilt. The old king was buried on a hill called "*Wamala*," and a large hut stands over the grave, while in a *hundred* other smaller huts within the enclosure live a large number of old sorceresses to guard the royal spirit. These are believed also to be possessed of the soul of Suma. The rebuilding of the hundred huts was nearly completed when I left for Uyui last April. Kyambalango was the chief in charge of the work, while he was assisted by two other chiefs—Mukwenda and Mutesa Mulyanzibu. Both Kyambalango and Mukwenda have been taught by us to read, as also a great deal of sacred truth. The former came to me every day for several months, while the latter has been instructed by Pearson. Mutesa Mulyanzibu had also learned to read, and had always shown himself a willing listener to the Word in our Sunday readings at court.

As the work of building the grave of Suma approached completion, the executioners were set to

work on every line of road to capture men, women, and children. At length enough were caught, and on the great *kiwendo* day two thousand innocent people were murdered on the spot, under the personal supervision of Kyambalango, Mukwenda, and Mutesa Mulyanzibu. All this was meant as an expiatory offering to the departed spirit of the late murderous monarch, Suma.

Feb. 6th.—Once again, another *kiwendo* is about to take place. Some one of the name of *Mayanja* (whether a sorcerer or not we do not yet know) has advised the king that to hasten his recovery it is necessary to slaughter people on several hills round the capital. For days the dozen or more executioners, each with his gang of twenty to thirty men, have been lying in wait for people on the roads. *Bakopi*, or common people, only are caught; while sons or petty officers of chiefs, if caught by mistake, can generally purchase their release by a goat or a cow. The other night five were suddenly apprehended at our own gate; two days ago the executioner (*Sabata*) opposite went to catch men on another road, as it had got noised abroad that he was catching every one that passed this way. People who had gone that other way to avoid this one, thus fell into the trap, and by evening we heard that Sabata had captured forty men and thirty women. Last night we heard that he had made a similar "take." The other executioners in the other directions are also all at similar work. Several days are said to elapse yet before the

slaughter takes place. Some will have their throats cut, while others will be tortured to death—their eyes put out, nose and ears cut off, the sinews of their arms and thighs cut out piecemeal and roasted before their eyes, and finally the unhappy wretches burnt alive. Others, again, are tied hand and foot, dry reeds and firewood heaped over them, and then the whole ignited.

The wretch who orders all this to be done for his own gratification is he who is called in Europe the "enlightened and intelligent king of Uganda." It is he who professed to Mr. Stanley to be converted to Christianity, whom the Romish priests write of as becoming a good Catholic. It is he who says that we Protestant missionaries are mad, because we deny the use of worshipping the *lubare* (genius of the country); while I am especially mad because I told Mtesa that he was merely *playing* with religion, in professing himself one day a Christian, another day a Mussulman, and a third a follower of his old superstition. More than once in the past he has deceived us in his professions of desire to know the truth; although his never agreeing to forego the least of his sinful practices with the view of being even only a nominal Christian, always led us to suspect that he was altogether insincere in his words and actions. Now, however, he has for more than a year thrown off all disguise, so far as our teaching is concerned. Even the Romanists allow that all his professions of faith in them are only a *ruse*. The Mohammedans, too,

are obliged to confess that he is no Mussulman at heart, nor in practice, even to the smallest degree.

Mtesa is a pagan—a heathen—out and out. All the faculties of lying, low cunning, hatred, pride and conceit, jealousy, cruelty, and complete ignorance of the value of human life, combined with extreme vanity, a desire for notoriety, greed, and absolute want of control of his animal propensities,—all these seem not only to be combined, but even concentrated in him. All is *self*, *self*, *self*. Uganda exists for him alone, and we have too much reason to believe that he really imagines that all the world besides was created for his especial benefit.

Every act of seeming generosity, or of any other redeeming nature, we cannot but now conclude, from several years' examination of his character, to have been done either for the glorification of himself in the eyes of foreigners, or merely as a bait to gather more into his net.

While guilty of every form of uncleanness, and robbery, and tyranny, and murder, and fratricide, one finds a strange anomaly in his character, viz., a seeming affection for some of his younger children, to which may be added a real sense of *justice* without respect of persons, in giving judgment in cases of appeal to him, *e.g.*, a sub-chief bringing a complaint that he had been plundered of his all by some superior or stronger officer.

Strange to say, in this most lawless land, there is a never-ending amount of *musango* (trial) going on.

All the great chiefs are judges in their own territories, with, of course, power of life and death. Every *Mutongole* and petty officer has also very frequently cases brought before him. The same case is often heard, also, by many such judges in succession before it is settled. At the capital, common people not under the same chief, have their cases tried by three petty officers of the Katikiro, a small fee being always paid. Chiefs have all their differences settled by an old chief called Mungobya, who is said to be very just in his decisions. From him appeal can be had to the Katikiro (chief minister), who is a young conceited fellow, formerly only a cook of Mtesa's. This man is a pure timeserver, and always gives the case to the man who has bribed him most in slaves or cattle. Mtesa hears cases without fee, and is generally regarded as just in his verdict. Poor men can, however, bring no case against a richer man. Spoliation and death would be the certain doom of the *bakopi* (peasant), even should his case get a hearing at all.

The Arab, Kambi Mbaya, is now attempting to cure the king of his long-standing stricture. Wheaten flour, with almonds, seems to be the remedy! M. Lourdel, who has no idea of medicine, is also continuing to supply his Majesty every day with some bottles of drug. He goes to court every day. We understand that they (the Romish priests) have got permission to remove from their present site to one across the road from where they are, as water is there,

and a patch of swamp where they can raise pure wheat for use in the sacrament of the mass. It is a *mortal sin* to use any other than purest wheat for the sacred wafer; but the grain they are growing seems to me to be a species of barley, and not wheat at all.

Last night Mr. Pearson and I wrote a letter to Mtesa on the subject of the approaching terrible massacre. We wrote also a note to the Frenchmen, asking them to join their influence to ours, to try to prevent such a dreadful act from taking place. Our letters, as well as the Frenchmen's reply, are as follows:—

"*5th February*, 1881.

"To Mtesa, King of Uganda, etc.

"We beg your Majesty to hear the prayer which we make to you on account of the people taken by your executioners to be killed.

"We are not the king or chiefs of Uganda; we only pray your Majesty not to allow these people, who have done no wrong, to be put to death. The great God has given a commandment in His Book—'Thou shalt not kill;' and if this great wickedness is done, breaking God's law, He will be very angry with you, the Baganda and Buganda, and will send His punishments. Besides this, killing so many people, and so many being killed, fighting and robbing neighbouring countries, will make your country very weak.

"The king is king over people; and if the land has no inhabitants, what can the king reign over? The

more inhabitants there are in a country, the stronger and richer the king becomes.

"You remember what KINTU said about blood-shedding, and we beg your Majesty to give orders that all these people, your Majesty's children, may be released, and this great wickedness not be done.

"We daily pray God that He may give you His blessing in all things, and give you a wise heart, through Jesus Christ's sake.

"With many salaams we remain,

"Your Majesty's faithful subjects,

(Signed) "CH. W. PEARSON

"A. M. MACKAY."

COPY OF LETTER SENT TO REV. PÈRE SUPERIOR LIVINHAC, UGANDA.

"*5th February*, 1881.

"After salutations to you and your *confrères*, I wish to speak to you about a very serious affair. The king for several days has sent his executioners, with their people, that they may seize all the people possible, to kill them, and that without these poor fellows having done any wrong. We have written a letter (in French) to the king, of which I send you a copy, praying him not to do such a wrong. There are ten more days in which they will carry this on, and many people will lose their lives.

"I think that if you will join your petition to ours, we could, perhaps, save them. Tell me, then, if you will do it. It is a thing which every good

man might do, whatever might be his religious opinions.

"We have sent a *letter* because we have great difficulty in seeing the king.

"We hope that Père Levesque is better. Give us some news of his condition.

"With many salutations from Mr. Mackay and myself, believe me, etc., etc.,

"(Signed) CH. W. PEARSON."

COPY OF TRANSLATION OF REPLY BY P. LIVINHAC TO MR. PEARSON.

"I.M.J." [Jesus, Mary, Joseph.]

"*6th February*, 1881.

"MY DEAR MR. PEARSON,—

"I am very far from blaming the step with which charity has inspired you.

"The great idea which the people have here of the power of the English Consul at Zanzibar, and of the power of England in the whole world, permits you to hope that your words will be taken into consideration.

"For us, everybody knows very well that coming from a country which has not even a king, we are only, in the idea of the Baganda, as little *bagenyi* (=guests) without influence, and we are *sure* that our *intervention* will be *worthless*. We cannot then interfere. [Italics in original.]

"Père Levesque, without suffering any great pain, is not yet able to walk. He still continues your

treatment. He charges me to thank you and salute you as well as Mr. Mackay.

"We all salute you all. Salute on our part Mr. Mackay, and believe me,

"Yours wholly devoted in Jesus Christ,

"(Signed) LEON LIVINHAC,
"*Miss. d'Afrique.*"

It will be clearly seen from the above how true is the statement by "K," in his article in *C.M.S. Intelligencer*, on "Jesuit Aggression," that the theory of the Romanists as to mission work is, that "missionaries without bayonets made converts to little purpose."

We based our request to the king—1st, on the ground of God's holy law; 2nd, on the imprudent policy of the act; 3rd, on the faith of the king in the ancient superstition that Kintu, the founder of Uganda, disappeared because the land had become so full of blood.

The Frenchmen, however, totally and wilfully mistook our ground, implying by their letter that we ventured to rebuke the terrible sin only on the strength of our status as Englishmen.

This is confirmed by the words of Père Lourdel, whom Mr. Pearson (who had gone to see a chief about some of our boys who, with the chief's son, had been many days missing) met in the road before our letter to P. Livinhac had reached him. Mr. Pearson told him of our letter to Mtesa, and of our request for joint action on their part. P. Lourdel merely

shrugged his shoulders, saying that it was of no use at all to try to stop this massacre; that unless they had a powerful army at their back, they would not risk their lives by interfering!

Why does M. Lourdel go to court every day, and sit silent there while he hears such terrible evil being enacted? Is his presence continually there, and his silence in every case of wickedness, and his endless efforts at currying favour with the king, not a simple acquiescence in the evil things said and done at this iniquitous court?

Here we are under no consular protection, nor have the king and people any idea of English power, except suspicion of it, making us all the more hateful in the eyes of the government here; while, for our last protest against evil, we have been in great disfavour, and have been excluded from court altogether, being also refused every concession which we have asked for liberty to teach Christianity. Yet we did not shrink to risk our lives in God's name and in Christ's cause. We know very well that the step is a dangerous one; but are we, on that account, to be silent in face of such a terrible tragedy as is about to be enacted?

Last Monday, Duta (son of chief Kangao), a lad who has been much with us for instruction, and of whom we have had good hopes that the Word has reached his heart, left this with two of our boys for a place in the country, only a day off, where they went to get some *gonja* (a species of plantains). They should have been back next day, but have not yet

been heard of. We have made all possible surmises as to what detains them, sometimes fearing that one of the executioners has captured them as victims for the great massacre, and again hoping that they have heard of people being captured in extra numbers just now, and therefore have remained at a distance from the capital. Some of our native friends in the next garden assert positively that Duta has stolen the boys, and that we shall never hear more of either them or of him. Baganda have no confidence in each other.

Yesterday we sent three of our servants a good many miles to the westward to make inquiries, but they returned at night with no news of the missing lads. But this and all our other troubles we cast on Him whose eye is ever on us, and who will withhold no good thing from us.

March 13th.—A week ago we were suddenly sent for by Mtesa to examine one of the elder princes. He had been just shot by a brother,[1] and it was feared he would die at once. Packing some bandages, instruments, and medicine in a bag, Pearson and I set off to see the wounded man. He was in a house half a mile off, sitting in the doorway, with the Katikiro and all the big chiefs round him. By the aid of a candle we examined his wounds, and found them very serious. His brother, for some offence, shot him at close quarters, discharging into his body the con-

[1] Afterwards the cruel King Kalema, lately driven out by the Christians.

tents of both barrels of a heavy gun. Each charge had over six inches depth of powder, while two iron bullets, a quantity of shot, a lot of pebbles, besides wads of bark cloth, all had entered the man, his skin being also ruptured all over by the gunpowder!

One large iron bullet we found lodged between the collar-bone and shoulder-blade, and a lot of pebbles in the same hole, having entered over six inches, as we found by probing. One pellet gone through the flesh under the chin; several pellets, some lodged in and some gone through the left arm near the shoulder. Great flesh wounds above and below wrist of right hand, some still lodged in and some gone through. Miraculous escape! no bones broken nor arteries injured, as far as we could ascertain.

We gave him a stimulant and dressed the wounds, and left the chiefs there with a small army to keep watch over him all night. We find that they left some time afterwards, to hold judgment on the other prince who had fired the shots. As they considered the latter to have had justice on his side, they left the wounded man.

They were all there merely because the king had told them to go and see his son, and ask us to give him medicine. When we were leaving, we asked one of the "great" chiefs to lend a bed for the sick prince; but none of them would do it. We therefore said that we would send him a bed, which we did at once on returning home.

Mtesa has ordered that the invalid be removed a

mile further off, that he may not die near the palace. Such is fatherly affection here! We have since heard that the poor prince is dead.

Lourdel called one day, reporting that Mtesa had shed tears in court on account of the accident to his son, saying that he himself had taught them both to use a gun, and this was the result! He did not add that he himself had taught them, by his example, how to ruthlessly shed blood, nor did he seem to reflect on the rich legacy of unclean passions which his sons, and daughters too, have inherited from him.

March 14th.—Hosts of natives delivered, one by one, his tax of one bark cloth each for the interment of the dead prince. This is the custom in burying a great man. The body is practically embalmed, but not by spices. The executioners are the undertakers—a combination of offices that might be tried in England. They press and press and squeeze the body with the hand until they squeeze all watery matter out of it. The operation is not begun, I believe, until decomposition commences to take place, and lasts several days. Then the dry carcase is wrapped in a thousand bark cloths, until the whole presents the appearance of an enormous bundle, which is buried in the ground, and a house built over the place, certain of the wives of the deceased staying in huts close by, all their days, to watch the departed spirit. These women are supposed to hold converse with, and also to be possessed of, the spirit of their late husband.

Common people are simply, when dead, thrown on, into the nearest waste place, where wild animals and vultures grow fat on the flesh. Burial is denied to them. In the swamp near our garden are countless skeletons and skulls of natives ; but the lower jaw is wanting in, I believe, every case, otherwise I should try to secure a few skulls for the Berlin Museum. I may manage it yet, but the task is difficult, as sorcerers are often accused of poisoning people by making medicine out of dead bones, and the crime is punished by terrible torture and then death by burning.

Uganda, *28th October*, 1882.—Human sacrifices on a large scale are frequently performed at this court. The king is ill of a tedious disease, as, indeed, are nearly all the chiefs and many of the people. He is supposed to be bewitched. He calls for his diviners, who recommend another *kiwendo* on all the surrounding hills. The executioners are ordered out to collect victims. The neighbourhood of the capital is a series of hills, conical or table-shaped, intersected by swamps, which they call rivers. All the paths approaching the capital must cross these swamps, a low bank having been generally made on which to cross, waterways being left here and there, across which one or two logs of wild palm are thrown. As all coming to or going from the capital must cross at these points, the executioners lie in wait there, and capture unwary serfs, whom they tie up for execution. When new huts are built over the graves of the late

kings, their erection is inaugurated by a *kiwendo*. Each head executioner, with his head and face covered by a sort of woven cap with long fringes, which hide his features, making them look doubly ferocious, slays by a blow from a club on the back of the head. Death is generally instantaneous. On some occasions as many as two thousand innocent men and women have thus been butchered on a single day.

Death is almost invariably the punishment for adultery, as also for theft on a large scale. The culprits are executed by having their throats cut, just as goats are slaughtered. In some cases they are taken to a distance from the capital, generally to the side of some swamp. Their bodies are then smeared over with butter, or frequently with the gum of the incense tree, and they are hung up alive over a slow fire till dead, the executioner and his slaves meantime sitting by, smoking and drinking, and jeering at the wretch in agony. But, strange to say, all these extreme measures fail to put a stop to theft and other crimes which are every day being perpetrated. Women have their backs seared with red-hot irons, and only recover after months of doctoring. Ears are cut off for very trifling offences, especially among boys. The extraction of one or even both eyes is a very common mode of punishment. Noses are also cut off; but perhaps the most hideous form of mutilation consists in cutting away the whole of the lips, leaving the jaws and teeth exposed. I have known

the hands and feet to be all cut off, and the poor victim left thus to die by the roadside, his offence having been the theft of only a pot of beer valued at less than a shilling! If a thief is found at night in any one's garden, he is simply speared to death, no inquiries being made about the matter.

The houses being all frail wicker-work structures of reeds, thatched with grass down to the ground, there can be no prisons of security. Hence it is that offenders are generally either mutilated or killed outright, as being the least expensive mode of punishment. Stocks are used for neck, arms, and feet, but only in cases when the criminal is permitted to pay a ransom for his life or limb, and is thus detained until the price, in goats or cattle, is paid. Corporal punishment is seldom inflicted. When given, it is by a long, stout stick, the victim being thrown on his face on the ground, and there held down by many hands, the blows being dealt with terrible force longitudinally along the whole back. When over, the victim must kneel and make profound obeisance to the chief who has ordered him to be beaten.

The most abject deference is paid by inferiors to superiors; and even the highest chiefs, in their turn, must "lick the very dust" in the presence of royalty.

The amount of imposition, tyranny, and iniquity practised here by the strongest arm would, if described only in part, shock the feelings of the whole civilized world.

SAABADU'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND.

"So swine neglect the pearls that lie before them,
Trample them under foot, and feed on draff;
So fools gild rotten idols, and adore them,
Cast all the corn away, and keep the chaff.
That ever reason should be blinded so,—
To grasp the shadow, let the substance go!"

Francis Quarles

CHAPTER VII.

SAABADU'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND.

IN perfect contrast to the lurid picture of cruelty and death in the last chapter is Mackay's next entry in his journal, which gives an account of the report which one of Mtesa's envoys [1] to England gave of his journey, and what he and his companions saw in Europe and on the way. The exaggerations and childishness manifest through the whole story, whilst very amusing, show that there is a crying need amongst these Baganda for the Christian School and Church.

Feb. 7th, 1881.—At dawn Muftaa turned up, saying that Saabadu, one of the Baganda who went to England, had arrived, and had seen the king yesterday. We feel devoutly thankful to God that our brethren have reached the lake, and that no evil has befallen these Baganda on their long, long journey.

In the evening Muftaa came again, saying that at

[1] Three Baganda envoys in charge of two returning missionaries, started by the Nile route, in June, 1879, and reached London, in April, 1880.

court, in the forenoon, Saabadu had given a long account of his travels, and of what he had seen in the country of the Queen. The fellow seems to have spoken much more truly and faithfully than could have been expected from a native of this country. It is only that he has seen a land of liberty and of such immense superiority to the much-lauded land of Uganda, that has given him the boldness to describe what he saw with so much truth. The following (as Muftaa gave it to us) is something like the story which Saabadu told the king, in presence of the chiefs. No Arabs were there, but some of their slaves were outside, and reported to their masters what they heard.

"When we reached Rionga's [Foweira] we left our wives there, and were deprived of all our guns and spears and shields, and even of our big sticks. We then made up our mind that Mtesa had sold us for slaves to the white men. Then we marched on through a desert [jungle ?], which took us three months. After that we got to Khartoum. Then we crossed another desert, which took us two months. Here we saw great mountains, such as we had never seen before. Then we came to a *nyanja* [Red Sea], and were put into a ship. Oh, my master, a ship is very big, as big as a hill!

"Then we reached the capital of the king of the Turks [Egyptians]. But there we saw that it is not Turks, but Bazungu [Europeans], who govern the country. The Turks have no power at all.

"Then we came to another *nyanja* [the Mediterranean]. We sailed on till we came to an island [Malta?], which they said belonged to the Queen, and we thought, 'Surely the Queen lives here, and now we are at the end of our journey.' But no; on we went again, and we thought we would never get to the end, for they told us that we were not half-way yet. Then we came to a country belonging to Bazungu, but the people were all like Arabs [Algiers]. Next we came to a high island of the Bazungu, but not of the Queen [Lisbon?]. This was in the third *nyanja* [Atlantic].

"Then we went on for many days, till we came to England. Oh, what a lot of big ships we saw there! [mouth of the Thames?]. Their masts made us think that it was a forest with the trees growing in the water. Then we came to London. Here the Queen sent a chief for us with a carriage and two horses. The horses in London are so many that no one can ever count them. And the houses, they are made of stone. Oh, my master, wonderful! wonderful!! they make two long fences of stones [sides of the street], very long, as far as you can see, and the house is inside the fence. It is all one house, but divided so that lots of people live in it. No one can count how many people live in one house [one side of a street, being continuous, was supposed to be one house]. Oh, London is a big place; nothing but houses of stone as far as from here to *Bulemezi* [some twenty miles from the capital]."

"Then we went to a place where a great chief [Col. Grant or Mr. Hutchinson?] met us, who held up his hands and said, 'Eh! Baganda! Baganda!! Baganda!!!'

"After two days the Queen sent for us. We saw a lot of ladies together, and they were all dressed alike, so that we did not know which was the Queen. Oh, my master, wonderful! the Queen's house is as large as from here to *Nabulagala* [a hill about two miles or more from the present palace].

"The day after that we went to a great open field, where we saw the soldiers. Every *mutongole* [captain!] had his men dressed in a different colour of cloth. We were in one *gari* [cart or carriage], and the Queen in another. This time we saw her by herself, and knew which was she herself.

"Then we went to see a place where they made cannon—a great lot of cannon, very big. Two hundred kegs of powder [about a ton in all] are the charge for one *nzinga* [cannon]. It fires its ball as far as from here to *Myamagoma* [about seven miles west of this]. After that we saw where they made guns—beautiful guns, and very many. One man showed us his gun, which he had just finished. It was very fine. Then we saw where they made the gunpowder. Next we went to a place where they made woollen cloth, and after that we saw them making *bufta* [bleached calico]. [Saabadu said that the Queen has sent forty pieces of this as a present to Mtesa.]

"After we had been many days in London, we

went away to another place, where we stayed a short time [probably in Bedfordshire]. We did not walk, but went into a wooden house [railway carriage?], which went itself, with us all in it!

"When we came back to London, we went to tell the Queen that we wanted to come back to Uganda. But she said, 'Not yet; you have not seen my animals.' So we went to see the animals [in Zoo?]. Every animal in all the world is at the Queen's place. First we spent three days looking at lions; then we looked at leopards for two days; then we looked at buffaloes for three days; then we saw elephants for many days; then we saw birds for six days. Every bird from every place is there. Then we saw the crocodiles. Wonderful! wonderful!! wonderful!!! the crocodiles are not wild. They hold out a piece of meat, and call the crocodile, which comes and takes it out of a man's hand. [Mtesa asked where they get the food for all the animals. Saabadu replied:] They give them cows and goats. [Mtesa asked if they gave the cows and goats alive to the animals.] They always kill the beasts, and give only the dead meat.

"After that we saw elephants and snakes, and every animal. [Mtesa said to his chiefs, 'Do you hear that, how many animals the Bazungu give to their Queen?' The Katikiro replied, 'She must be a very great *kabaka* (monarch).' Mtesa hinted that his chiefs should make him as great by giving him as many animals.]

"Next they took us to see cows, and sheep, and horses [at the Agricultural Hall?]. Such a lot of cows and sheep the Bazungu have! There we saw thousands of pigs, and each pig had six children. These pigs are the food of the Queen!

"Then we went to say good-bye to the Queen, and she gave us a ship to come in. We were twelve months in going to England from here, but we came back to Zanzibar in this ship in one month.

"At Zanzibar we saw Said Burgash, who gave us presents. But Said Burgash has only a very little place. The Arabs tell you lies, my master, when they say that they have a great country at *Pwani* [the coast]. The coast all belongs to the English, and the Arabs are their slaves!

"England is a very great country. It is an island as big as from here to Zanzibar, and there are many islands about it, so many that we could not count them. They make bridges across the rivers so big that one does not need to go through the water to cross over.

"Oh, my master, we have not got a country at all! The estate of one chief in England is as large as all Uganda and Bunyoro and Busoga together. ['Say that again,' said Mtesa. 'I like to hear a man speak the truth' (??).] We have no country, my master. ['Do you hear that?' said Mtesa to the chiefs. 'We have no country at all.']

"In England every man has one wife, and every wife has thirty children! [*Omnes:* 'Oh, many, many

many children.'] They have other women in the house, who are not their wives; they only do work. The Bazungu who come here have no wives, but when they go back to England they are made great chiefs, and each one gets a wife as a reward for his services!!!

"We saw Mr. Mackay's father, who is a very rich [?] and great man. He makes books and paper [!] very much. Mr. Mackay's friends were all crying for him, and said that they feared he was *lost* in Uganda.[1]

"We saw a church which had very big bells [St. Paul's?]. When the bells ring, you can hear them as far as from here to Busoga [fifty miles!]. The inside of the church is all beautiful wood and marble. The Bazungu have only one religion.

"The Queen's house is all made of looking-glasses, and gold and silver inside, and we sat on chairs made altogether of *ivory!*"

At this stage Mtesa said "Stop," and dismissed the court, telling Saabadu that he was to tell no one except himself what he had seen in England.

When the chiefs had all gone, Mtesa sent for his wives (their name is legion), and made Saabadu tell again in their presence all his marvellous story. All the women replied, "Yoga, yoga, sebo, osinze" ("You have done well, sir; you have been victorious"). This congratulation was to Mtesa, for having so successfully sent his men to such a great country.

[1] They did not see any of my family.—*A. M. M.*

Mtesa then gave Saabadu a cow and two goats, with a piece of calico, a bundle of bark cloth, and *two women*. He sent him down to the Katikiro's with one of his pages, who was directed to say to the judge, "Here is my slave who has come from England, and whom I have sent to you to hear his report."

The Katikiro is said to have given him other two women, while he has got one somewhere else; so that already he has returned, like the dog to his vomit, to the life of debauchery in which every big man lives here. This is, of course, part of Mtesa's acute policy, as much as saying to the man, "Yes, you have seen wonderful things in England, and you say that English women are better than Baganda; but you did not get a lot of wives in England, as you get here. You will enjoy yourself better here than in England."

THE TIDE EBBS AND FLOWS.

"I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation. For, when we were come into Macedonia, our flesh had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears. Nevertheless God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus."
—*St. Paul.*

"That the tide will turn I believe and know. The sun will rise to-morrow morning. How do we know? By no great process of faith or reason. It has always done so. History repeats itself; rather the calm and regular working of God goes on with the same unerring grandeur in both worlds, the natural and the spiritual. We shall not hasten the sunrise by rushing eastward to help it—the chances are that we shall stumble in the dark. When the light begins to dawn we can see where we are going, and can rightly recognise the lay of the land."

—*A. M. Mackay.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TIDE EBBS AND FLOWS.

THE Mission being utterly without supplies, Mackay proceeds to Uyui[1] for barter goods, and writes home a graphic review of the situation. On his return to Uganda, the missionaries went on quietly teaching a few lads who came to them, despite atrocious charges brought against Mackay by the Arabs. They said he was an insane murderer who had escaped from England, and for a time put his life in imminent danger.

In March, 1881, the Rev. P. O'Flaherty arrived, and his knowledge of the Koran and readiness of wit gave him a great advantage with the Arabs at court, and he soon became popular with Mtesa. In the following March several baptisms took place, and in May, 1883, the Mission was still further strengthened by the arrival of the Rev. R. P. Ashe.

TO HIS FATHER:—

"UYUI, CENTRAL AFRICA,

"*14th June*, 1880.

"I came down here, as our supplies were quite ex-

[1] To do this he had to cross the lake, and then make a three weeks' journey in a southerly direction by land.

hausted in Uganda. Happily, I have got here a few loads of cowrie shells, and a little calico. That I am packing up, and (D.V.) in ten days or so I hoist my flag and march back for the lake and Uganda—to return—when? I left Pearson alone with Mtesa, and I must hurry back to join him, and to my work there. 'Duty before pleasure,' they say. *But my duty is a pleasure,* great and serious as the drawbacks connected with it are. Buganda (that is the correct name as the natives say, although the coast men call it Uganda) is a fair land, rich in hills and dales, banana trees and palms of many kinds besides; but while 'every prospect pleases,' there, too, 'man alone is vile.'

"Because under the favourable conditions of one strong central government the Baganda have in many generations of peace had time to make a little advance in civilization beyond their black brothers everywhere round about them—these being ever retarded by internal factions and fear of annihilation—they have educated themselves to believe that their country is the most glorious in all the world, and that they themselves are the most civilized and enlightened race of men existing. In fact, in the eyes of every Muganda the axis of the earth sticks visibly out through the roof of the conical hut of their king, or as they call him, *Kabáka.* More than once this very *Kabáka* has asked me if there is any other power in the world *equal* to his! No one saying that there exists even one kingdom *greater*

than that of Mtesa would be listened to for a moment at the court of Uganda.

"Hence you will understand that in such a land where a despot reigns, with nobles of his own creating—men who are entirely at the mercy of their sovereign, for it has been the use and wont of the king to set up one to-day and set him down to-morrow—men who have never travelled beyond the confines of their own country, except when they are sent to make a raid on their more feeble neighbours—it is just in such a soil where the grossest forms of vice and superstition spring up and grow to maturity. A feeling of superiority to all beside, to foreigners—Arabs and white men alike—has produced an amount of pride and self-conceit more ridiculous than the same in China. Every form of lasciviousness and lust, laziness, greed, falsehood, hatred, and murder, not only exist as common sins, but are rejoiced in by the court and the nation. The only religion is witchcraft, which is itself a system of deception, the head witch of all being believed to be the *incarnation* of the great evil spirit they call the *lubare*, and whom they worship as the ruler of heaven and earth, of land and sea.

"Some have blamed Mr. Stanley for giving far too glowing an account of Mtesa and the kingdom which he rules over. The French priests are especially ever loud in their denunciations of that traveller for writing, on the strength of very limited acquaintance with the country, what they call utter falsehoods,

whereby all Europe has been deceived. But I cannot blame Stanley. He and Speke, and every traveller, resided only a few months, at most, at Mtesa's court. They had opportunity of seeing only the outside, and that in many respects is fair enough. Entering the country from the side of Zanzibar, one certainly is struck with not a little admiration at the advance which the Baganda have made in civilization over all the tribes between the coast and them. Suez, Jeddah, Aden, and Zanzibar, apart from the Arab element, which at best is only barbarous—not savage, but certainly not civilized—exhibit only a populace remarkable for their squalid condition of filth and poverty, if remarkable for anything. Then, among the tribes one passes through all the way inland, the traveller meets with only petty sultanships, each at war with the other, and each therefore low down in the scale of humanity, as each lives on from day to day merely struggling for existence. This is all one sees in *Usagara*, *Uzarame*, *Ugogo*, and *Unyamwezi*. In Uganda the scene is changed. There one power rules, absolute, yet with certain ideas of propriety and desires for improvement. The king must have the best of everything, and receives a homage amounting to little short of worship. At his court Arabs have lived for more generations than one. The respect shown to visitors has enticed many of them to come and see the vain, conceited king. Strangers have been treated well on a short visit, not from any love to them, but that they may go

away with glowing ideas of the greatness of the court and the wealth of the monarch.

"But let one live in the land beyond the term of novelty of display and profusion of hospitality; let him express a horror of the barbarity of the practices he sees even at court; let him lift up his voice in condemnation of treachery, of lies, of lust, and of cruelty and murder—then the spell is broken, and the character of the people comes out in its true light. Instead of hospitality, he finds hatred; instead of food, he finds himself face to face with famine; instead of being received as he expected, as a welcome benefactor of the people, as a teacher of truth and a leader in the way of light, a lover of law and love, he is denounced as a spy, as a bringer-in of foreign customs, and especially as a breaker-down of the national institutions and religion.

"Yet I say—and I say it without hesitation—the ice is broken. For a time the old gods of the land had to give way to the creed of Arabia, as the king saw something in that more likely to add prestige to his court than the charm-filled horns of the magic men and the frantic dance of the foolish foretellers of fortune. Then came Stanley. Let the enemies of this enterprising traveller scoff as they will, it is a fact indisputable that with his visit there commenced the dawn of a new era in the annals of the court of Uganda. The people themselves date from Stanley's day the commencement of leniency and law in place of the previous reign of bloodshed and

terror. 'Since Stanley came,' they say, 'the king no more slaughters innocent people as he did before; he no more disowns and disinherits in a moment an old and powerful chief, and sets up a puppet of his own, who was before only a slave.' Compared with the former daily changes and cruelties, as the natives describe them to me, one cannot but look on the present government in Uganda as mildness in the extreme, and feel thankful to God for the mighty change.

"But a policy of iconoclasm is not enough. Any man can pull down—or, as Carlyle calls it, *unbuild*—in a day what has been the work of centuries to erect; but to *build* anew, in the place of the ruin, a better and nobler structure, that will be a work which no talk of an hour can accomplish. All the roots and trunks of the old trees are there, and fresh shoots cannot but be ever sprouting. The old carnal, evil human nature remains, with all its enmity to God and to all that is good. This has to be changed, and it is not in the power of man to do that. But there are the means. We come with the book of the revelation of the love of God to men in our hands, and we try to teach its glorious precepts. One day they listen, and another day they say, 'We want none of your teaching; we have a religion of our own, which we like better than the white man's religion. If you want to teach us anything, show us how to make gunpowder and guns, and we will give you land and slaves.' Thus, up and down, in and out, flows the

tide. One day we are friends, the next day the enchanters prevail, and we are condemned as the cause of all drought and disease.

"But still clearly shines the morning star, the sign of the gospel of peace. The burning of a few straws will make a smoke, and for the time the stars are rendered invisible in the sky. The flame dies out at length, and there again *Manet immota stella.* Nothing yet has ever withstood the gospel long. Even Islam shakes before it. The greater the opposition for a time, the sooner, I believe, will the force be spent, and then the truth alone shall triumph. Our foes are far from few; and in addition to those we have found in the country, the Romanists have forced themselves into our field, and already are disputing every inch with us.

"I might write you pages describing my journey from the capital of Uganda to this place—how we had to spend a week going from island to island trying to get canoes; how the head man of each canoe refused to take almost any of our things on board, each one trying to get off as lightly as possible; how we spent some thirty days in these frail, tiny barks, made of roughly hewn boards, sewed together with twigs; how each day, in starting, the captain of the fleet held out a banana on the point of his paddle, and after a prayer to the spirit of the sea, dropped the offering into the water to satisfy the appetite of Neptune; how one day I purchased a great and potent charm, and after giving all the

crowd about me a serious lesson on the worthlessness of such an idol, and the power and love of God above, I asked them what was in the charm. 'The *lubare*,' some said; while others said they believed it all a lie, and that there was no *lubare* (or spirit) in the thing. 'Will it burn?' I asked. 'Oh, no; the *lubare* does not burn.' 'Is not this charm mine? Did I not buy it?' 'Yes, it is yours,' they all said. 'Then I can do with it what I like?' 'Oh, yes.' 'Very good,' I replied; so taking out of my pocket a small lens, I made fire in a moment with the sun's rays, and bidding my little boy gather a bundle of dry wood, of which there was any amount lying on the beach, I soon had a brilliant blaze. 'Can your great witches make fire out of the sun, like I have done?' I asked. 'No, no.' 'Then, you see, I am cleverer than these gods whom you worship.' 'Yes, you make magic,' they said. 'Well, you say there is magic in this charm which I have bought?' 'Yes.' 'Well, let us see;' so putting the great charm into the heart of the fire, it was reduced to ashes in a few moments, half of the bystanders running away in horror, the rest standing round, hoping every moment that some terrible judgment would come upon me for my sacrilege. 'Now the devil is dead,' I said, 'and you all see that I have told you true, that there is no saving power in charms, and that God alone can save us.' 'You are a god,' some said; while others said, 'You are the devil.' They have the two words, but they fear and worship the

devil only. This is one of many such-like stories of the kind which I might narrate.

"One day, near the mouth of the Kagera, we spied two or three canoes of Baziba (as the natives of Buzongora are called) on the shore on the edge of the papyrus. All the fleet (fourteen canoes) made for the spot. I did not know their object. On approaching, our canoe-men cried, 'Milembe' (peace), but immediately jumped into the water, each man seizing his shield and spear out of the bow of the canoes, and commenced appropriating the bundles of peas and beans and nuts with which the three Buzongora canoes were laden. Some remonstrance was raised by the owners, when at once they were charged and driven into the papyrus jungle at the point of the spear. My indignation at the treachery and robbery was roused. I jumped into the water, and rushed in between the poor Baziba and their assailants. Seizing the spear of the captain of the fleet as he had it levelled to hurl at the timid owners, I threatened to spear himself with it if he did not order all the bales of beans to be given up forthwith. Back into their own boats I drove our canoe-men; then jumping up on the top of the largest of the plundered canoes, I ordered the whole of the bundles to be returned. The canoe-men were now terrified and surrendered everything forthwith. Only one or two fellows tried to secrete a bundle under their seats; but I jumped from one canoe to another, and giving each fellow I found trying to deceive me a

blow, I threw with my own hands every bundle my eye rested on back into the right vessels. Now came forward the poor Baziba out of the papyrus, and falling down on their knees, adored me for the deliverance I had effected for their lives and property.

"We paddled on for an hour to our halting-place for the night. There I discovered that the captain of our boats had himself appropriated several bundles. The Baziba turned up again to claim these, and appealed to me on behalf of their property. As I knew that the canoe-men wanted food, I allowed our captain to keep what he had got, and gave out of my box to the rightful owners nearly a thousand cowrie shells in return for their property. They, as well as our own men, were now satisfied, and all round I received a cordial vote of thanks for my rightful dividing of justice!

"It may be an interesting fact for Mr. St. John Vincent Day, to mention that I have found a peculiar form of weapon of war, made only of wood, and used by the inhabitants of the Sesse Islands, also of Ukerewe, and again in Marya and Sengerema (States of Usukuma). Iron is plentiful enough in these places, for hoes and beautiful hatchets are manufactured out of it; but spears are generally simply long, pointed sticks, the points being hardened in the fire. The Baganda and Basese call these *magúma*. In Buzongora also these are almost the only weapons, although iron is very plentiful, and is there made into the largest and finest hatchets I have seen

on the lake. The natives of the large island of Buvuma, which the Baganda have repeatedly tried to subdue in vain, fight only with these wooden spears, and slings in which they use pebbles. Inland, in Marya, I have seen arrows also entirely of wood, *i.e.*, having no metal barb; yet there the smiths are so skilful in working iron, that they make their pipe-stalks of iron, very like a thin gas-pipe, but really a thin, long, narrow iron plate, coiled round like a riband, but so tightly as to look like a pipe. The usual fighting weapon in Usukuma and all Unyamwezi is a thin-handled stick, with a very heavy knotted head. No shield is used by those who use this weapon, nor by the islanders, who use slings or bow and arrow. Flint and jasper and granite abound in these countries, while brass ornaments are everywhere worn; but neither stone nor brass is used anywhere for arrow-heads, while battle-axes are quite unknown.

"I have made notes all along on the geology of the country, both along the shores of the lake and on the inland march south of Kagei; but I have not revised my observations yet, so as to make them worth sending home.

"I am longing to be back at my work again at Mtesa's. I enclose you a page or two of a small reading book I was making before I left. But I was much cramped for want of type, while our press was only a toy. Here I find my own large press and type. The latter I shall take on now, leaving the

press to come up when cloth comes to pay the porterage. With more type, at any rate I hope to get on faster with setting up my translations. The note on the rainfall may be of value to you."

In the early part of 1881, the missionaries were virtually prisoners, fleeced of almost everything, reduced not only to beggary, but to temporary starvation. This was chiefly due to the hostilities of two Arabs against Mackay, who had never even seen them until they arrived in Uganda; but his C.M.S. brethren at Mpwapwa had relieved them of a gang of female slaves, while the *London's* boats had *interfered* with them in some way at Kilwa, when they were bringing a crew of slaves from Nyassa country, where they used to trade; and as Mackay had come by the way of the East Coast, he was supposed to be under the wing of the Consul, and condemned as being an agent of the British Government, and a spy on them. He writes at this time: "It has also been my misfortune to be more proficient in Suahili and Luganda than any other member of the Mission. I alone have been able to address the king and court directly in language they could understand. Hence it is that I am branded as a disputer and raiser of rows. Of course I had to open my mouth at times against murder and adultery, and cruel raids for slaves on a terrible scale, and even worse sins—so bad that one cannot tell about them in black and white."

Journal, Feb. 26th, 1881.—The Frenchmen last evening sent a kind note, saying that they had heard that I was very ill, sending at the same time a bottle of wine with iron and quinine in it, and offering us a milch cow.

Mr. Pearson went to see them this afternoon.

M. Lourdel was again true to his character of a "bird of ill omen." He says that the king had consulted him as to whether Pearson and I should be allowed to leave. Lourdel says he advised that we should be permitted to go and come as we like. The king had asked him where it was that the Bazungu got so much cleverness, and if he (Mtesa) could not get so many great things for his country. Lourdel did not say what reply he gave, but reported that again they had been talking in court about putting me to death. The Arabs, of course, were the instigators in this. They told the king a ridiculous fable, which they interpreted to the prejudice of the Bazungu, and especially to my prejudice.

"A certain king," they said, "had a favourite cat, which was reported to have one day eaten all the *eggs*. The king, however, said, 'It is my cat, let it alone; it must eat.' Next day it was reported to have eaten the *fowls*. 'Let it alone,' said the king, 'it is my favourite cat; it must eat.' After this it ate the goats, and then all the cows; but still the king would not let the cat be touched. Next it ate up all the people, and the king's wives, and then his children, and finally it ate up the king himself. Only

one son of the king escaped by hiding himself. Meantime the cat grew and swelled to a great size, from having devoured so many things. But the one prince who escaped, succeeded in killing the cat at length. When he cut it open, he found in it all the eggs and the fowls and the goats and the cows and the people and the wives and the king's sons. But in the act of cutting the cat up, the prince accidentally wounded in the thigh one of his brother princes inside the cat. This fellow got out and said, 'What did you wound me for?' 'Do you not see,' said the other, 'that I have been doing you a good service in letting you out?' But he refused to be at peace, and tried to kill the prince who had let him out"!!!

The wonderful cat is the English, and the wounded prince who wished to kill his deliverer, said the Arabs, is Mackay. "You, Mtesa, have conferred every benefit on him, but he means only to return you evil for good!"

Could enmity and falsehood go further? But none of these things move me. The Lord has preserved me many a time from the hatred of these revilers and wicked men, who, for no reason at all, delight so to speak all manner of evil against me falsely. It was this very morning that Pearson and I read together at prayers the 51st chapter of Isaiah:—

"I, even I, am He that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the LORD thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the

foundations of the earth ; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy ? and where is the fury of the oppressor ? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail. But I am the LORD thy God, that divided the sea, whose waves roared : the LORD of hosts is His name. And I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand."

With such a promise, and such a refuge, and such a God, who shall be afraid ? Lord God, give us more firm faith in Thee.

As for these Mohammedans and all others who so malign us, we would have no bitter feelings in our hearts against them. Lord, have mercy on them, and lead them to know Thee, and then will they love Thee and love Thy servants.

June 19th, 1881.—Water! water!! That has been the difficulty. By examination of the hole where all the natives near and ourselves have hitherto been obtaining water, I noticed that under the subsoil of red sandy clay, which has a great thickness generally, there is a more porous stratum of lighter stuff, and then a stratum of blue potter's clay, above which the water lies. By taking levels with the theodolite, I found that I could obtain water at a convenient spot, within our own land, by sinking only sixteen feet. Several men I set on the work, with pick and spade, excavating a hole eight feet by four square. When we got too far down to throw up, I set up a trestle of strong trees ; and with rope

and pulley and bucket, much to the astonishment of all the natives, we hoisted up the clay, till we reached water just at the depth I predicted. The Baganda never saw a deep well before, and would not believe that water could be had on a hill-side until they saw the liquid itself. It took more than a week to sink the well; but when I afterwards repaired a battered pump which I bought in London, and they saw a copious stream ascend twenty feet high, and flow, and flow, as long as one worked the handle, their wonder and amazement knew no bounds. "Makay lubare! Makay lubare dala!" was cried by all. (Mackay is the great spirit, he is truly the great spirit.) But I told them that there was only one great Spirit, that is God, and I was only a man like themselves. To each company that came near I explained the action of the pump, some understanding best when I said it was only a sort of elephant's trunk made of copper, while others could comprehend that it was only (as I said) a beer-drinking tube (called a *lusèke*) on a large scale, with a tongue of iron that sucked up the water, as their tongues suck up the beer from their gourds. "Oh, the Bazungu, the Bazungu! they are the men; they can do everything; the Arabs and Wangwana don't know anything at all; they can only draw water in the swamp where we get it ourselves; but oh, eh, eh, Mackay is clever, clever; the king will get them to carry him here to see this wonderful thing."

Mr. O'Flaherty enhances the greatness of the mar-

vel by telling all and sundry that I can bring the very *nyanja* itself up to the door of the palace, with all the fish and canoes as well!

Oct. 8th, 1881.—My old faithful pupil and assistant, Sembera Kumunbo, has turned up again several times. His master lives very far off, hence he has difficulty in coming often. To-day he brought me a note written by himself, and very legibly, although he has never had a lesson in writing,—written in Luganda, with a pointed piece of spear-grass, and some ink of dubious manufacture, made of pot soot and plantain juice. It ran thus—"Bwana Mackay, Sembera has come with compliments and to give you great news. Will you baptize him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?" (*See page* 479.)

This was an interesting case. Sembera was one of my very first pupils. He was most diligent. He is only a slave of Munakulya, one of the first *mtongoles*, and has taught his master to read also. With me he read everything I had to put into his hands: one or two Gospels, the Acts, the Books of Kings, and many Psalms, besides one or two Epistles. To my knowledge, his life is exemplary, and his understanding and reception of Christian truth very good for his limited opportunities. May the Lord Himself perfect the good work begun in his heart, and make him a chosen and true disciple!

Christmas, 1881.—*A dying boy desires baptism.* Not long ago there died one of our lads who had been reading with Mr. O'Flaherty. He was ill, and

for a while we missed him. Then we heard that he was dead. He used to show great eagerness not only to learn to read, but to become acquainted with the truth itself. The other day, when waiting in the court precincts, Mr. O'Flaherty was accosted by a lad, who handed him a Suahili Gospel, saying that it was given him by Dumulira to return to the white men (*muzungu*). This lad's story was most affecting. He said that he used to be a most ardent follower of the *lubare*, but he had recently come to leave his old superstition ; and in proof of what he said, he showed Mr. O'Flaherty that he had no longer any charms about him. He continued, that his friend Dumulira had asked him to come to us for medicine for him, but he was afraid, as he did not know us. The sick lad had assured him that we would certainly either go to see him, or send him medicine. All day long he read in the Gospel which he had (St. Mark's) ; and when he found himself in so much pain that he expected to die, he charged this lad to bring back the Gospel to Mr. O'Flaherty without fail. He then asked the *lubare* lad to go and fetch some water from a pool near. When the water was brought, he bade his companion sprinkle some on his head, and name over him the names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Soon after that he died. I do believe that this baptism by a *lubare lad* has been written in heaven.

It seems to have much moved the lad who told the story, for he professes to have lost his faith in

the *lubare*, or great evil spirit who is the god of the land, and wishes to come to learn to know the Book of Jesus Christ. The Word of God takes root where least expected, and brings forth riper fruit than our unbelieving hearts had looked to see.

Writing to his father on April 1st, 1882, he says :—

"On the 18th of March, Mr. O'Flaherty baptized five of our first converts—all young men, who have been under careful instruction for some time, and who have for long been eager for baptism. May they have your prayers that they may stand firm in the faith amid the great heathenism around, and that they may grow in grace and in the knowledge of God's most Holy Word, which can make them wise unto salvation.

"Meantime the work of translating the Scriptures is going rapidly forward, while our own knowledge of the language is increasing. But a layman is at a great disadvantage in a mission. It is, of course, expected that preaching, teaching, and translational work form the chief and peculiar employment of the ordained missionary, however qualified another may be to do such work. But secular work must also be done by some one ; and if, meantime, I must be employed chiefly in that, I have no right to complain, 'for the body is not one member, but many. And if they were all one member, where

were the body?' All are necessary, and therefore all are of the body.

"You remember how the sons of Kohath, Gershon, and Merari had an important part to play in the erection and carriage of the tabernacle. It would never have done for these men to have 'struck' because they did not get Aaron's work to do. So I am content to do whatever has to be done, so that the work goes forward.

"I am glad you did not take the glass off the pictures you sent me. Every bit of glass is valuable here. Before now I have had to drive the wolf from the door on a hungry day, by taking the glass off lanterns, etc., silvering them, and selling them as mirrors to buy food with."

Journal, Oct. 13th, 1882.—This is my birthday, age thirty-three. Much cause I have for thankfulness to the good Lord for all His care over me in these years till this day. My work at present is, I hope, only preparatory to more useful employment in His cause here. . . .

. . . We are truly thankful to God that no more serious consequences happened in this dangerous rencontre [that of a sorcerer in one of his frenzies (here called *Devil possession*) attacking Mr. O'Flaherty]. I made a similar narrow escape with my life in this place some years ago, once in the open road, and on another occasion when the great *lubare* came to court, and every man and woman

in the land cursed my name for belying their goddess. On that occasion God alone knows what a death He saved me from.

My house has of late been subject to terrible attacks of black ants. Night after night they swarmed into all the rooms in countless myriads. Hot ashes we spread about everywhere, but only to drive them from one place to another. No plague of Egypt in the days of Moses could have been worse than this pestilence of ferocious, biting ants. The soldiers of them are half an inch long, or more, and have terrible mandibles. They take so ferocious a grip of the flesh that they allow themselves to be pulled in two before they let go their hold on one's skin. One day I had a sheep killed, and the tail, which consists of pure fat, we hung up some five feet from the ground on a bar. Next morning I found that they had made a regular Jacob's ladder from the floor to the fat tail. The soldier ants had formed a chain in the air with their bodies and claws, up and down which the myriads of smaller ants nimbly ran, carrying off the fat! It was a grand feat of engineering. Another night I was printing. The smell of the ink seemed to attract them, for in they came swarming all over the wall against which my table stood. I removed the press to the other side of the room and continued my work, getting ashes strewn over all the side where they were. But in ten minutes they had swarmed through the wall of straw right round to my new position, and on

to the press and over all the papers. It seemed that the ink took their fancy. I had to remove to another room, but there they came also, in spite of fire, ashes and all. I did not get entirely rid of them till I had finished the impression.

A few days ago I came suddenly into my room, and stopped short just in time to avoid stepping on a huge serpent. The reptile had two large rats in his grasp, one of which he had killed; but the other got off, as the snake's attention was attracted to me. I got a stick and let fly at the brute, but he made off into the wall. I set the boys on watch outside to see if he would go out, and sure enough he did so, when they killed him. Next day, they killed another which was about coming into my room. It is the rats that these horrid vipers are after. I still shudder to think of them, and thank God for my preservation.

O'Flaherty has been working for a fortnight taking in a new piece of ground in the swamp at the bottom of the plantation. He and the men had every day encounters with snakes, killing them in great numbers. Worse, however, were several most poisonous *adders* which they killed. The natives declare that the sting of these adders produces almost instantaneous death. I have cured several people here of snake bites, by free excision of the part, and application of lunar caustic. Every day I have a host of cases for medical treatment. Some of them almost baffle my skill. Even the work of an *amm-*

cheur must be done by the missionary here. Poor things, because I relieved one or two at first, they come now imploring my aid, when their own doctors fail, whether I understand the complications of their case or not. But I do my best, and, by God's blessing, the treatment has been generally successful. They have shown themselves, too, very grateful.

The labour involved in preparing for the burial of Namasole, the queen-mother, was perhaps the most formidable piece of manual work forced upon Mackay by the necessities of himself and his brethren. His skill and willing service frequently softened the temper of Mtesa, and disposed him to be friendly to the Mission. We only give here the touching scene in which he solemnly appeals to the king about his soul's salvation.

"Tell me," said Mtesa, "how they bury in your country." I said, "But let me tell you that all that fine cloth and those fine coffins will one day all be rotten. It may take ten years, or maybe a hundred years, or it may be a thousand years; but one day all will be rotten, and *the body inside will rot too.* Now we know this; hence in Christian countries we say that it matters little in what way the body is buried, for it will rot some time or other: but it matters everything what becomes of the soul. Look at these two head chiefs of yours sitting by you. They are both very

rich. Next to you, they are the greatest in the kingdom. They have cloth, and cattle and lands, and women and slaves—very much of all. Here they have much honour, and when they die they will be buried with much honour, but yet their bodies will one day rot. Now let me have only an old bark cloth, and nothing more of this world's riches, and I would not exchange for all the wealth and all the greatness of both, because all their greatness will pass away, while their souls are lost in the darkness of belief in the *lubare*, while I know that my soul is saved by Jesus Christ the Son of God, so that I have riches that never perish, which they know nothing about."

Mtesa then began with his usual excuses. "There are these two religions," he said. "When Masudi [a Mohammedan] reads his book, the Koran, the Bazungu [Europeans] call it lies; when the Bazungu read their book, Masudi calls it lies: which is true?"

I left my seat, and going forward to the mat on which the Katikiro was sitting, I knelt on it, and in the most solemn manner, I said, "Oh, Mtesa, my friend, do not always repeat that excuse! When you and I stand before God at the great day of judgment, will you reply to Almighty God that you did not know what to believe, because Masudi told you one thing and Mackay told you another? No, you have the New Testament; read there for yourself. God will judge you by that. There never was

any one yet who looked for the truth there and did not find it."

The court soon after rose.

"*April*, 1883.

"I am not a little disappointed that Wise should be kept at the south end of the lake, as I have had a long enough spell of work in iron and wood and clay, and have been living in hopes to get an assistant to relieve me of much of such work, that I may make more use of the language I have been striving hard to pick up—I mean in the way of teaching and translation. But there seems to have been a sort of fatality (excuse the word) all along against artisans reaching Uganda. So I must hold on as I have been doing—now with book in hand, and now with hammer and tongs. It is strange how different work abroad is from that at home. Here we don't know anything about properly attired clergymen in black cloth and white tie, with sober countenance and hands undefiled with things of earth. Even the Romish priests, when here, with all their sacerdotal ideas, were very industrious and industrial in their way. Perhaps you will say that 'Necessity knows no law.' I allow it, but I believe that St. Paul dictated his Epistles between the stitches of his tent-making.

"Geikie's 'Hours with the Bible' must be an interesting book. I saw some time ago advertised Geikie's 'Life and Words of Jesus,' and I sent to our London agents for it; perhaps it may come some time within the next few years. I have Farrar's

'Life of Christ,' which has always given me much pleasure to read again a chapter of. The book is a romance throughout; but one thing has struck me as wanting in Farrar, and which I hope will not be so wanting in Geikie, viz., a life of Christ as the 'Messiah.' Farrar's book is a life of *Jesus*, not of *the Christ* as such. There seems to me to be a great subject here unwritten upon, except that in the list of books quoted by Farrar, he mentions one called 'The Messiah' (no author). I have sometimes thought that if I had time I would try to grasp the subject myself, though the magnitude of it appals me."

Mackay now proceeds to the south end of the lake to build a boat, which was taken out in planks by the late Bishop Hannington on his first journey inland, and which had been presented by his friends in Brighton.

"At Kaitaba's, Buzongora,
"On the Nyanza,
"*9th July*, 1883.

"A missionary minister is the right kind of pastor, to my mind. He is sure to hold more enlarged views of men and things than others, who confine their thoughts to their own little circle. I cannot but agree heartily with your explanation of the text in Matthew xxiv. The Gospel is meant to be a *witness unto*, not a *testimony against*, all nations. It is undoubtedly a proclamation meant to be believed, and which has been, and ever will be believed, wherever faithfully

proclaimed. As you showed, the very mention of *gathering the elect* distinctly proves this. Only I don't believe that, as a rule, the mere proclamation of the gospel to people who have no ideas at all of God and His government will lead them to believe, any more than the same among heathen at home, *e.g.*, street arabs, who are not so wholly destitute of knowledge as heathen here; a long and patient course of training seems requisite. Unfortunately, popular ideas at home are very different; hence disappointment at our slow progress. But truth is better and stronger than fiction, and will prevail more among right-thinking men.

"You will do a noble work if you get good Christians in England to understand fully the exact nature of the case—that the heathen do not, by nature, wish the gospel, although *we* know they sorely need it; that in every land people are jealous for their faith, which came down from their ancestors of long-lost memory; that they are greedy of gain, and jealous for their land, which they fancy we have come to possess, or rather spy out with a view to our nation possessing. They understand only material gain at first, and are generally disappointed that we do not aid them more in that way; but it takes time to win their confidence, and convince them that we mean to be their true friends. When we have gained that point, but not till then, we can build upon it.[1]

[1] "Patiently, and as intensely loving our work, but loving

"This is, I believe, the experience of every true missionary. I am sorry that your people do not care to hear more about India. It would not do for missionaries to be likewise 'tired of India.' That is a vast field, more than all Africa put together—more difficult, on account of standing creeds, and more populous, although not so romantic as young Africa. There we have, moreover, *protection* under a settled government, which is all the assistance we now look for in that quarter.

"I must try to put a few jottings of a journal together some time, for since Christmas I have been too busy to write one. Meantime, I may only say that of late I have been devoting more time to teaching than to anything else. We have not a few young men who are candidates for baptism, and some of them have read largely with me, as we got a lot of fresh translations in Suahili with our caravan in the end of January. I built a small school before I left, and Mr. O'Flaherty holds a short service in it every morning, while on Sundays we had two services, one in Suahili, and the other in Luganda. A lot of young ones have been making progress in reading also, and I am sending home an order for slates and copy-books, maps, etc. I printed also some couple of

more those for whom we work, we must build in the spirit first and from that to the flesh, and not from without inwards, making even our most mechanical and outward acts alight with the radiance, and aglow with the heart of pure love."—*Rev. Dr Clifford.*

thousand pages of reading sheets, Commandments, etc., with short portions of Scripture, in Luganda. I had only a toy press to work with, and a poor enough job at best is all that it can turn out. I shall enclose a few sheets, which must meet no printer's eye, but which hereabout are legible enough and intelligible enough, having been revised again and again by our most advanced pupils.

"I left Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Ashe both well, and living in the new house I built: the latter upstairs."

"URIMA PORT, HEAD OF SMITH SOUND,
"*19th Sept.*, 1883.

"I am very glad to say that not only have I got both Gordon and Wise removed from that horrid place Kagei, but also I have been able to get a port at the head of this long creek, where we may build our boat. The whole of the parts of the boat I have also brought up to this place, and now, as soon as we get the mail off, we mean (D.V.) to set to without delay to build it. The task will be no easy one, as the planks were sent out from England unpacked, and are, in consequence, terribly warped, cracked, and twisted with the sun. But we shall do our best, and I hope in a couple of months' time to see the vessel nearly ready for launching. I am glad to have the assistance of Wise, who, although by trade a tinsmith, yet can put his hand to almost anything, and is a pleasant fellow.

"I have been ill, but I feel in excellent trim again,

here on the shore of my favourite Nyanza, in spite of its many saddening recollections. I cannot tell you how I long and pray every day for the time when the present darkness shall be dispelled, and in every hamlet round the lake the shadow of death shall cease, and He who is the only light shall reign from shore to shore.

"I was in hopes that we might get a site in this populous district of Urima for a mission station, but the king (!) will not agree to our staying here. He is terribly afraid of white men, and lives far away in some unapproachable village (to foreigners, I mean), and will not have me come to see him. He fears that I would bewitch him with a look, and besides, I might *steal his face* (I suppose he means take his photo), and send it to the coast for all the world to laugh at. Such are royal ideas here. They are very backward in Urima, and but little elevated above their own cattle. When they see me reading, they say that I am divining; when I write, I am making medicine (*i.e.*, witchcraft). Nearly all the men go about stark naked. Women always wear some sort of clothing, generally skins of goats, scraped and rendered soft with butter. Our camp here is on the edge of the jungle, and many miles removed from the villages, where they keep cattle; hence we miss sadly our daily milk. We have been able, however, to buy a little honey to eat with our porridge of Indian meal. How we relish it, seeing that we have no sugar or butter! We sometimes get a little

ghee or melted butter to buy, but we require it for our lamp at night. Fowls we get cheap, and sometimes a little fish, but only rarely a change to a bit of mutton.

"We have got an excellent site for our camp, raised some fifty feet above the lake close by, and on the brow of a rocky ironstone hill. There is a really splendid view in front, right up north and across the bay, there being high hills on the other side. It looks not unlike one of our long narrow Scotch lochs, only the water is not get-at-able anywhere, except just at this spot, for many, many miles, as all the shore is choked with a wide evergreen fringe of papyrus. But only one night in the neighbourhood would cause you to dread the graceful top of the papyrus for ever after. It is the home of myriads upon countless myriads of mosquitoes, which rise from their lurking-places the moment the sun goes down. The evenings are thus something terrible, and I have to half smother myself with smoke in my tent to get any peace at all. After I get into bed and tuck in the mosquito netting tightly all round, I can defy them; but before then the misery is enough to make me more than irritable. After sunrise they disappear outside; but it is, even all day, impossible to brush them entirely out of the tent. I left the awning of my tent at Sonda's to keep the boat from splitting, and I sadly miss it here to protect my poor head from this blazing sun."

"URIMA,

"*4th Nov.*, 1883.

"I feel rather knocked up with work, and ill able to write a decent letter. I am here alone finishing the boat, and have indeed hard work, as I must do everything myself—cut and shape every plank, and drive every nail. I hope to have her afloat in two or three weeks' time.

"At length there is good prospect of our having a station at this side of the lake and, as I wished, near the head of this creek. Gordon and Wise are establishing themselves at Msalala. May the station prove a blessing to the whole country-side, as well as a convenience to the men in Uganda. This has been a sorely felt want for long.

"I am practically houseless, for my old straw hut in Uganda was sorely decayed when I left. I shall have to build myself a cot when I get back there. A very small place will do for my private wants, for I have no furniture, but I have to combine in one medical dispensary, printing office, tool store, barn, and schoolroom. Besides this, about a dozen boys always sleep in my house, and very frequently some of them are ill, and the place is more a hospital than anything else.

"Such encumbrances are not needed to-day at a parson's home in England, but they once were when the first missionaries struggled against Saxon savagedom. By-and-by in Uganda they will forget all about the primitive state in which the first mission-

aries had to live. Who cares anything in England about the poor men who did the battle with Druidism in the name and strength of Christ? *Savans* are only now acknowledging that Western arts and science came from China and from Arab lands. I would like to see more interest taken in the dawn of Christianity in *now* Christian England."

"ON BOARD C.M.S. *Eleanor*,
"HEAD OF SMITH'S CREEK,
"*9th Dec.*, 1883.

"I am very much fatigued, having at last launched the C.M.S. boat and rigged her ready for sea. I expect Gordon up from Msalala to-morrow with goods for Uganda, and I shall (D.V.) start at once. as soon as I get them stored on board. I hope to be able to cut right across the lake. I have been fully five months absent from my station, and it is high time I were back again.

"The two things I came to do are, by God's blessing, both accomplished. I have seen the new C.M.S. station started, in a good place geographically, viz., at Msalala, twelve miles south of this port, which is opposite Nego, and at the very head of the creek. Gordon and Wise are both well, and I hope will continue so. They are really nearer the lake than we are in Uganda.

"I have further built the boat, which I hope will prove of long and useful service to the Mission. I have a small and very raw crew—three men four

boys, a woman, and a monkey. Meat and firewood and earthen pots I have laid in for the voyage. These, with some fifty loads of bales and boxes, fill the boat. I have made for myself a small quarter-deck or poop, on which to act the skipper; and if God gives us favourable wind and weather, we shall not be long in crossing. I hope the vessel will prove more useful than even the *Daisy*. She is much stronger, but might have been stronger still, had she been properly packed for transit up country. I am anchored out in mid-water, glad to get away from the terrible den of mosquitoes, in which I have been a victim for the last three months.

"It is late, and I must lie down, for I shall have little sleep for a week, there being no one on board who can relieve me of the helm, or even set the sails properly. They will learn by degrees.

"I hope you will ever continue to pray for us, that in our lives here we may be able to walk as living epistles, seen and read of all men."

"VICTORIA NYANZA,
"ON BOARD C.M.S. *Eleanor*,
"21*st Jan.*, 1884.

"I fear that for some little time the long creek (Smith's) to Urima will be rather unsafe for us. I learn here (Buzongora), that the grand Admiral Gabunga, who has gone with 180 canoes to attack Roma (who owns all the west side of the creek and the bit of road between the head of it and Msalala), has found

his force insufficient, and is on his way back, having fought only some islands off Roma's coast. This will only leave Roma more an enemy than ever, and likely to seek a revenge on our boat (as coming from Uganda), should I sail up the creek just now. These horrid wars are ever now and again cropping up and hindering our work. Even Kagei and the whole of Usukuma, Mtesa has his eye on, as they have much cattle. It was for that reason that I was anxious to take Gordon and Wise well away from there, and quarter them in friendly Mirambo's land.

"Ukerewe is already under the thumb of Uganda, and that prevents our having a station there at present, as Mtesa is greedy to have all the white men at his capital, that he may get all their presents himself. I only hope that in time he will give up this foolish jealousy. It requires the most careful diplomatic skill to so humour the court of Uganda that we may have toleration there at all, not to speak of the more remote provinces. We would naturally like to settle where we choose, and carry on our work quietly and without demonstration; but that is perfectly impossible. The case is not like early Christian times, when the propagators of Christianity were themselves Roman subjects. We are outsiders, and belong to a nation ever accused in these quarters of an aggressive policy. The powers that be can never believe that we have come merely as teachers of religion. It will take perhaps a century to teach them that. Then, as missions multiply, European subjects also mul-

tiply. Complications arise. Consuls are appointed to protect their interests. Wars go on among the natives, and Europeans against their will get involved. The end always has been annexation. Our Arab enemies then triumph over the verification of their predictions.

"Mr. Roger Price wrote me recently, telling a sad story of the incessant wars between the Boers and the natives in his neighbourhood, hindering their mission work greatly.

"I put in here to try to get food, but it is very scarce, and I must get under weigh again, hoping to reach Kagei before what we have is exhausted. The islands between this and there are all now reduced to jungle, the Baganda having plundered them all long ago. Their conquests bring little good, leaving only desolation where once were flourishing plantations. Only the natives whom they rob are generally a grade worse than themselves. You will remember Stanley's reception by the people of Bumbire, and Smith's loss of an eye at Ukara. Since then the Babumbire have been pacified. Ukara's turn will come by-and-by."

"VICTORIA NYANZA,

"15*th April*, 1884.

"A fortnight ago I left the brethren both well and fully occupied, in Uganda. Inquirers continue to increase, and several more have been baptized. After some talk I got my brethren to agree to having a

class twice a week for the fuller instruction of those already baptized, especially with a view to preparing them for receiving the communion. They agreed to defer admitting all and sundry to that sacred rite, until they received further teaching, and we had more opportunity of marking their life and walk. I took this class myself on Sunday afternoons when I was there, and meantime, in my absence, O'Flaherty or Ashe takes it. The subject I commenced with, and which I mean (D.V.) to go right on with, is the Life of Christ.

"With people almost totally unfamiliar with the gospel narrative, I think the careful study of such a subject will do them more real good than sermons from isolated texts, which my brethren, in accordance with received notions, go in for.

"Unhappily, every second month at least, I have to spend several weeks on the lake. But I am getting impatient of calms and contrary winds, and shall soon make an effort to erect our steam machinery and fit it into the boat, so as to make the lake journey, to and fro, a matter of only a few days. This will take some considerable labour and skill too, but it is, I think, worth the pains, especially as our numbers are small, and time is *men* here, if it is money in England. Perhaps I should say that the gain of it is economy everywhere.

"Last trip north I took with me all that could be found (after many years and wanderings) of our printing-press. Many essential parts were entirely

wanting, having been lost or stolen; but by dint of hard work at forge and lathe and vice,[1] I had it almost in working order by the time I left. On my return I hope to be able to set to work to print with it. I intend to print, in the first instance, the *Sermon on the Mount*, in Luganda. After that I think we shall try the Gospel of Luke, of course in Luganda also. Then we have the Church Service, hymns, and all sorely needed in print. Ashe is anxious to learn to help with the printing, and I shall be glad when I get him sufficiently skilled to take that department entirely off my hands.

"On my arrival at our station, I found myself houseless. So I set to work sending all hands to cut grass for a month, pulling down several old huts to get thatch to repair the better ones. My own house seemed to be no better after patching the thatch, so I pulled down the walls piecemeal, building them much shorter than before, letting the roof thus dip to throw the rain off. The clergymen's house and my own I got so far rain-proof that I was able to

[1] "Mechanical work is probably as legitimate an aid to missions as medical; nor do I see why one should not be as helpful to missionary work as the other, except for the difficulty of getting out of the rut our ideas run in. I believe, too, that the present facilities for prosecuting missionary work at the ends of the earth are more due to the advance the century has made in mechanics than in medicine. The former have provided surer means of locomotion, and by facilitating production of clothing, etc., have stimulated trade in many a quarter untouched by foreigners before."—*A. M. Mackay.*

build next houses for the donkey and goats and calves. These were almost finished when I had to leave to catch moonlight for the voyage.

"But such a tempestuous voyage this has been! By day, calms and head winds, making almost no progress, so that I had to sail at night. Every second night no sleep, and sometimes two nights on end. This wretched boat, too, has been provided with so poor an awning that it rains mercilessly through at times. After struggling all night with a gale and high sea and rain, to meet the daybreak dripping wet, cold, and dreary, is no extra-pleasant sensation. But the Lord has all along preserved us in many a peril; and when one gets to a safe anchorage, and a fire lighted on board and a cup of tea, one lies down to sleep with the feeling that the rest is well earned. But I need not trouble you with my experiences on this lake, which has no place in the world's history or thought.

"The boat is rolling terribly, hence steady writing is quite impossible. I must apologize for the illegibility of this, which I fear I could not read myself unless I had recently written it. Off and on, too, is the best I can get, now writing a few lines, now looking after the sails and course."

FIERY TRIALS.

"I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa—who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith—as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a Mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions—the stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle bullet have all been tried to cause them to reject the teachings they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labours to the goodkindly people at home who trusted in them."—*H. M. Stanley.*

CHAPTER IX.

FIERY TRIALS.

DURING the life of Mtesa the missionaries were at least protected from personal violence, and frequently were in favour and permitted fully to carry on their work; but the old heathenism still kept its place in the hearts of the greater number of the chiefs, and, but for Mtesa's strong hand and superior intelligence and sympathy with enlightenment and progress, would frequently have broken out into active hostility to the white men.

In October of 1884 Mtesa died, and his son Mwanga, a weak, vain, and vicious man, a worse and altogether weaker man than Mtesa, came to the throne.

Shortly afterwards intelligence of the arrival of Bishop Hannington by way of Kavirondo reached the capital, and at once placed the missionaries in the greatest personal danger, from the long-standing fears of the Baganda that the appearance of white men from the east, and by what they called "the back-door of Uganda," was the sure precursor of conquest It was this fear of coming danger, and not hatred to the Christian religion, that led the chiefs of Uganda

with Mwanga at their head, to demand the death of the bishop. When the deed was done, a greater fear took possession of Mwanga. He was in constant terror lest the power of England should be brought to bear, to revenge the murder of the bishop. This fear, working in his barbarous heart, led to a chronic state of jealousy and suspicion against the Mission and its work, and roused the beast in him, till it led to an outbreak of the old heathen cruelty, which had abated and in some of its violent forms ceased. The new religion forbids cruelty and murder, therefore Mwanga would be cruel and murderous; and then followed mutilations, strangling, burning, and unmentionable horrors, some of which are described in Mackay's letters home, but over which he for the most part draws the veil. He was afraid lest too much might be made of these so-called martyrdoms, yet he did not doubt the real piety of many of the sufferers.

"MSALALA, *June 6th*, 1885.

"Your very welcome letter of March 3rd has just come. How many letters you have sent me since last August I cannot tell, as I am waiting for them to be sent back here from Kagei, where they have gone.

"All these long, weary months, how have we longed for news from home! Trouble and danger and illness with gloomy prospects would have been much relieved, had we got a line or two from our friends; but that could not be. Still we were borne up in it all by a mightier Hand than our own. And

now I am here alive and well, to ask you to join us in praising our Father in heaven, who has not left us even in great danger, and who is in it all, leading us closer to Himself, and guiding His own work through blood and fire.

"Our first martyrs have won the martyr's crown. On January 30th three Christian lads were burnt alive, after being terribly mutilated, for their reception of and adherence to the faith of Jesus Christ. They were snatched from our very presence, accused of no crime but that they were learning from us, and first tortured, then roasted alive.

"Both Ashe and I suffered a deal of personal violence, but that was soon over, and was nothing to the anxiety of mind which we suffered on account of the cruel death of the dear lads, and the threats of determined persecution against the whole of the native Christians; the threats of robbery and expulsion of ourselves; and later on a rebellion of the chiefs, whose aim was to make a complete end of us. But by a sharp stroke the king arrested the ringleaders and deposed the others. Since then we have had less to fear; and though the king is young and unstable, he has again and again asserted his determination to stand by us, probably because in doing so he finds a way of escape from the demands made upon him by the old chiefs and sorcerers, which he finds irksome.

"There are some of the chiefs by no means friendly to us, but doubtless their day of power will be short.

Of course, as in many similar cases, their suspicion of us arises from pure ignorance. We only must endeavour to enlighten them; but whether the powers are friendly or not, we must put no confidence in their favour or dislike. The work of God will stand and grow quite independently of their patronage or opposition.

"I believe that a work has been begun in Uganda which has its origin in the power of God, and which never can be uprooted by all the forces of evil.

"Some young Christians are very bold, sometimes I think more courageous than prudent. While many of them have gone into hiding through natural alarm for their lives, others we have to urge to keep out of the way, knowing that they are in great danger. But whether their retirement has been voluntary or compulsory, I myself do not know of a single case in which any one preferred to draw back and renounce Christianity.

"Doubtless you will recall passages in Christian history in Europe, when persecution seemed to be infectious, and many were led to stand together from feelings of a new enthusiasm. History but repeats itself. The powers arrayed against Christianity in Nero's reign are just the same as those fighting against it to-day in Central Africa. It is with the same weapons, too, that the battle has to be fought and won.

"Your remarks on the Soudan campaign I cannot agree with. The Mahdi, a Mohammedan Messiah,

cannot, by the nature of his claims, rest content with only the Soudan, or even a part of it. His demands are like those of Christianity, 'No compromise.' It is not any more to-day a struggle for liberty and independence than were the wars of Mohammed and his successors the Caliphs. They may use these words, but we know they are false. The question is simply a mutiny among the Mohammedans. Who is the true successor of the Prophet, the new Mahdi or the Sultan of Turkey? We care nothing for the religious pretensions of either the one or the other; but when the problem has to be solved by arms, and has far-reaching influences through the whole Mohammedan world, we have a right to reduce the usurping power, which is a wild fanaticism. What liberty will the poor Soudanese have under the Mahdi and his successors? Surely such governors as Gordon, acting in the name of the Khedive, will exercise a more humane sway on these great provinces than a wild fanatic.

"We know what Islam has been in the past, and to-day it is not different. It has been the ruin of many fair lands, and besides has this strange venom in it, that people may, with comparative ease, be led to embrace Christianity when simply heathen, but when Islam has puts its vile name on them, though ever so superficially, there is no doing anything with them after that. The universal failure of missions to Moslems throughout the world proves this incontrovertibly. Since I came to the East, I have been

familiar with the genius of the Moslem creed as I never was in England.

"Its sole reliance for conversion has ever been the sword, and that power has done everything for it in the past. Christianity cannot use these means for its promulgation, and wherever it does it ceases to be Christianity. But the sword has ever been used of God in subduing that terrible evil, and thus preparing the way for teachers of Christianity to use peaceful powers of persuasion.

"Gordon was right in disclaiming an army to relieve himself. It is the loyal, peaceful people of the Soudan that must be relieved from their enemies, the Mahdists. But to take them out of the country is not to relieve them, any more than loyal Irish should be taken away from their homes because the Fenians demand to be allowed to rule. The surest way, and the most merciful way to protect the good is to crush by a sharp stroke the indomitable evil."

"UGANDA, *Sept. 28th*, 1885.

"Your two most truly welcome letters of April 16th and May 20th reached me together a fortnight ago I was then far from here, having accompanied the king on a tour through the west of his dominions. Ashe and O'Flaherty remained here at the station. Two of the Romanists were also ordered to remain at the capital, while Père Lourdel was appointed to go in the expedition. We were less than a month away, and for half the time we halted at a place called

Nkanaga, not far from the Katonga River, which forms the western boundary of Uganda proper. That is by no means the limit of the kingdom, as beyond it is Budu, a rich province, and beyond that again lies the tributary principalities of Buzongora and Tangiro. But I reflect that these details are of no value to you, or interest either. The day is sure to come, however, if the present age lasts much longer, when all these regions of Central Africa will become incorporated within the limits of the known world, and each and all will be colonies of *das Deutsche Reich,* or some other European power. This year has already seen strange doings in Africa. There is the great Congo State—an empire in itself—with Stanley as viceroy. How thankful the Churches ought to be (especially the Baptists) for the promise of protection and encouragement in pushing forward their stations through such a grand reach of territory! Now is the time for the Churches to rise and take possesion of Central Africa in Christ's name. East Africa! what shall I say of it? Already the ice is broken, and Bismarck is close by. Our position is thus rendered much more dangerous. Some time ago we heard of the Germans in Useguha (Usagara), but they were few, and attracted so little attention, that the news seems never to have reached this court. This mail, however, has brought a telegram of the German fleet being on the way to Zanzibar ; while the Arabs have heard, and of course declared publicly, that the Bazungu (as all Europeans are called) have

eaten a territory near the coast, and demanded a port (Dagamoyo?), and on that being refused them, they have declared war against Said Burgash. All this has raised the suspicions of the authorities here to the highest pitch. Ever and ever the Arabs have alleged that we were only the pioneers of conquest. Mtesa put them off, saying, 'Well, the white men will not begin at the *interior* to eat the land; when I see them beginning at the coast, then I shall believe.' Now the beginning has been made at the coast, and a good way inland too; while, if all reports are true, the aim of Berlin is to the great lakes. Most heartily would I wish to see it an accomplished fact; but the *transition* stage involves the poor missionaries inland in very great danger. Badly, indeed, does the black man know how to govern; but he is at the same time most jealous of his petty kingdom, and he has, naturally, a good right to be so. But God on high reigns, and gives of the kingdoms on earth to whom He will. He, too, is our Father, and cares likewise for His few children scattered here and there among the heathen.

"To complicate matters, the bishop has elected to try the Masai route, and strike the lake at the north-east corner, near Busoga. Now in Uganda there has ever been the keenest alarm lest their country be approached from that side, as they know the lake is a fair barrier to the south, but from Busoga the solid land stretches off without a break all the way eastward to the coast. All the terrible

troubles we had in February of this year, and which all but cost the Mission its existence, seemed to be due to the suspicion aroused by the report of Thomson, of the R.G.S., being in Busoga, although he left immediately.

"A few days ago, Ashe and I went to court with a present to his majesty, and begged permission to send our boat to look for the bishop on the east side of the lake, explaining that his reason for coming that way was to avoid the Germans in Useguha. Of course, I told all we knew about Bismarck *versus* Burgash, and had to submit to a severe cross-questioning on the matter. I could see that the information was rather startling. Next day there was a council of king and chiefs, at which some proposed to fight the bishop if he came, others to prevent his coming at all, while another chief recommended that we should all be killed, as we were certainly only the forerunners of the white men at the coast, who were at war with Said Burgash, and were on their way to take this country from them. The king's prospect of getting presents induced him to overrule these deliberations, and to suggest that a messenger be sent in our boat to spy what like the Bishop & Co. are, and if the report be fair, to send for them.

"To-day O'Flaherty has been at court, and has been able to make further explanations, so that he has got permission to go to Msalala in the boat, where we hope Stokes will be waiting to go to Kavirondo, to find the bishop. I should have gone my-

self, but Stokes will do just as well, probably much better; while Ashe and I are anxious to proceed as rapidly as possible with the publication of St. Matthew in Luganda.

"Our young king has some good points, but I fear few. He is still a youth—fickle, fitful, and not a little revengeful. He is much afraid of his older chiefs when it is a question of doing anything in what we would call a right direction. No such scruples seem to come in his way when he wants to kill a score or two of his poor subjects. Princes are peculiarly hard to persuade. I only hope that by striving to obtain some personal influence over him, I may be able to effect any good with him. There is no use trying to teach him, or other big folk, in any authoritative way. There was a John the Baptist that held high the banner of truth before Herod, but we know the result. I do not believe that the gospel dispensation means us to work exactly in that way, *i.e.*, altogether. John Knox tried it with Queen Mary. But in whatever way we work, there is little doubt, as General Gordon said, but that potentates have ever been more a hindrance than a help to Christianity. It is only when the power of our faith is felt among the people that the rulers generally become compelled to sanction—shall I say patronize it.

"Our Church grows. Our new chapel is already much too small—every week more crowded, and the school, too, is flourishing. We have at present some thirty candidates eager for baptism, and on the

whole well prepared. I have my couple of hours in the school every forenoon, and spend the most of every afternoon in translation. I am not a little worried, besides, with having to do various kinds of work for the king. Rest by-and-by.

"I am ordering Professor Drummond's book on your recommendation."

TO HIS FATHER:—

"UGANDA, *Oct. 27th*, 1885.

"We are in much trouble once more. It is less than a month since I wrote to you. Then we had just escaped being put to death because of the German doings at the coast, coupled with the expected arrival of the bishop through the Masai country. We got the boat sent to take the bishop and party to Msalala from Kavirondo, where he expected to reach the lake. But he seems to have changed his mind and come right on through Busoga. He seems to have reached near the other side of Ripon Falls, when he was met by an army of Baganda, which had gone that way on a slave raid. He was made prisoner by them, and word came here. Our king and chief councillors sent next day (25th) a peremptory order to kill both the bishop and his whole party, *and leave not one!* We hear that another European was with the bishop, and twenty porters; while three more white men were somewhere behind with the caravan. God alone knows whether they will escape from falling into

the treacherous hands of the Baganda. I fear that by the time of writing this, the executioners sent from this have arrived where the poor bishop and his companion are lying in the stocks, and have done their bloody work. It is too dreadful to think of, and we only hope that God has heard our prayers, and by miracle delivered our brethren. We have tried every day to see the king, but in vain. He refused to see us, although we implored an interview, and that he would save our brethren. This moment I hear that they have to-day sent messengers with a letter we wrote, asking the bishop to go back. But I fear all too late.

"We ourselves are in a position of great danger, we believe. We are suspected of political aims, and are called spies and pioneers of invasion. Our pupils are believed to be won over to English rule, and to be false to their country. All are thus suddenly dispersed. We dare not even ask permission to leave. We were refused last February, when they burnt our boys, lest we should return to avenge our wrongs. We have written a letter to Sir John Kirk to request this king to let us leave in peace. When? Meantime our cause will be, as it ever has been, in God's care, and His will be done. But it is dreadful suspense to have, as it were, a sword continually over one's head. The chief minister or judge is, we know, our worst foe.

"This may be intercepted. We are sending it by stealth. But whatever may happen, reliable news

can afterwards be had from our Christian natives, who sympathize with us deeply, being in great jeopardy themselves. We shall lose no chance of writing again. May we have better news to tell."

"UGANDA, *Dec. 9th,* 1885.

"We are still in the depth of trouble, but hitherto our Lord has upheld us and preserved us from wicked and unreasonable men. He who sees the end from the beginning is our only hope and refuge, for sure enough there is no earthly power of any avail to protect us where we are. On the 27th October I was able to send you a few lines concealed in the Frenchmen's packet. If that reaches you, you will be prepared for further news of the kind.

"There is no doubt at all now but that King Mwanga has murdered Bishop Hannington and his whole party of porters. In the providence of God no other European was travelling with the bishop, otherwise certainly they had by now been all murdered likewise.

"We had grave fears for Stokes, who went to the east side of the lake in the *Mirembe* to look for the bishop. We dreaded his falling into the hands of the Baganda, who have gone raiding in that direction. But Stokes, hearing nothing of the bishop, waited only two days off Kavirondo, and returned to Msalala, thence to Uyui.

"Recently we discovered a plot on the part of the king and head chiefs, to kill us all. We sent them a

rich present of nearly a score of loads of our most valuable effects, saying nothing of what we had heard. They at once asked us who had told us that they were going to kill us. We refused to tell, on which we were abused by the king and threatened, a peremptory order being given that no person was to come near our station under pain of death. He would put us in the stocks, he said, and he challenged England and all Europe to rescue us! Had L'konge not killed white men, and had the Queen been able to touch him? had not Mirambo done likewise, and had the Queen been able to reach him?

"We replied never a word to this bullying, nor have we ventured to even once allude to the murder of our bishop.

"The king's own favourite page, the head of his personal servants, ventured to say to him one day that it was wrong to kill the bishop, as white men came only as benefactors of the country. The lad was at once ordered off for execution, and was burnt alive that very day.

"Mwanga thought that in killing this man he could suppress the news of his murdering the bishop, while he believed that this same lad had told us of his plan to kill us. He fears greatly that we mean vengeance on him for his cruel work, and to remove this suspicion we gave him the valuable present.

"But there will be a rare blow-up when they find out here that news of their having killed the bishop has reached the coast. It will be a most unsafe posi-

tion for any Europeans who may then be here. But we need not be anxious for the distant morrow. God reigns, and even the heart of kings is in His keeping. But we believe it would be wisest for us to withdraw from the country, if we could, until such time as the Mission could be replanted on a firmer footing. But the king, while he would be glad to get rid of us, yet fears that, if we leave, we mean to bring evil upon him, as he knows that he has committed a dreadful crime, and fears retribution.

"It is almost impossible for us to escape by stealth, even when our boat is here, as the port is twelve miles off, and the bay long, before one could get out into open sea, where alone we need not fear pursuit by canoes. Meantime we hope O'Flaherty will get permission to leave quietly, and our number being thus reduced, suspicion may be reduced also. They will persist in believing that we are political agents, and that our teaching is only with a view to gain over the people to side with us, and then to overthrow the constitution!

"After our troubles last spring, Ashe and I wrote to Sir John Kirk, requesting him to inform Mwanga that we were merely teachers, and had no connection with the British Government. This mail brought Sir John's reply, in which he very nicely begs the king to give us liberty to teach and travel, etc., as we are not political agents. But Mwanga seems ill-disposed to believe the Consul's letter, and as yet has given no answer. He seems determined to stiffen his

neck, like Theodore of Abyssinia, believing fully in his own supremacy above all the nations of the world! Don't laugh. It is not amusing here to be in the clutches of such a tyrant. But we have suffered so much already from distracting fears, that we have, I believe, become more callous, while perhaps, too, we have learned to lean more implicitly on the protection of our Father in heaven. But human nature is frail.

"Sir John Kirk has sent to ask Mwanga to relieve Emin and the other Egyptian officers in Equatorial Soudan.

"I fear he cannot do that even if he would, as Kabarega has rebelled, and is at hostilities with Uganda, besides having always been an enemy to white men ever since Baker was there. It may be that Mwanga may change his mind, but in his present mood he is far too frightened to bring Europeans into the country. He is always suspecting designs against his throne."

"UGANDA, *Dec. 23rd*, 1885.

"Since the end of October, even of September, we have had little or no peace here. I sent word to the coast nearly two months ago that our long-expected bishop arrived safely in Busoga, and immediately the king here sent to murder him and all his men. There is no doubt now but that this has been done. We have the evidence of eye-witnesses, but we dare not betray to the authorities our knowledge of their crime. Soon afterwards we discovered a plot to murder our-

selves. The king was terribly annoyed that we found him out in this, and of course denied it, as he does the murder of the bishop and his party (fifty men, or more as some say).

"We had been enjoying much blessing in our work, and many more have been baptized. Now, no one is allowed to come near us under pain of death. Yet they do come, chiefly at night. Mwanga would be glad to get rid of us, yet he will not let us go, all of us at any rate, as he means to keep us as hostages, because he dreads punishment. At the same time, he threatens to put us in the stocks, and challenges England and the whole of Europe to try to release us.

"One great cause for thankfulness is that Mr. O'Flaherty has got permission to leave.

"But you need not be anxious for us. We are, if possible, more especially in God's hands in time of trouble than in peace and prosperity. Even kings' hearts are turned by God. We know that we shall ever have your prayers and hopes and best wishes and remembrances.

"We have been able to get hold of the bishop's private diary of his march, and we send it home. It is all that we have yet to send to Mrs. Hannington of her husband's belongings. But we may, in God's providence, get more yet. The bishop's goods have all been brought to the capital, but not yet taken within the palace grounds. Mwanga seems afraid but we have seen no trace of repentance in him as

yet, only increased suspicion and fear of us. We had to give him a valuable present of all our most valuable effects, to remove his dread that we meant revenge for the death of the bishop. His head page, a Christian man, and most faithful servant, he ordered to be burned alive, for saying to him that it was wrong to kill the bishop, as his father Mtesa would not have done anything of the kind.

"How all this matter will end, who can tell? Mwanga allows that he has been guided by the fact, that no notice was taken by the British Government of the death of Smith and O'Neill in Ukerewe, or of the deaths of Captains Carter and Cadenhead by Mirambo's people. In these instances there was some sort of excuse or reason. But this case is one of cold-blooded, determined atrocity, with no shadow of an excuse."

"UGANDA, *Feb. 7th*, 1886.

"You speak of change. We have ever some change here, for we seem to be continually getting involved, or supposed to be involved, in some new difficulty. The last is that two days ago I got a letter put into my hands privately. It was from the lost Russian traveller, Dr. Junker. He writes from Kabarega's capital, in Bunyoro, craving for news, as he has been three years without intelligence of the outside, or even African, world. Neither he nor Emin Bey nor any one on the Equator, knows a word of the fall of Khartoum, or death of Gordon, or of the Mahdi, or that an English army was in the Soudan; the rebels

have so entirely closed their road by the Nile. Junker craves permission to come here, and I have got the king to send for him. But he has come at a very awkward time, for war has been declared against Bunyoro by this country, and the whole land is up in arms and off to the front. A message has been sent to the commander-in-chief to let the traveller pass this way in safety. The reason of the war is chiefly, that a rumour came that Emin Bey and Egyptian soldiers had joined Kabarega. Now, it seems to be only Junker and his two or three servants. But I fear that Kabarega will detain him by force, and involve the unhappy man in more danger. We have done our best on his behalf, and having secured this king's order to have him brought; we can do no more, hoping it is God's will that a second white man's blood be not shed, and this country, in that way, get more deeply involved. I believe the authorities here are anxious to save him, to make up in a measure for their murder of Bishop Hannington and all his people. What is to be the outcome of that dreadful business, who can tell? If my letters of 27th Oct. reached the coast, and the news was telegraphed, you will all, by this time, be in possession of that sad story, and be in a state of no little anxiety for our safety here. What deep anxiety we ourselves have been in, I cannot describe. First our bishop was condemned to death, and cruelly murdered; then we were under a similar sentence; but the good hand of the Lord has been upon us, and we are still spared.

Then our converts were practically doomed, one good lad being burned to death, and others arrested and sentenced likewise, while no one was permitted to come near us, under pain of execution.

"By-and-by we got Mr. O'Flaherty away in peace, and Ashe and I remain, slowly getting once more greater liberty, as being perhaps in less disfavour Most of our people are, however, off to the war, yet we have our hands full of work, and are always tired enough ere the day is done. You will in all likelihood have read the story of our trials, which I sent to the C.M.S. at Christmas. I need not, therefore, repeat the sorrowful tale here. We have been brought through deep troubles, yet the Lord has not forsaken us. We may say, Ebenezer. Strange how really one is cast in such cases on the protecting power of God, which we are all, by some strange infatuation, so slow to believe in. Anything human—plans, devices, fears —man naturally indulges in; but to trust in God implicitly is, foolishly enough, only a kind of 'last resource.' But it is only when we come to that, that one sees the folly of anything else. There is a cross in every lot, and I know that at home, too, you have your trials and difficulties. Those also require much patience, and perhaps more watchfulness, for in prosperity one is, perhaps, less likely to look upon that as the will of God. Nevertheless, it is so, for He means us to be happy, and He created us, not only for His own enjoyment, but for ours also."

"UGANDA, *7th April*, 1886.

"We are, thank God! still here, alive, and fairly well, and in peace. But still we are far from at rest. The king continues to regard us as before, unfavourably, *i.e.*, apparently so, judging by his words and actions. Our work continues, but more clandestine than otherwise. Still we are able to carry on printing, which distributes truth and knowledge without the necessity of collecting numbers, and so raising suspicion. Thus the stone rolls noiselessly.

"A few weeks ago Mwanga's palace was burnt to the ground. Some of his headmen were so severely burnt that they have died since; others are recovering. Some have laid suspicion on us; but we have heard no more of that, as we gave his majesty a good present just after, to make up somewhat for his losses. Next day, lightning struck a house close by where he had put up. Poor wretch, he was terrified out of his wits, and made off to his new temporary capital, on the creek, some eight miles off. There he is now. Ashe and I have been there several times to see him. His own fire originated in his gunpowder store. One hundred kegs blew up, and played fearful havoc. Just before then, rumours had come of white men being in the north-east, come to look for the bishop. The king thought they had stormed his seat, and fled, with one or two lads, sword in hand!

"The army is now returning from Bunyoro. The commander-in-chief is killed, and many others. Some say that Kabarega is also dead; others say, however,

that he escaped wounded. We can learn nothing definite of Dr. Junker. It is rumoured he fell in the fight, but I believe he was taken back alive by Kabarega. We shall hear more definitely by-and-by."

To his Father:—

"Uganda, *28th June*, 1886.

"Again I have sorrowful news to tell, even more distressing than before. Only a month ago a violent persecution against the Christians broke out, and they have been murdered right and left. The origin was an act of splendid disobedience and brave resistance to this negro Nero's orders to a page of his, who absolutely refused to be made the victim of an unmentionable abomination. The lad was a Christian, and was threatened with instant death, but was ultimately only cruelly beaten. But there the matter did not end. 'These Christians are disobedient, and learn rebellion from the white man. I shall kill them all.' So said our Nero. At once the order was given for their arrest. Those in the palace grounds, and the more conspicuous and well-known Christians, were first seized. About a dozen were hacked to pieces the first day, and their members left lying in all directions on the road. Bands were sent out to catch and kill. Over thirty were thus slain. As in the case of the murder of Bishop Hannington, we were helpless, and expected every moment our own arrest. We cannot yet realize the awful loss we have sustained. Nearly all our best friends arrested

suddenly, and murdered almost before our very eyes. For the scattered remnant we must appeal to Christian England, and for all who may yet embrace our faith. We ourselves, too, are in a position of the gravest danger. This tyrant is rash and vain, and fancies that there is no power in the world that can call his vilest and most cruel acts in question. If this part of the world is longer neglected, and if effective measures are not at once taken to bring this bloodshed to an end, the indelible disgrace of abandoning our fellow-Christians to torture and the stake will remain a blot on every land of freedom. We believe it to be necessary that we be enabled to leave this country—our withdrawal will only be temporary—until this eccentric potentate be brought to reason. He has given out that he means to hold us as hostages, fearing that the white men will be upon him for the murder of the bishop with his fifty porters, besides all his other cruelties. It is not now the cry of the heathen for the gospel, but the eloquent, unremitting appeal of severed limbs and writhing bodies for help and deliverance from their persecutors. There is a greater bondage than slavery to be grappled with here, and it must be grappled with. If no single power will interfere to demand freedom of faith for East Africa, let the concert of Europe take up the subject, and proclaim an East African Free State, as has been done on the Congo. If on the Congo, why not on the Nile?"

"UGANDA, 11*th July*, 1886.

"We have had the Russian traveller, Dr. Junker, as our guest for a month or more. He hopes to leave for Msalala in a few days by our boat, and this letter will go then. I shall be very glad to find him get away in peace and safety, as he has no concern with our difficulties here, and we should be sorry indeed to see him involved in them. He is already deeply disgusted with this country. When he gets (D.V.) to Europe, he will enlighten the minds of people upon the state of this neighbourhood and the southern part of the Soudan. I only wish that I could get away as easily as Dr. Junker. As soon as he is gone, Mr. Ashe and I hope to make a strong effort to get permission for both of us to leave. We little expect to be able to accomplish that. Possibly large gifts to the king, of all our most valuable goods will help, by God's blessing. Under present circumstances it is quite impossible for us to effect any satisfactory arrangement for the prosecution of our work, while we remain so completely within the grasp of this blood-thirsty tyrant.

"I am sending, by Dr. Junker's care, my journals of meteorological observations, taken here for the last eight years. I should have liked to first tabulate and reduce these into some intelligible shape, but that work must now be done by others, probably by Mr. Ravenstein, of the R.G.S. I do not know when so good an opportunity will occur again of forwarding these tables; besides, they are in danger of being lost

for ever, if they remain much longer here. I am sending also a box of my old note-books, etc., to lie at Msalala, as here we feel nothing is safe. It may be that we shall be compelled to try to escape some night, in which case, even should we succeed, we should have to leave everything.

"There is one method by which we might with comparative ease get away; viz., to first request some of our brethren to take our place. That would satisfy the cupidity of the king, because every arrival of Europeans means more presents to him. But we should only be seducing men into the same trap in which we ourselves are stuck, and that would be unfair, however ready some of our brethren, not knowing so well as we the circumstances, might be to come to relieve us.

"The letters we sent off on 29th of last month will probably have reached England before now. If so, you know all about the bloody persecution which has taken place here. You hope that this land may become a second Madagascar. It has become so, already, but not in the sense you mean. I read only yesterday a statement by one of our former secretaries, in which he speaks of Madagascar being an instance of 'a nation being born in a day'! However misunderstood on all occasions that isolated text may be, the case of Madagascar was very different from popular notions. There, some fifty or sixty years elapsed, if I remember rightly, before the great change for good took place. The first missionaries

died on the coast. Others followed and had many ups and downs, and many years of hard labour. Then there arose a new queen, who knew not Jesus, and the missionaries had to flee; and thousands of native Christians were cruelly put to death, not a single hand being given to help by any of our great Christian nations. That was a rare exemplification of the communion of saints, and the determination of the strong to help the weak![1]

"Christian Europe left the Christians in Madagascar for some thirty years to be massacred and hunted to death for the faith. But their Lord did not leave them. Bulgarian atrocities can rouse the indignation of Europe, but not so the massacre and torture of Christians in Madagascar or Uganda. None would be God's instruments to intervene to aid the helpless sufferers, so God interposed directly and removed the tyrant. It was only after a new ruler came to the throne, who favoured Christianity, that tardy England at length, *when no more necessary*, made a treaty with the Hovas, guaranteeing religious freedom! But help in *need* is help indeed. Can nothing be done to waken our Christian land from its lethargy regarding the sufferings and dreadful wrongs endured by our helpless fellow-Christians in Africa? Will you all allow them to continue to be murdered,

[1] His recital of events in Madagascar is not quite accurate, and is evidently written from memory; but the general effect is correct

and tortured, and hunted for their lives for decades of years, merely because they are far away, and it will cost a little diplomacy, and a little effort, and perhaps a little expense, to secure to them the bare rights due to humanity? I can scarcely believe it. It is not exactly like French legions backing up French missionaries. France shows too little friendliness to the cause of religion at home, to have the imputation continually cast on her of aiding them at such expense abroad.

"It has not been to aid Romish missions that France even as one of her excuses, has determined to proclaim a protectorate over Madagascar. There *was* a time when Romish converts were in the same straits as our own in that island, but France did not interfere to my knowledge. Nor have I heard that of late years they have enjoyed less freedom than the Protestants. It is doubtless the case that Romish missionaries have penetrated into many parts of the world where Protestants have not tried to send a single mission; and if afterwards political difficulties arose and fighting had to be done, *post* did not necessarily become *propter*. We must be fair in our representations regarding France, as we hope to be fairly represented ourselves.

"I have read a good deal in the newspapers about the Soudan. It is heartbreaking to think what fearful *ignorance* prevails in England as to that region, and what reckless statements are made and opinions entertained in consequence. I always excuse the

utter misconception on the part of this king and his chiefs as to Europe and its power, when I reflect how equally great is the misconception in England as to matters in Central Africa.

"You say in your last letter, 'Society throughout the whole country is passing through a real change. Pulpit and pew alike are cherishing a loftier and truer view of Christ's relations to men than was held thirty years ago. As was said the other day by Dr. Green, "The Cross had been allowed to shadow the Throne." The doctrine of the Atonement has been preached to the neglect of the rule and reign of Christ amongst men in *all their relations*. Religion was wont to be set forth as pertaining almost exclusively to the soul's salvation and a future heaven. Now we see that Christ should rule Individual, Social, and National life. He is the Lord, and the more we recognise this fact, and yield our hearts to it in all things, the more truly will His kingdom come, and His will be done on earth. *And that constitutes a grand argument for missions.* One cannot measure the wondrous change that may come to heathen peoples by knowing and following the Lord Jesus. The new life in Jesus Christ will make all things new.'

"This being so, we cannot fail to see that England can only fulfil her destiny as a Christian nation by occupying herself continually, at home and abroad, in furthering the cause of Christ. As private individuals, we are to spread the truth and relieve the distressed, and by our lives adorn the doctrine of holiness. As

a nation, we are to bring the weight of our influence and power to bear, on a larger scale, on the evils existing among our masses at home and the dark places of the earth abroad. These are beyond the power of private effort.

"Seeing that all, or almost all, our best people have been now put to death, it is altogether a marvel that we ourselves have been spared. It may be that our remaining time be spent in lifting up our voice to make known the wrongs and cruelties practised here on the children of God, so that a helping hand be stretched out to them, by those who have been unwittingly the means of *causing* their dreadful deaths, and whose ears these cries of woe would not otherwise have been able to reach. And if no imploring entreaties of ours will avail to move them further than a passing sigh, or it may be even an earnest prayer, surely the tale of writhing agonies and tortured bodies, severed limbs and mutilated frames, will do something to stir our Christian nation to the depths, and cause them to resolve that this blot on God's universe shall for ever cease to exist.

"We wish for no retaliation, but we demand for ourselves and our native brethren the *right* to worship God without being forced to face the fire for our faith. If Mwanga is an omnipotent monarch, as he believes he is, let us leave him alone, and leave his subjects alone 'to stew in their own grease,' as a correspondent of the *Times* proposes should be done with the victims of the Mahdi and Dervish oppression. But

if the power still remains in Christianity, which enabled it to overthrow the mighty Roman Empire and its terrible corruption, can we believe that the like cannot be done again? It is not enough to say that what the Baganda Christians are suffering to-day is no more than our forefathers had to endure. Because there was no Christian power in Nero's days that could demand of that mad tyrant toleration for Christianity—and accordingly he could slaughter his subjects when and how he liked—it does not follow that to-day petty kings in Africa may do likewise without being called in question. Because religious liberty was gained in England at the price of the blood of our forefathers, it does not therefore follow that in every land men must wade through fire and blood to be likewise free to worship God. It took us centuries to know how to make a steam engine or a cotton mule. Must therefore every nation grope through the pains of finding its own Watt, its Arkwright, its Crompton, before it can produce a yard of calico? Yet, practically, that is what many of our friends believe is the right course in the interests of religious freedom abroad.

"The Romish Vicar Apostolic of the Nyanza arrived in Uganda a month ago. We asked him and his brethren to aid us in trying to save the lives of some forty Christians who had just been arrested, and who were sentenced to death for their faith. We hoped that by our making a joint petition to the king, he would less likely refuse to listen to our

appeal. But the Romish Bishop refused to interfere, piously adding, '*Dignetur Omnipotens adjuvare credentes et sperantes in Eum*,'—in other words, 'Let God help them if He will; we cannot!'

"Can I believe that a similar reply will be all that will come from our Christian friends in England when we now appeal to them? Surely not. Now is the time, not for our friends merely to congratulate themselves (on hearing of Christians being murdered here by the score) on the freedom and comfort which they enjoy in England, but for them to set to work in real earnest, and with the determination not to rest until in every land of tyranny similar freedom be secured to their brethren, even although these be only blacks. Africa may be *for* the Africans, but Africa will never be saved only *by* the Africans. We must stand with them and for them in the fight with the powers of darkness, which are too many for them. England saw this in the case of the slave-trade, and determined that it should be abolished, although her efforts have hitherto been only a sort of nibbling at the corners; for it is not on the coast where the slavery can be grappled with, but in the far interior. We had the cruisers, and they must be somewhere at any rate, and they might as well lie off Sierra Leone or Zanzibar as anywhere else. But that sort of work effects just about as little as it costs. A few days' travel inland would soon show you how little good is done by all our ships on the coast. But the British public—slow to take in the claims upon them—are

easily satisfied with a story of gunboats. *Slavery and the slave trade exist just as before.* But there is a more dire bondage yet to be dealt with. The slavery of sin and Satan, you will say. Yes, that is spiritual, and must be met with spiritual weapons. But what of this slavery of souls, where such men as Mwanga will insist on owning, not only the bodies, but also the souls of his subjects? Will spiritual weapons avail with him? Are they the means employed in England against robbers and murderers? God works by means, and among men His means are *men*. To make use of means does not necessarily mean to *rely* on the means, though some cry out about 'an arm of flesh,' while they themselves are every day of their lives enjoying untold benefits from the presence of that arm.

"Labour without prayer is vain, but prayer without labour is sloth. God alone gave the Israelites the victory in the conquest of Canaan, nevertheless they had to fight. The principle still remains the same; but the end to be gained is different, and the weapons are different also. The more readily we fall in with the Divine order, the more easily will the desired end be attained.

"Look, for instance, at the Congo. There a mighty area, reaching far into the very heart of the continent, has attracted the attention of statesmen, and they have proclaimed it a Free State, with incalculable benefit to Christian missions for all time to come. Would it have been better to leave missions

to struggle unaided with all the cannibals of the Congo? Would it be better to leave them to be murdered like Smith and O'Neill and Bishop Hannington, and have all their porters murdered too? or would it be better to have them left to gather converts round them only that these be massacred by their own rulers, as is the case here? But who took up the Congo question, and effected the establishment of the Free State? The Christians of a missionary spirit, who were eager to have all that region thrown open to the messengers of the gospel? The zeal came, I fear, from men with more sordid aims in view. The aggrandizing claims of France and Portugal had more to do with the present solution than all the cries of Christians in England or throughout the world. Thus we have all been put to everlasting shame before the world, a shame which we do not lessen by now hastening to take advantage of what others have secured for their own ends. But the Congo basin does not exhaust Africa. This part of the continent remains to be dealt with, and the territory is no less important than any part of West Africa. It is the way in which the Papists work, to take every advantage of the liberty given in Protestant countries for propagating their Popery, while in purely Popish lands they will not grant similar privileges to Protestants. Shall we wait for men of the world to squabble about East Africa, each party determined to have the monopoly of its commerce, while we look to enjoy the benefit of some

compromise they may effect, whereby our ends will likewise be served? Bismarck and Burgash may never come to terms, for all that we know; and what about Mwanga and the Mahdi? I saw the other day a copy of a proclamation issued by the Mahdi to all Arabs, in which he praises Allah for having given into his hands the 'vile Christian—Gordon—the *enemy of God*,' and thereon he calls on all his followers 'to *slay* the Turks and *sell* the Blacks.' He slew General Gordon as the chief of the Turks, and stuck up the English hero's head to be ignominiously handled by the Arab rabble, whereupon the English army ran away home, forgetting that they came to do what Gordon came to do, viz., rescue the garrisons of the Soudan. Mark the logic. Because the general could not do that, without an army, therefore the army could not do it either, although it had another general! But enough about Khartoum. Let us leave it and Darfur to the Dervishes. Some one has said that it would be 'a fatal policy to let any civilized power step in there, as that might any day turn Egypt into either a desert or a swamp,' and the writer of those words, who has lived '*twenty years in Egypt*,' might lose some money! I wonder how the 'civilized power' was to so manipulate with the Nile as to effect either of these ends. How could they increase the water or diminish it? Perhaps they might drink it! Well, let that *humanaster* become one of the poor natives of the neighbourhood of Khartoum, and try the bliss of Dervish dominance,

and we shall see how he will like his own humanitarian recipe, 'to be left to stew in his own grease.' I shall take up the question of the Negro portion of the Soudan, as being nearest to us here.

"The notion seems to prevail in England that the Soudan is all a land of desert, inhabited by black Arabs, who live round deeply dug wells. It may be so in the neighbourhood of Khartoum, but only one half (the northern) is desert or Arabic. From the 10° lat. all the way south to the Equator, or let me say from the Sobat and Bahr Ghazal to the Albert Lake, there lies the pure Negro region—perhaps the most fertile in all Africa. That region belongs not to the Soudan proper at all, but to the Central Lake district. The people are blacks, negroes, and in no sense Arabs. They know nothing about the Mahdi claims, and are as opposed to the Arabs as they are to the Turks. Roughly speaking, there are two provinces in that whole region, viz., the Bahr Ghazal and the Equatorial provinces. Lupton Bey (an Englishman) succeeded Gessi as governor of the Bahr Ghazal province. The Arabs from the North, under Emin Karamallah, came against Lupton, and took him prisoner. I have seen with Dr. Junker a letter from Lupton, written after his capture, in which he says that 'he was about to be taken before the Mahdi, and could not tell whether he would be killed or not.' Nor am I aware that any steps were taken by the English army that came near Khartoum, to ascertain whether Lupton was dead or alive. Emin Kara-

mallah then set out to take the Equatorial province, of which Emin Bey (a German) is the governor. He plundered and ravaged all the land as far as Makraka country, murdering all the Egyptians he found in the garrisons by the way, and slaying also the native negroes, capturing the women and children. At length, at one station, in Makraka country (I think), the garrison was able to make a successful stand. News then came from the North that the English had come, and Emin Karamallah returned with his black booty with all speed, as he feared the English would intercept his means of escape by way of Darfur westward. He never imagined that he could stand against the English, and hoped to be able to flee with the Arab people, out of Egyptian territory altogether, off to Wadai, or the way of Lake Tchad. But the English, to the amazement of all the Arabs, and the bitter disappointment of all the Europeans and Egyptians, turned tail, no man knows why, and ran home, leaving all the garrisons to the mercy of the murderers. Now the great provinces of Bahr Ghazal and the Equator are merely a prey to the slave raids of the Dervishes of the Mahdi party. This desertion of the great Negro land, which Gordon governed once in the most humane manner, has been called in England 'the leaving alone a brave people to enjoy their freedom.' Certainly the Dervishes have thus been left alone to devastate the fairest part of Central Africa,—that, too, by the English, who once said they were determined to stop the slave trade there!

"Poor Emin Bey! what could he do? He withdrew all his garrisons from the Nyam-nyam, Makraka, Kalikâ, and other provinces, and concentrated his forces on the Nile, at Ladô and other stations, ever expecting a return of Emin Karamallah, who wrote him a letter in the Mahdi's name, summoning him to surrender. Emin, seeing no help came from Khartoum, and perplexed as to why he got no news from there, not a single steamer having now come to him for three years, sent some officers to Emin Karamallah with a letter to say that he would surrender to the Mahdi. His messengers were, however, all murdered on the way. Lupton is lost. Emin does not know if he is killed or spared. Dr. Junker and Sgr. Cassati had to return from their travels in the West, and they two remained the only Europeans with Emin, except a M. Marquet, from Cyprus. The Makraka people and others implore him to reoccupy his former stations among them, as now that the government is gone, absolute internecine war prevails among the blacks themselves, while all dread another invasion by the Mahdi's people—the Arabs. Emin has several hundreds of Egyptian soldiers yet in Ladô, Dufili, Wadelai, and Fatiko, and has to support them and their families and others, some four thousand people in all. He has several thousand tusks of ivory, but can get nothing to buy with it, and his people are relapsing into savagery for want of clothing. We have tried here, in company with Dr. Junker, to purchase cloth to send him. After buy-

ing over 2,000 dollars' worth, and getting a caravan ready to start for Wadelai, with Mwanga's permission, a hitch has occurred, and the goods are lying still in our house. Mwanga had to be bribed heavily to give the permisson, and now he refuses for some reason or other. But we believe the things will yet be allowed to go.

"Emin first proposed to bring away all his people, passing this way to Zanzibar, and abandoning entirely the last stronghold of civilization, and pledge of future peaceful government in the whole Equatorial province. We wrote him earnestly begging him not to do so, but to hold on, as help will surely come to him in time.[1] Before he received our communication, he had to change his purpose, as he found that his people would not leave that fine country. Emin cannot abandon them to anarchy. What is to be done to help him to re-establish a proper government on the Equator?

"I fear that only one solution of the difficulty exists. Not that England establish a protectorate over the Equatorial Soudan, because if we had another Gladstone government again, he (Gladstone) would throw

[1] It has not been sufficiently realized, that it is to Mr. Mackay that we owe almost all the intelligence that reached England regarding Emin Pasha prior to Mr. Stanley's expedition. The first news that Emin was alive, and holding his own, was received by the same mail, in October, 1886, that brought, also from Mr. Mackay, the recovered last diary of Bishop Hannington; and Emin's letters and the bishop's diary appeared in *The Times* on the same day.—*C. M. Gleaner*, May, 1890.

it up, and worse than undo all good done as in the Transvaal neighbourhood ; but that a Free State be inaugurated, comprising all East Africa from Zanzibar to the Bahr Ghazal. That, if properly organized by the powers of Europe, would be a mighty blessing to millions. Native tyrants would be kept in order, and liberty secured for mission work ; while all ruthless slaughter and cruel butchery, as practised here, would be at an end as soon as the new *régime* came into full play.

"Surely such a plan cannot be objected to by those who rave against protectorates for the oppressed because these cost money for some years until the new State gets its resources developed. A Free State with a wise administrator will involve no single European country in particular, but will have the eyes of all on its proper government, while the 'British taxpayer' will be saved his pounds and pence also. This last is the chief consideration with many people. Let Africa wallow in blood, only save expense!

"But this must go at once. I have not told you a tithe of what I hoped to find time to tell you. Still even this little is unknown to England or its rulers. I therefore hope you will make public as much of this letter as possible. The press is a powerful factor in keeping alive great questions."

To his Father :—

"Uganda, 24*th Aug.*, 1886.

"You will be gratified to know that up to this date

we are still spared, by God's infinite mercy. The prayers of our many friends have been heard on our behalf, and no harm has befallen us, although we have been all along in a position of danger and at times of anxious uncertainty. Not so our poor native brethren. If you received the letter I sent you in the end of June, you will have been deeply grieved to hear of the bloody persecution which broke out that month, wherein very many of our best converts were cruelly put to death—some chopped to pieces on the road, and others burnt alive. It is heartrending to think of, at any rate here. At your distance I expect that comparatively little will be thought of such atrocities, even by good Christian people in England. To us on the spot it is dreadful beyond description.

"Since June there has been so far a lull, and I do hope a permanent one. Still up to this moment all our people who survive are more or less in hiding, and any of them who venture to come to see us, dare do so only under cover of darkness. It is indeed dark days for Uganda just now; but we know that just as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, so surely will brighter days dawn on this unhappy country.

"In the midst of all we have great cause for thankfulness. We were able to get Mr. O'Flaherty away in safety. Then the Russian traveller, Dr. Junker, was allowed to enter the country at our request, and permitted to live with us. He also got away in peace and safety.

"Recently Ashe and I have been trying to get permission to leave together. This was refused. Next we tried to get leave for one of us to go. The king has again and again absolutely refused permission for me to leave the country, but he has allowed Ashe to go. All the arrangements for his departure are made, and, God willing, he will start from this to-morrow. I sincerely hope that no hitch will occur in his leaving the country in safety. I must be content to remain alone—yet not alone. I can ever be of service to the scattered remnant of the infant Church; and our God will prepare the way for better things to come."

COMPANIONS IN TOIL AND TRIBULATION.

"How deep the loss of Mackay, only those who knew him well and saw his work can understand. He was one of those few who look fearlessly forth and seem to see the face of the living God. He never despaired of any person or anything. Quiet he was, and strong, and patient, and resolute, and brave; one on whom you might depend. He endured fourteen years of Africa, and what that means this book will in some measure help the reader to understand—fourteen years of the contradiction of men, black and white; fourteen years of dangers, fevers, *sorrows*, *disappointments*—and in all and through all he was steadfast, unmovable; a true missionary, always abounding in the work of the Lord."—*Preface to second edition of "Two Kings of Uganda."*

CHAPTER X.

COMPANIONS IN TOIL AND TRIBULATION.

WE have already referred to Mackay's sorrow on the death of his friend Dr. John Smith, and it is interesting to note, from time to time, touching allusions not only to those of his brethren who have fallen asleep,[1] but also to the brave two (Messrs. Gordon and Walker) who now hold the fort in Uganda. But his choice friend, whose image was associated with the most trying hours of his experience, was the Rev. R. P. Ashe, M.A. Of him he writes home, "Ashe is a genuine fellow, a most earnest Christian, and a *true missionary.* He is my *alter ego;* in receiving him, please think you are receiving *me*"; while Ashe says of him, "Mackay was more to me than any brother; my best and truest and most loving earthly friend, most tried and most true. I said, and said truly, in my sermon last Sunday, that he was the one person on earth to whom I dared most to open my heart."[2]

[1] We ought especially to notice the loss of his "invaluable assistant," Mr. Tytherleigh, the news of whose death reached him, when at Uyui, April, 1878.

[2] "In real friendship there is always the knitting of soul to soul, the exchange of heart for heart. In the classical instance of friendship in the Old Testament, its inception is exquisitely described: 'And it came to pass, when he had made an end

As Mr. Ashe was his close associate in the stirring events which so quickly succeeded each other during the next few years, we leave him to describe those of them which he has not already depicted in his interesting book, "Two Kings of Uganda."

"I have an old journal half consumed in a sudden African camp-fire lying open before me, and in spite of its being half illegible it is still precious to me, for within a few pages it contains the record of my last parting with Hannington and my first meeting with Mackay.

"After bidding Hannington farewell at the south end of the Nyanza in February, 1883, my way lay northward to Uganda, and coasting along the lake in canoes provided by King Mtesa, after a twenty days' journey I reached Entebe, April 28th, 1883. Entebe is a beautiful spot some thirty miles from the royal enclosure, and was at that time the nearest point to the capital which those who came by water were allowed to approach.

"Just as the sun was sinking on the second day after my arrival, as I sat in a temporary grass-built hut, I heard the crack of two rifles, and running out saw a number of people approaching, a white man walking

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of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.' A union like this is formed not to be broken, and, if it is broken, it can only be with the tearing of the flesh and the loss of much blood."—*Imago Christi.*

in front. 'Bwana Mackay amekuja!' ('Mr. Mackay has come!') shouted my men, and soon I was shaking hands with Mackay himself. It is difficult to give cut-and-dried descriptions of people without descending into the female modern novelist style. But bright, frank, fearless blue eyes looked the hearty welcome spoken by his lips. His face was handsome, and what was better, good and clever. In stature he was small—the only thing in which he was small. I was soon to put his kindness to a severe test, for I had hardly completed the thirty-mile journey to the mission house at Natete, when I had a bad attack of malarial fever. As I lay and watched this stranger wait on me, and nurse me hour after hour, I wondered at his tenderness; for I had somehow been led to believe that I should find him perhaps a little hard. How thoughtfully, unselfishly, and thoroughly he did what he undertook! and this noble sense of duty was the key to his character.

"Long before I reached Uganda I had heard from the Arabs the fame of Mackay's wonderful house. It was certainly very nice, with its straight lines, panelled doors, square window frames, with wire gauze to take the place of glass; but most wonderful of all, its second storey reached by a staircase from outside. Mackay characteristically did *not* live in this house, but in a miserable tumble-down place, which he only consented to rebuild and make habitable when its final collapse appeared imminent. The excuse he gave for living there was, that

he liked to be near his engines and boilers and iron goods; but when Mr. O'Flaherty went away, he came to his own house. The year 1883 passed quietly away, marked for Mackay by one important labour successfully accomplished, namely the putting together of the little *Eleanor*, the boat which Hannington had brought up in pieces from Zanzibar. It proved to be a frightful task, for the planks of which she was built had been left lying out in the sun for months. I had left the boards packed away in my tent in charge of the chief of Msalala; but he took the tent away with him when he went on a war expedition, and threw the pieces of the boat out into the sun; the consequence was, that they were most frightfully warped and twisted. Mackay left Uganda in June, and coasting down the lake in canoes joined Gordon and Wise, the two missionaries in whose company I had come to the Nyanza. He found them at Kagei, or rather in a village near at hand. They had been unmercifully robbed by their own Zanzibar porters; but Mackay's coming changed all that, and inspired them with new hope and heart. Mackay had suffered much from severe fever during this journey down the lake; but his spirit triumphed over every obstacle, and the pieces of the boat were secured and brought to Urima, on the east side of Smith's Sound, where Mackay had determined to build the boat. Then the greatest difficulties arose with the Sultan or chief of that country. 'The white man would interfere with the weather,' and

worse than that, 'would bewitch his majesty.' 'Would make a picture of him and send it to Europe. Oh no, Mackay must go elsewhere and build his boat.' However, the Sultan's fears were calmed and his feelings soothed by calico and copper wire and red beads, and Mackay began the work. It was my misfortune to spend one night in this place, and the mosquitoes were more numerous, more persistent, and apparently more poisonous than in any other spot in which I have been obliged to make a camp. Here then it was that these three brave men sat down to spend two or three months. When Wise, who was a skilled workman, and by no means wanting in determination, saw the planks, he pronounced the task of making anything of them to be hopeless and impossible. 'Impossible' was a word Mackay could not brook. Mirabeau's speech to his secretary, 'Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot,' was one in the spirit of which he always acted. And so the work went on, and grew day by day. The little Sultan waxed woefully impatient, and said 'the boat must be taken away, finished or unfinished, since he could make no rain as long as it was there.' So, as soon as she was caulked, the *Eleanor* was launched, and a great deal of work had to be done after she floated. But at last she was finished, and Mackay, in addition to her English name, christened her, in the Luganda language, '*Mirembe*,' meaning peace. In the meanwhile Stokes had returned from Zanzibar, bringing necessary supplies, and very soon Mackay was under

weigh, bound for Uganda. He crossed the lake in three or four days, and reached Ntebe on the 21st of December. That was a time of great rejoicing. A goodly band of candidates were awaiting baptism, and Mackay was back again with the beautiful boat and a supply of stores, and best of all our letters from England, and good news of Gordon and Wise from the south of the lake. There did not seem to be a single cloud in our sky, and the recollection of that Christmas Eve is among the brightest I can recall. We three, Mackay, Bwana Filipo as Mr. O'Flaherty was always called, and I, were surrounded by a band of eager learners desiring on the morrow to make their confession of Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ). Right nobly would some of them cling to Him, not reckoning life itself dear in His cause. There was 'Mukasa,' to lay aside that name for ever, and to be known from henceforth as Samweli; there were young Lugalama and Kakumba, soon to taste a fiery death; there was Bwana Filipo, a little later to die on board ship in the Red Sea, in sight of Africa, obtaining a better rest than that of an English home. And there also was Mackay, to suffer a few more years of hope deferred, to see a few more of his plans foiled, to find more and more the weakness of men and their insufficiency, to wax mightier by his trust in God, and to climb to a sublime height of clear faith in Him and belief of His final and complete victory. And then, life's lesson learnt, he also to be gently laid to rest for a little while by the sunlit waters of the Nyanza.

"That was a happy Christmas. Two or three fat cows were killed and a mighty plum-pudding was made, so that all the guests might taste a little of the 'pudini' after their liberal helpings of beef. But there was a skeleton at the feast, in the shape of Namkade, one of the returned envoys. This was that Namkade to whom, during his English visit, while he was enjoying the hospitality of a generous friend of Africa, a timorous footman ventured to proffer a strawberry ice—a delicacy with which Namkade was not acquainted. Namkade's feelings of sudden anguish, followed by fiery resentment, may be better imagined than described. The footman made a very speedy exit, and flatly refused to supply Namkade with further refreshments. It took a good many cups of coffee to mollify the feelings of the insulted stranger. This was the same Namkade who vaunted that his magic horn, a charm which he wore, had brought him safely to Europe and back again. Mtesa on his return gave him a small sub-chieftainship. Namkade did not like the white men, and he lost no opportunity of showing his enmity; and he and another sub-chief named Musisi came to the Christmas dinner, somewhat flown with insolence and banana wine. Bwana Filipo summarily ejected the pair, who went away, vowing vengeance, to report to the authorities that we were making the people our children *en masse*, and that Filipo was beating the chiefs! Mtesa, when he heard the story was thoroughly vexed; and though Bwana Filipo was a

privileged person, the king believed the story, and sent down a party of men to search our place for the '400 soldiers we had enrolled, and to demolish the forty houses which we had built,' and to burn down our enclosure. They pulled down a few huts where some of our adherents were living: these were the forty houses of the report. This was only a small matter; but though Mackay managed to propitiate Musisi with some gold thread and gilt buttons, Namkade remained our active enemy. The Arabs also made as much capital out of the incident as possible. Mackay soon went south again with the mission boat, and when he returned later in the year, the shadows and suspicions had grown deeper and darker, and our position was daily growing more precarious. In October of this year, 1884, Mtesa died, and in him we lost our friend and protector. Nor was it until we had the opportunity of comparing him with his successor Mwanga, that we knew how to appreciate his kingly qualities.

"At this juncture Mackay was in great requisition to superintend the making of the king's coffin, which was done to the entire satisfaction of the chiefs, though it was nothing to the vast structure he had previously made for the late Namasole—queen mother.

"Then came on the question of choosing the new king, and the young, foolish, fickle, and flighty Mwanga was elected to the supreme power. Very soon, egged on by hostile Arabs and his heathen chancellor, or Katikiro, together with the fanatical Mahometan

Mujasi, he showed himself our determined enemy, and his enmity reached a climax on the occasion of one of Mackay's intended journeys in the *Eleanor* to the south of the Nyanza. After giving permission for the boat to go to Msalala, permission ratified by the chief judge, Mujasi was sent with a large armed following to entrap Mackay on his way to the Nyanza. I had accompanied him with my boys Kakumba and Lugalama, and we had several others with us, beside the porters, who were carrying oars, sails, and other things belonging to the boat. Just as we reached the neighbourhood of the port, we were set upon by armed men, who shouted to us to go back. Mackay quietly went and sat down at the side of the path, and I followed his example. We were rudely dragged to our feet, and bidden to march. Mackay said, in answer to their cry, 'Go back,' 'If you wish me to go back, you may carry me.' Three or four of them seized him and bore him along. He had the presence of mind to snatch the caps off the nipples of a couple of guns, which his captors were wildly waving about. This was afterwards magnified into a threat to shoot Mujasi. After a while the soldiers gently set their prisoner on his feet, and we quietly walked on towards the capital. Mackay subsequently had an interview with Mujasi, and attempted to bribe him to allow us and our boys to go; for meanwhile the boys had been seized and bound. Mujasi would not hear of this, and marched us back to within a mile or so of our house, and then

bade us go home. We, however, went straight to the chief judge to complain; but we found that Mujasi was before us, and the result of our pleading was that orders were given that we should be seized the next day and bound, and bundled out of the country. We were then hustled out of the great man's presence, an angry crowd surging about us, quarrelling for our clothes. Stripping deposed chiefs of their clothing was so common a proceeding, that the great chiefs before going to pay their respects to the king, used to provide themselves with the commonest inner garment, that no one would think worth stealing. We were in evil case; but Mackay never lost his presence of mind for a moment. We kept close together, when suddenly Mukajangwa, the chief executioner, appeared, and drove the mob right and left, and gave orders that we were to be unmolested. We returned home in peace, but not to peace; for then followed the darkest days I have known. When our boys, innocent of any wrong, were led away by Mujasi and his murderers to the cruel torture of the slow fire for a few minutes, a falling to dreamless sleep for them, but for me a constant waking vision of 'a lurid light, a trampling throng,' and an overburdening 'sense of intolerable wrong.' I can hardly find words to say what Mackay was to me then. My one overmastering feeling was, that I would go and shake off the dust from my feet. 'Not so,' said Mackay; 'there is work for you to do.' And we set to work printing prayers and hymns and

reading-sheets. Thousands of sheets were set up and struck off, and soon the storm blew over, and we were so full of work as to have scarcely time for grief, if that had been possible.

"At this period I was very much with Mackay, and learned to know many of his opinions. He hated formalism and formulas when these were made to take the place of living religion; and he looked upon the teachings of the Church of Rome with the deepest abhorrence. Their evasions, windings, mysteries, and their hocus-pocus mock-miracle-working formula he could not bear, though he saw clearly that formulas expressing great truths, when properly used, might be of value. He used to say that he wished we had some Christian rallying cry to correspond to the Arab's formula: 'La illāha ill' Allah Muhammadu rasul Allah' (God is God, and Mohammed is His prophet). Mackay's leanings were politically to the Liberal side, though the theory advocated by some persons calling themselves Liberal, that England should confine her interests to her own shores, found no favour in his eyes. Especially most deeply did he deplore the then Government's Egyptian policy, which resulted in extinguishing in the Soudan the faint light of civilization, which was snuffed out with Gordon's death; indecision, vacillation, and half-measures he had no patience with. It grieved him to think so much money and so many lives were lost, and that no result was allowed to accrue from it. Mackay was always friendly to the

Germans; and it was only natural that people in our position should hail with joy the advent of any power which should put an end to the frightful state of internecine warfare which is the normal condition of the tribes of the interior. In saying that Mackay admired the Germans for knowing their own minds, I do not mean to say that he preferred them to his own countrymen. He would have been glad to help in any way to see communication opened up for English commerce. He felt that, humanly speaking, the Christians in Uganda could not hold together against the weight of heathenism and Mahometanism without some other power, such as a trading company which would be on the side of order. And it was the knowledge of this feeling which made me so strongly advise him to take service under the Imperial East African Company, and which made him willing at least to consider the question of doing so. I think we both felt that many of the directors of that Company were full of zeal for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, and were obviously not hampered by many considerations which a missionary committee is obliged to take into account. Mackay would never on any terms have ceased to be a missionary of Jesus Christ. Nor would those who proposed his taking service with the Imperial East African Company have wished him to be anything other than that. I venture to quote some words of Sir Wm. Mackinnon in reference to him. He writes: 'I cannot tell you how deeply I felt the intelligence of Mackay's death

He seemed to be a man among a thousand; and as far as our short-sightedness could enable one to see, he was just the man to have done excellent work for our country, and the Company in which I take so much interest. His loss is irreparable; but we hope other instruments will be raised up to do the task which appears to have been allotted to him.'

"General Gordon, who could see those noble qualities in Mackay which shone so illustriously in himself, some years previously also offered him a high position in his service; but Mackay did not accept it, preferring to do his work for Africa in a position—from a worldly point of view—far more humble and insignificant than that which Gordon could have given him.

"Mackay was not afraid of the opinion that believers in Jesus should stand by one another, and help one another, to the very utmost of their ability. He saw no reason why a Christian nation,—except its heart be eaten out by selfishness and pride and disbelief in any higher motive for action than self-interest,—should not say to a chief like Mwanga, 'Cease from murdering your Christian subjects, or we will take you away.' I must be careful to say that Mackay did not believe in propagating Christianity by force. Perhaps an apology is due to readers for pointing out, that to believe in the righteousness of giving, if need be, armed assistance to persecuted Christians is not the same as holding it justifiable *to propagate* religion by force. God be

thanked, that before Mackay passed away the International Anti-Slavery Conference had been convened at Brussels—sure sign that Europe is waking up to the belief that a common humanity gives the right to those who have the power,—nay more, lays the necessity upon them,—to say to their brothers, 'Ye shall not murder, rob, and enslave, not Christians only, but any brother human being.'

"But to go back to our life in Uganda. The first storm of persecution had hardly blown over, when new troubles began to threaten and dark clouds to gather thickly. As soon after the death of our boys as we possibly could, we sent letters warning Bishop Hannington of the dangers of the Busoga route, and asking him not to think of venturing into Uganda until we were able to assure him of the feasibility of the step. Those letters never reached him, though they were in Zanzibar only a fortnight after the bishop had started. And so Hannington, knowing nothing of the real state of affairs, and having heard only vague rumours of troubles in Uganda, came on with the chivalrous desire of sharing our dangers and difficulties, and came on to die by the orders of the treacherous tyrant in whose hands we were. I have elsewhere told the story of that terrible time of trial. Mackay on that occasion proved of what stuff he was made. Our only strength then was to sit still. Wild passions were aroused, and fear, the wildest of all passions, was most in the ascendant; yet Mackay did not hesitate a moment, when he heard of the

bishop's arrest, to go up and beard the tyrant, and to ask for news of the imprisoned man. During those days immediately succeeding Hannington's murder, Mackay showed himself steadfast and immovable. Though every day we expected to be summoned forth to die, he quietly went about his business, as if nothing were the matter. Though he was most cool in danger, he was absolutely wanting in that spirit which seeks danger and adventure for their own sake. He would have felt this almost childish. In this I am not altogether inclined to agree with him, but I am trying to give his opinion, not my own. Mackay was most prudent, and careful to turn to good account the smallest means of making our position better; but at this time there was simply nothing to be done. Shortly afterwards occurred an incident which both he and I felt, not improbably, would end fatally for us. It must be remembered that, for days, long and earnest councils were held by the kings and chiefs on the question as to whether Mackay, O'Flaherty, and myself should or should not be put to death. Things seemed to be nearing a climax when Nalamansi, one of Mwanga's sisters, a Christian, who has since been burnt to death by King Kalema, sent down word that 'if ever we had need to propitiate the king, it was now."

"Mackay and I made up as large a present as we could afford, and sent it to the king and chiefs, and the next day came a "volley" of pages from the king, with a peremptory command to Mackay to go at

once to the king's enclosure. What did it mean? We knelt to pray. Mackay's prayer was very childlike, full of simple trust and supplication. Very humble, very weak, very childlike he was on his knees before God; very bold, very strong, very manly afterwards, as he bore for nearly three hours the browbeating and bullying of Mwanga and his chiefs. Once only did his Highland fire flash out, when Mwanga said, 'Makay, oli mukusa!' ('Mackay, you are a hypocrite!') 'I am no hypocrite,' he replied in anger. 'Hush, Mackay!' I said in English; 'do not answer him.' I was indebted to him for one or two similar warnings during the interview; and the end of what we feared was to be grim tragedy for us, turned out comedy rather, for Mwanga suddenly shouted, 'Give these white men a couple of cows to quiet their minds,' and waved his hand, and the audience and ordeal was ended.

"Yet another time of trial were we to endure together in Uganda. Just before Christmas, 1886, Mr. O'Flaherty had received permission to leave the country, and then there came a time of quiet. The departure of even one of the white men, who were always objects of suspicion in the country, seemed for a while to lighten the tension of the hostile distrust with which we were viewed; but this was only the lull before the coming storm. Elsewhere I have told the story of the massacre of the converts. But here let me only note how earnestly Mackay laboured on their behalf. Early and late he toiled at this time to

make things for the king, and the only reward he craved was the lives of the imprisoned Christians. Many were nevertheless murdered ; yet I cannot but think Mackay's pleading had some deterrent effect upon the poor fool, Mwanga, who was unconsciously killing those who were most true to him. Mackay's love for his black converts was very touching. How eagerly, eloquently, vehemently he would plead their almost hopeless cause! Yet, strange to say, he told me that at one time he had an almost uncontrollable aversion to black people; yet a childlike sense of duty had enabled him to overcome his dislike.

"But if he was thinking so much of his black friends, the claims of white brethren were not forgotten, and he laboured zealously at this time to obtain a safe conduct through Uganda for Dr. Junker, who was on his way from Emin Pasha.[1] He worked hard, too, for

[1] "Had it not been for the presence of Mr. Mackay, of the C.M.S., who was residing in Uganda, and the self-denying and noble way in which, knowing Emin's difficulties, he exerted himself on his behalf, in all probability a catastrophe like that which happened at Khartoum would have taken place at Wadelai. Mackay, however, with admirable patience and tact, managed to pacify King Mwanga's fears, got him to permit Junker to enter and pass through Uganda, and also enabled Emin's correspondence and a caravan of goods Junker was able to purchase for Emin from the Arabs at Mwanga's court to pass through the country. Emin's gratitude to Mackay has been often expressed, and he richly deserved it ; for it was a matter of no little danger to obtain these concessions from such a suspicious and bloodthirsty king. It will be seen that, owing to Mackay's aid, Junker was able to proceed on his way to

the relief of Emin Pasha, whose gentle character and noble perseverance in his duty he greatly admired.

"On the 25th of August, 1886, Mackay and I were parted. Mackay believed that if I returned to England I might be enabled to do good for the cause, and so sadly I bade him farewell. Little could I effect in this way, but a piece of good fortune befell me, which I had little hoped, in the offer of an old friend to the C.M.S. of his services for Africa, so that I was enabled to accompany to the Nyanza next year the Rev. R. H. Walker, a man who, like Mackay himself, was wholly given to his work of preaching a living Christ.

"In August, 1886, Mackay and I parted in Uganda, and in December, 1887, we met again at the south end of the Nyanza. Here I only remained long enough to see the negotiations with King Mwanga completed, to help to lay in their graves Bishop Parker and Blackburn, and to see Walker start for Uganda. For the next three months I was alone with Mackay. I had notified six months previously to Bishop Parker my intention of leaving the Mission, so that the time for another and the last parting with Mackay was drawing on.

Zanzibar. Arriving there, he lost no time in publishing to the world Emin's position and Emin's need."—*Graphic* "Special Number," April 30th, 1890.

Owing to Emin Pasha's communications, H.H. the Khedive of Egypt conferred on Mackay the Order of the Osmanieh of the 4th class.

"In these last days I learned to know him as I had never known him before. And I learned, from his life and from his patient love, to understand how that it is possible for a devoted man to attain to a marvellous height of Christliness, if I may use such a word.

"In concluding this faint attempt at giving any adequate idea of my impression of him, let me add that Mackay was a humble, pure, noble-hearted man, in a word—a great missionary.—R. P. A."

ALONE.

"I have requested Casati to try and make friends with the chief of the Waganda, who are stationed in Magangesi (?) ; he is an old scholar of Mr. Mackay's, and perhaps he will be able to be of service to us. You, however, well know the strict discipline which is maintained in the Waganda army, and therefore my hopes are not very great. I am now trying to prevail upon Mohammed Biri, the leader of the caravan, to take these letters to Mr. Mackay, and I hope he will get them there safely ; but I am not sure that Mr. Mackay will be in Uganda, for in his last letter he says that he will probably be compelled to leave that country for a time, as the Arabs are again using all their influence with the king to harm the Mission. I hope, indeed, in the interests of civilization, which interests Mr. Mackay has served with such splendid success, that his fears may not prove true, but that he may be permitted for a long time to come to continue the work, to the blessing of those to whom he is both teacher and friend. Should he leave Uganda, it will be an immense loss for us, especially for me ; this I wish especially to put on record. Since the very first lines I wrote to Mr. Mackay have been in his possession, up to the present time, he has acted for us in the most generous and unselfish manner possible ; indeed, we shall never be in a position to thank him sufficiently for all he has accomplished ; he it is who has aided us, notwithstanding that he has had personally to suffer for it, and he has been both a true friend and adviser to me. When I have been extremely cast down, his letters have aided and upheld me, and given me fresh courage to new work. He has divided what he had with me, and has robbed himself to overload me with presents. May God, who protects us all, richly reward him ; it is perfectly out of my power to thank him sufficiently."—*Emin Pasha.*

CHAPTER XI.

ALONE.

AFTER Mr. Ashe left Uganda, Mackay was alone for eleven months. Through the hostility of the Arabs, Mwanga was induced to ask Mackay also to leave the country, on the understanding that the Rev. E. C. Gordon should take his place. The king also told Mackay that "if he went only to the south end of the lake, he was to return in three months; but that if he went on to the coast, he would expect him back in a year."

Mr. Gordon bravely held the fort, amid much danger for some months, when he was joined by the Rev. R. H. Walker, to whom the king accorded a brilliant reception.

Mr. Walker was greatly encouraged by the work which his predecessors had done, and had many more baptisms. He writes:—

"The native Christians came to welcome me, and on the Sunday 150 or 200 were present at the morning service, and nearly as many at the service at 2 p.m. It was a most refreshing and gladdening sight; it cheered me much. Really Ashe, Mackay, and the others have done, by the grace of God, a

glorious work here ; it is a great privilege, but great responsibility, to follow up such good work.

"It would seem a terrible disaster if anything happened to compel this Mission to be given up. The people seem so much in earnest, and so very anxious to learn to read. Gordon sells the books at a very good price, and sells them very quickly. To-day some of the principal ladies from the court came and bought books and reading-sheets of letters and syllables. All the people speak most kindly of Ashe and Mackay. Of course I cannot understand a word of what they say, but Gordon kindly tells me what is being said.

"If I can only get hold of this language, and the king remains as well disposed to us as he seems to be at present, we really ought, by the grace of God, to do a great work here ; our predecessors have laid such a good foundation."

"UGANDA, 12*th Sept.*, 1886.

"I was in full hopes of coming myself with Mr. Ashe, but God has ordered it otherwise. As I mentioned before, we considered it the best thing we could do for the Mission, to withdraw for a time, so as to remove the suspicions against us and against those who accept our teaching, *i.e.*, those who are left alive of them. On the occasion of Dr. Junker's departure, on July 14th, I wrote you a long letter on this subject. The heartrending griefs we came through just before then can never be effaced from our minds

I only would like to cherish the belief that they will never occur again. But although there have not of late been any fresh arrests of our people, yet those in bonds are not liberated, nor has any pardon been extended to the great number who are still in hiding—many of them condemned to death. How earnest our prayers must be that it will please the Lord to turn all this sorrow into joy. Doubtless the day will come when it will be so, and 'the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion ; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' We know that the triumph of evil is only temporary, and that its defeat will be of eternal duration. Your letters of January and March were full of consolation to both Mr. Ashe and myself. You write in the expectation of seeing me soon. But we must wait a little longer. My enforced stay may be for the best. Now that one European after another has left, suspicion against us ought to cool down by God's grace. More men have been appointed for this post, one of whom (Dr. Pruen) you have seen. But the recent bloody persecution has brought in a new element, not calculated upon by our committee when they determined upon reinforcing the staff. I am rejoiced to hear of every fresh hand put to the plough, and there is plenty for them to do meantime at the other stations, even although it is not advisable for them to come just yet into Uganda. There are most grave considerations connected with Mission work in such a country as this. Unquestionably, our last

desire would be to see steps taken to avenge the murder of either the bishop or our native brethren. But we shall err greatly if we, by sloth and indifference, allow such precious seed to fall on the ground in vain. It seems to me that we are bound to take advantage of these dreadful events, to do our very utmost to prevent their like occurring again.

"'I believe in the Communion of Saints.' That cannot mean a very lukewarm interest in their welfare. If the body of Christ is one, and one of the members suffer, all suffer. Infantile and poorly educated as the Church in Uganda doubtless is, yet not a few children of God here have shown a strength of faith and resistance unto blood which their fellow-believers in Europe, to-day at least, know little or nothing of. I cannot but think that their heroism deserves the commendation of all true men of God throughout the world. It must be remembered, too, what their fellows are still suffering on account of the faith. All the evils of persecution, so vividly pictured in the end of Hebrews xi., are being bravely, yet meekly, endured to-day. This is the 19th century, when Christianity is triumphant in Europe and America. It is no more the dark epoch of the centuries B.C., nor is it the time of conflict of the middle ages. Then there was indeed no help for the oppressed and afflicted. There is, however, no reason why our fellow-Christians should be left alone to-day to endure the same fiery ordeal which our forefathers had to undergo. The best proof of our gratitude to

them for dying that we might live, is our stirring ourselves to rescue those who have fallen into the power of the oppressor.

"'The hand of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save,' but we must not expect salvation by miracle while means are available. Is it not for this very end that the Protestant powers have been given the supremacy among the nations, that they may use their power and influence in spreading abroad the knowledge of the truth? But the command, '*Prepare* ye the way of the Lord,' was given before that other, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.' If we are taught any lesson by the sad events which have of late occurred in East Africa, this certainly is one, that we cannot reverse the Divine order. We must condescend to clear the ground and level it, before we can plough and sow. Our Societies are perhaps often too eager to see *results*, to allow duly for the necessary preliminaries of preparing the way. Perhaps you will call me too mechanical in making this suggestion of a parallel. But your commendation of Prof. Drummond's book, which I have got and eagerly read, on your suggestion, leads me to think that you will allow a parallel drawn, not from nature, but from the arts—which are only a utilization of nature. In olden times with us, and to this day in uncivilized lands, men counted it enough if they got to their destination *anyhow*, and no one thought it the business of a traveller to concern himself about removing the difficulties of the way. His

object was merely to get over them. Hence there were many accidents, and comparatively few travellers. But some wiser minds at length discovered the fact that much less energy was needed to *remove*, once and for all, the inequalities of the way, and then glide along. The impulse given to travel and transit was at once marvellous. What coach company would have believed a hundred years ago, that by to-day, England would spend eight hundred millions in bringing low the hills and filling up the valleys? But the wisdom of the step is demonstrated beyond all question by the success which has followed. The wheels were set free to run straight on. So it will be in the work of driving the Lord's chariot. The heavy obstacles must be removed. A strong hand must be brought to bear on tyranny and oppression. The word must be given *free course* to run. But just as no railway, however level, will itself propel the train, unless the engine is there, so no charter or treaty of liberty and protection will make a single convert. Nothing short of the power of the Spirit of life can awaken the spiritually dead to life.

"Possibly you will tell me that my analogy does not hold, for the gospel itself has ever been regarded as the best preparer of its own way. But have not the many disasters which have befallen missionaries and their converts in more fields than this been, in great part, due to this very conception? You can send locomotive after locomotive at full steam against the side of a hill, but the chief effect will be that

most of them will get smashed. You doubtless will *in time* make an impression on the hill, and fill the valley with broken engines. But all will allow that such a method would be a rather expensive way to go to work. Yet this is very much the method which has been pursued in some Missions, especially those to savage lands. Where colonies existed, or other means of protection were used, we do not read of massacres. Because God has frequently perfected strength in weakness, and granted success in spite of our mistakes, that no man should boast, I do not believe that we are therefore to conclude that the old leap-in-the-dark method is therefore the one He intended us to pursue. It was Krapf who said, 'The survivors will pass over the slain in the trenches, and carry this African fortress for the Lord.' But I question very much if we are warranted in making a bridge of dead bodies, when it is possible to overcome the obstacle by other less costly and therefore less romantic means. When Krapf was in East Africa, he found it wisest to keep within the jurisdiction of the Sultan of Zanzibar, whom England had caused to grant liberty to Christian teachers! What was secured in Zanzibar can also be secured in Uganda and East Africa generally, if men only set their minds to it.

"Perhaps you have noticed the new translation of Haggai ii. 7, 'The *things desired* of all nations shall come.' That does not exclude the meaning we associated with the old translation; but it means

much more. It means *peace* and *liberty*, which are most desirable things to God's people in all nations. In England, men are now so accustomed to easy transit that they can scarcely realize what a fix they would be in were there no high roads or railways. So also peace and liberty have become so truly part of their nature that they cannot well imagine a state of things when they dare go to church only under pain of death, or be found with a book or piece of paper under pain of being roasted alive. If such penalties were inflicted on *one* individual, would there not be an outcry? But when a whole community is treated so—because at a distance—it is regarded as almost a matter of course. Such, at any rate, was the attitude in the case of the murder of the three Christian lads in January of last year—one of them a member of our own household. There must be a new departure taken as to Mission work. We owe a debt to these people, whom our teaching exposes to such dreadful torments. Vengeance is the Lord's, but *prevention* is ours. It is not by might, nor by power, but by God's Spirit, that the Church can extend. Yet we all believe in united efforts for its extension. Similarly will the Spirit of God accompany and perfect all lawful and peaceful means taken by His servants for strengthening the weak and helping the helpless in His Church.

"Our people venture, a few of them, to come to me every evening after dark. Those most determinedly marked out for execution, and particularly sought

after, dare only come about midnight. I give them a little instruction and comfort, and we have prayer together. Several of them I cannot refuse to help materially, as they are reduced to beggary, and are in want. In such a time I do aid them; but ordinarily I have to refuse applications of the kind, as black men are all more prone to beg than to dig.

"As I have no one to talk to here in my own language, you will pardon the length of this rigmarole on paper. Plenty to do is a good cure for loneliness, and I can always find that. I have not yet got reconciled altogether to my position, but that is only a matter of *time*. There is no use, at any rate, of fretting and knocking myself against the walls of my cage. I have altogether very much to be grateful for. Meantime, I am exceedingly thankful that O'Flaherty, Junker, and Ashe have all been permitted to escape in peace, and are safe from the clutches of this boy-tyrant. He pretends that his reason for not allowing me to go is his affection for me. He should rather put it, 'his affection for himself'! But if my stay will help to make him 'come to himself,' and thus save him from absolute perdition, I shall not grieve at his forced detention of me. Unless the Lord has mercy on him, he will, however, come to grief some day. He is at present exasperating his chiefs and people by his highhandedness with them They did not pity the despised Christians when these were the victims of cruelty. But when they

themselves are roundly fined for failing to build enough for him, there is no end of secret grumbling."

"*March 17th*, 1887.—I feel sure that Mr. Ashe has already done good on the way, correcting erroneous impressions, and awakening a more intelligent interest in the great problems which must be solved before our work can have free scope. It is not enough that we nibble at stray corners of the concrete mass of heathendom and Satan's kingdom. While attacking the molecules here and there, we must try all in our power to, at the same time, dissolve the *mass*. As Dr. Duff used to put it, we must lay a mine which, when sprung, will blow to atoms the mountain of barbarism and cruel superstition which have prevailed hitherto. Thus we shall prepare the way.

"I am sorry that you should have suffered such painful anxiety on my account. I am not bound or imprisoned, only detained, *i.e.*, refused permission to leave the country. Possibly I might escape by stealth, at considerable risk, however; but I should only resort to such a method in case of very dire necessity. I do not think it honourable to break parole. I would not thereby increase the good name of the white man for honour or straightforwardness. I do not imply that you suggest, or ever have suggested, that I should *bolt*. But some have implied to me as much. I have no desire to abandon the position, if it can be held at all, or if remaining

would, on the whole, be wiser than going. I do not assert that it really is wiser, but it seems, so far, to me to be so. The fact of the French continuing to hold on is no light argument to be scouted why I should not hold on also. But I do not believe it wise to bring more men on here meantime, either to aid me or to relieve me. That method would merely land us in the pitfall of the old suspicions. You truly describe us as being children of storm. Something or other is always up. The very day before the mail arrived, the king's buildings were again almost entirely destroyed by fire, and the Katikiro's also. I have heard that the king regards it as a judgment from heaven on him and the Katikiro, for having a few days before secretly murdered another Christian lad. They enticed him back with promises of promotion. He was sent down from the king's court to the Katikiro's, taken into inner enclosures there, and never more came out. Some of the servants report that he was strangled and buried in a hole! The king had also been giving out that he meant to hold another great slaughter of the Christians; but his mother and the Katikiro and some others advised forbearance, and just now I hear nothing more of the matter, but the 'wild beast'—Nero—may break loose any day. That is, he *would*, if he had his way; but I believe firmly the prayers of our many friends have been heard, and the good Lord restrains the remnant of man's wrath.

"I hope soon to hear of Stanley being on the road.

I have told no one here except the Frenchmen. I hope his coming will be blessed of God, in helping to establish a less suspicious *footing* for our Mission with the authorities than the present. Its ulterior results may be far-reaching, and I devoutly hope for the peace of East Africa, and the opening of it up to the gospel.

"I am thankful that at present no interference is made with me in teaching daily in my own house. May we continue to have your earnest prayers that the work may continue to grow. As you say, I should not then mind my quasi-imprisonment."

"UGANDA, *June 2nd*, 1889.

"You are right in saying that persecution prevents hypocrisy, and tends to show a truer work than court favours would likely do. But at the same time it must be remembered that we ask for no patronage or favour from the authorities. We seek only bare toleration, and that is no more than you expect at home. Nor even can it be said that the fact of the Anglican Church being established by law necessarily renders it a nest of dissemblers. In these days, thank God, there is, even in the Established Church, a large amount of deep and pure spirituality. Doubtless there is also much else, and so also is there in the denominations not so established. History proves that real life is a thing which exists quite independently of State patronage, and is little affected by the presence or absence of that. Yet perpetual murder

and persecution can not only kill out almost the last spark of vitality—witness the history of Protestantism in France, after the days of St. Bartholomew—but produces another great evil, which I cannot fail to see here, viz., to cause not a few earnest souls to draw back, and, under fear of death, renounce the faith they would willingly follow were the attendant difficulties not so great. We cannot exactly say that such are, at any rate, unworthy of the kingdom of heaven, for even the apostles were sifted as wheat, and *all* forsook their Lord and fled. Had He not appeared to them again in person, who can tell how many of them would to-day be numbered among the elect? But while we do not want the favour of the great, we do not want their determined attitude of warlike defiance. Even here there seems at times signs of that relaxing. When we pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' we must mean that it will come to the high and the great as well as to the weak and the poor. We must aim at the difficult and, humanly speaking, impossible, as well as at what is comparatively easy. Christianity is a gospel for the rich and proud as well as for the poor and humble. Men must be saved from themselves and their besetting sins, whatever their status in life.

"I have been keeping quiet, and simply allowing the Arabs to have full swing in their determination to have me out of the country. By sending off a cargo of goods I can do without, I lead them to believe that I am going myself; but I do not tell

them that I have no such intention, and shall do my utmost to remain if I can. There is no deception in this. I am not so foolish as to tell them my counsel; and if they draw conclusions of their own, I cannot rush about correcting every false notion. Still, it may be the Lord's will that I leave, either permanently or temporarily; and my only desire is to know and follow His will. To do aught else were, indeed, veritable folly.

"I have sent to Ventnor a copy of the complete translation of St. Matthew's Gospel. It is being rapidly brought up, although the majority of the Christians are off at the war. I fear the whole edition will soon be out of print. Meantime I have to make up for lost time by issuing new sets of alphabets, reading-sheets, and other things, some time out of print, and constantly demanded; and when these are finished, I hope (D.V.) to commence setting up the Gospel of St. John. That rare exposition of the mind of Christ must be in the language as soon as possible, so as to convey to the minds of our people the deep spiritual truths entirely omitted by St. Matthew.

"Of course I have heard nothing yet of Stanley's expedition, nor have I mentioned the subject here to any native or Arab. I have been in fear lest the war party gone against the Bunyoro might meet him; but the king of that country shows signs of submission, and the Uganda army may now merely go raiding south-west.

"To-night I hear that one of our Christians, a chief named Mutesa (Edward Hutchinson), has been killed in a quarrel between him and some others (Basalosalo) on the march.

"Please do your best to aid in getting up a crusade against the mad policy of flooding Africa with gunpowder and guns. These things are the curse of East Africa, as gin is of the West Coast."

The following letter from Bishop Parker to the C.M.S. explains the course of events:

"MUHALALA, UGOGO,"
Sept. 5th, 1887.

"On September 29th, 1886, the acting Consul-General at Zanzibar wrote a letter to Mwanga, and intrusted it to an Arab to deliver and explain to the king.

"This letter reached Uganda on April 26th, 1887. It was written in Arabic, but an English translation of it was sent to Mackay.

"Through the enmity of the Arabs towards Europeans, this letter was not translated to the king till May 6th, and was then so mistranslated as to irritate the king and his chiefs, and it was also made to appear that the Consul required Mwanga to drive out the Muzungu from his country.

"On April 29th the Arabs had called the English missionaries 'landeaters,' and the king swore that he would not tolerate Christianity, and after May 6th it

seemed as if Mackay would have to leave; so on May 8th he arranged to send 150 loads of iron and other things to Msalala. On May 17th the king declared war against Kabarega, and all Christians were ordered to fight, and were to be burned if they were not successful. The box which arrived, full of New Testaments, was doubly valuable at such a time, and its contents were sold in ten days, and there were loud cries for more. What Mackay had printed of St. Matthew's Gospel was rapidly purchased. Later on, Kabarega sued for peace. Up to the end of May, Mackay was determined to hold on if he could do so on anything like tolerable conditions.

"On June 18th Mackay writes: 'Mwanga asked Kuluji the other day if I was going or not. Kuluji replied that I did not wish to go. Suliman has again been demanding that I be sent away. "What is he doing in the country?" said the Arab. The king suggests that what detains me is the necessity for my keeping up communication with Emin Pasha, receiving and sending letters, etc.; but again he avows, 'I will not have his teaching in the country while I live. After I am dead the people may learn to *soma*" (read).'

"On July 12th he writes: 'One day in open Durbar, I being absent, Suliman made a fresh demand for my dismissal. Thereupon the king sent a message to my house to ask, "When I meant to go? Are my goods all gone? I must go to see him before leaving." In the afternoon of next day the

Katikiro sent for me, but I was too ill with catarrh to go to see him. I hope to arrange so that they will allow me to leave the Mission premises and goods in charge of some of our coast servants until I return, or some of the brethren come, or else that they will allow me to bring in either Gordon or Hooper before I go myself.'

"After many conversations with various chiefs and with the king, this was at last arranged.

"Referring to the close of a long discussion in court about his departure, Mackay writes: 'I was worried to exhaustion, and felt that only more trouble would follow if I did not yield. I therefore left my seat again, and, going over to where the Katikiro was sitting, said: "The question is not, Who reported this or that? but Does the king want me to go or stay? If he wants me to leave, I shall go at once. . . . I would leave my house and goods in charge of servants, and taking only my bedding, etc., go at once and have this matter settled and come back again." This was agreed to, the king asking me to leave my fundi, carpenter, and tools, etc. . . . The whole matter is so mixed with their fear of the consequences, on account of the murder of the bishop, which Mwanga persists in stoutly denying, that no understanding with him will ever be possible until he acknowledges that crime, and expresses regret for it. Nor dare I charge him with murdering the bishop and his men, nor say that I and others reported the fact of the murder. This

is uppermost in his thoughts, and, because not alluded to by the Consul, leaves King Mwanga a loophole whereby to charge me of accusing him of making me a prisoner.' . . .

"One hundred and sixty copies of Luganda Matthew complete had been bought up, so that he had not a single copy left. On July 13th the king agreed that Nantinda should go with Mackay as *mubaka* (messenger), and bring back Gordon, whose name, being familiar to them from Gordon Pasha, they liked.

"Mackay sent presents to the king, Katikiro, and others, and the Katikiro, Pokino, Koluji, Kago, Mugema, and others sent him parting gifts; and the king gave him copper and brass spears and a brass ornament for the neck, and sent him a message that if he went only to Msalala he was to return in three months, but that if he was called to the coast he must return very soon.

"On July 21st he locked up the Mission premises, and called on the Frenchmen and left the keys with them. He placed four coast men in charge of the house, and went to the port. He found the *Eleanor* leaking terribly, and was obliged to repair her and patch her before embarking. He arrived at Ukumbi on August 1st, and next day reached the end of the creek, where he met Mr. Gordon, who left by the *Eleanor* for Uganda on August 10th. Mr. Mackay is now waiting at Msalala till I shall get up there.

"(Signed) HENRY P. PARKER, *Bishop*."

REMEDIES SUGGESTED.

"A mutual understanding can surely be quietly agreed to between Germany and England. This Lake and the Albert are sure to find themselves, sooner or later, under the beneficent protection of Victoria. Let Von Bismarck extend his operations right across from Dar es Salaam to Unyanyembe and Tanganyika, and south to Nyassa, if he likes ; England will have enough to do at the sources of the Nile and in the equatorial Soudan." —*A. M. Mackay, Uganda, March 8th*, 1887.

"'To be, or not to be ; that is the question.' Is it to be a track to the Lake or not ? I see in you the only hope for this region, in your getting Sir Wm. Mackinnon to see the matter in its true light. I would not give sixpence for all the Company will do in half a century to come, unless they join the Lake with the coast by a line, let it be at first ever so rough. When they have got that, they will have broken the backbone of native cantankerousness."—*Last letter from Mackay to Dr. H. M. Stanley, Usambiro, Jan. 5th*, 1890.

CHAPTER XII.

REMEDIES SUGGESTED.

AFTER the mutilations and burnings of many of their converts, it was the intention of Mackay and Ashe that the one of them who might be allowed to leave Uganda should proceed with all speed to England, and use all possible means to rouse the C.M.S. Committee and the Churches of England, and through them, the Government, to take some effectual steps to curb the cruel violence of Mwanga, and secure liberty of Christian teaching and worship in the land. They did not desire the violent intervention of arms, but they were convinced that means could be used which would sufficiently appeal to the instincts of self-preservation and self-interest which Africans in common with all men have, so that Christian teachers should no longer be oppressed and hindered in their work, and their converts subjected to cruel torture and death.

When Ashe arrived in England, Mackay wrote to him to brace him up for his work, freely explaining what, in his opinion, needed to be done, and the best way to set about it.

In these suggested remedies Mackay's large-

mindedness, and full knowledge of the problem to be solved, anticipated, and doubtless have assisted the arrangements just announced as being agreed to between the Governments of England and Germany, and some of the best provisions recently embodied in the charters of the Imperial British East Africa Company and the South African Company. He saw that the prohibition of arms and ammunition and ardent spirits as articles of common trade and barter to the natives would be not only a great safeguard of the morals of the natives, but would greatly augment general trade in miscellaneous articles of European manufacture.

Mackay has been accused of interfering in African politics, and advocating armed intervention in the interests of religion ; but there is no justification for this charge. The force he advocated was the kind of pressure which you can bring to bear upon a man when he sees it more to his interest to be gentle than to be cruel, to be just rather than unjust. He held it to be the duty of our Consuls on the coast to use all the means within their power to secure the personal safety of traders and missionaries, and of the home Government by legislation, backed, if necessary, by force, to prevent such trading as directly hindered the work of Christianity and civilization.[1]

[1] "Yet the Heavens forbid
That we should call on passion to confront
The brutal with the brutal and, amid
This ripening world, suggest a lion-hunt

He, however, anticipated that Ashe would find great difficulties in his work, and he begins his letter by reminding him of the ultimate Source of strength and success, from whom all inspiration for great enterprises must come.

"NATETE, UGANDA,

"*March 8th*, 1887.

". . . Your journey has already been of great value—correcting mistaken notions of men all along the route. I devoutly trust that you will be used of the Master for similar success among the lethargic friends of Africa in Europe. I do not say that *we* hope to make an impression on 100,000,000 semi-self-satisfied Christians in Europe, but we believe that God will. Moreover, He will do so by human agency, and no other. Such seems to have been His law hitherto, and we have no warrant to look for a deviation from that law to suit our case. As you say truly, 'if we keep humble at His feet,' He will grant us success, in spite of the terrible *inertia* of heavy masses at home. 'At my first defence no man stood by me, but all forsook me; but the Lord stood by

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And lions'-vengeance for the wrongs men did
And do now, though the spears are getting blunt.
We only call, because the sight and proof
Of lion-strength hurts nothing; and to show
A lion-heart, and measure paw with hoof,
Helps something, even, and will instruct a foe
As well as the onslaught, how to stand aloof."
—*Casa Guidi Windows.*

me and strengthened me.' Such I expect to hear from you in your first letter from England. But defeat and callousness must not discourage us. Success is certain in the end. The right never did succeed but slowly and by reverses. A true cause must run on, as rivers to the sea. Persevere and agitate. Vital measures have ever been carried by steadiness of purpose, seldom by dash, or by a clever piece of strategy.

"To relieve men from the wrongs under which they perish, to secure freedom for the oppressed, yet not by *Might and Blow*, is a crux indeed for statesmanship. We want not so much an 'arm of flesh,' but heads of wisdom, human hearts, and helping hands. There is no need for gunpowder. That remedy is even worse than the disease.

"The rotten, mortifying state of this continent cannot be healed by more lacerations and wounds. A transfusion of fresh blood, and new life into it, not in miserable driblets as hitherto, but in a full stream, will alone save it from utter corruption.

"This African problem *must be solved*, and in God's name it shall be solved, for God means it to be solved. It is not for the sake of the few scattered and despised missionaries that we are determined that this end shall be attained, but for the sake of Africa itself.

"Brutality and murder must cease in God's universe; for the universe is God's, not the devil's. It is not enough that ages hence some power step in to

redress the ever-growing enormity of the crimes committed; for the countless victims of cruelty that will be too late. Now or never must serious efforts be made for the *prevention*, and not the punishment, of offences against the very name of humanity. That may be jeered at by some as attainable only in the millennial reign; but it is for the millennium that we are striving and working. That is the consummation for the age of Missions.

"Do not be downhearted if you find apathy on every side, especially on the part of our committee. Great masses are hard to set in motion? but when once they do begin to move, even the devil will find it hard to stop them. We must have faith that will remove mountains—mountains of prejudice and platitudes. But even mountains are made up of molecules, and we have no less than Divine warrant for knowing that every mountain and hill shall be brought low.

"It is not a century since even a conclave of clergy said that Missions to heathen were highly preposterous, and a gigantic impracticability. Even as late as a dozen years ago, when bidding adieu to some pious Christian friends in Edinburgh, a good lady said to me that I was embarking on a futile enterprise; for if God meant the heathen to be converted, He would do it without the help of man!

"Yet, strange to say, it is the very men who deride such unbelieving views as now exploded who are prepared to meet us with exactly similar truisms when

we try to raise our voice against the mightiest wrongs under which the world has ever suffered.

"Submission to the will of God? *Yes.* Submission to the will of man, and to the will of the devil? *Yes*, also; but not *for ever*. Our Saviour presented Himself as a target for all the fiendish darts of His enemies, and of even the great enemy, but only that they might spend their force, and He should triumph.

"The Son of God was manifested to *destroy* the works of the devil, not to let them alone in full swing. If we are to follow in His blessed footsteps, we must deny our natural inclination to let things alone to take their course, and must sacrifice ourselves for the well-being of our fellow-men—our ungrateful, unpromising, suspicious fellow-men. His love was to the unloving and the unlovable. Ours must be so too. Whatever the end to ourselves may be, we must go dauntlessly to work to save men from the devil and from themselves. We surrender ourselves to the will of God, to do His will, and to take with patience what He sends us when in the doing of it. But we know that His will is salvation, not destruction; life, not death; peace, not war; joy, not sorrow. But we must wade, I fear, through much sorrow before we come to the joy of seeing an end to the reign of sin and Satan.

"Much is made, in these days, of Medical Missions. All our Mission work must be medical in the highest sense. Good Dr. Smith used to remind me that medicine does not *cure*—it only helps nature to effect

recovery. This is wonderfully true, and you may follow the thought into the depths of therapeutics—it holds good throughout. We must follow this analogy in our work for Africa. We cannot *cure* its ills by any application, internal or external; but we can strive to remove the present dead weight of oppression lying on its heart, and allow pulses of fresh blood to flow through its entire system.

"This is very different from the consular methods, which are only a species of tinkering and patching. It is no cure for a deep-seated abscess merely to plug up the mouth of the wound by which the fetid pus finds an exit. Yet that is exactly what has been the English system hitherto! It looks incredible, but it is true. Your letters to the *Spectator* and to the Anti-Slavery Society most truly expose the prevalent fallacy. The horrid, chronic bloodshed and cruelty, practised in inner Africa, cannot be ended by gun-boats catching prizes on the ocean. What is that but plugging up the aperture that the pus may find no exit, while all the time we are destroying the blood by daily administering a deadly poison—arms and ammunition—support and countenance to Tipu Tip, Mwanga, and other butchers of our black brothers? The rights of poor men, who wish to live lives of peace, are more divine than are the rights of royal robbers and murderers. Why, if a king in Europe were to do *once* only what is done here daily, he would not long wear either a crown or a head to put it on.

"The history of Europe has been a history of struggles to be free from injustice and tyranny. Too frequently hasty and ill-considered measures were adopted, and appeals to arms ended in slaughter. The marvel is that freedom was ever gained anywhere, considering the subject state of the oppressed, and the power and influence of the oppressors. Holland and Switzerland, Italy and Scotland, and many more downtrodden States, are free to-day, because they refused to accept as impracticable all attempts to gain their freedom. Submission to injustice is right within limits, but it shall not be *for ever*. My poor forefathers were shot like partridges on the moors of Scotland, because they claimed the right to worship God as their conscience led them; and, strange to say, it was a rampant ecclesiasticism which prompted the persecution. I do not defend the Covenanters in their *methods* of resistance. The times were wild, and no hand to help, and much allowance should be made for desperate provocation and bloody treatment. But few men can enter into the heart of a Covenanter unless his blood is in their veins, or unless they themselves are brought face to face with the re-enacted horrors of the past. Our methods to-day are not by brute force or by blood. Negotiation, measures of wisdom and prudence, peaceful enterprise, determined effort, friendly co-operation—such measures as those will help mightily to *prepare* the way for the entrance of the gospel into the remotest corners of the continent. Now, I guess

you will find it terribly up-hill work to rouse the public from lethargy. Public opinion must wait, unless concentrated and guided by one or two leading minds. You are in the midst of counsellors of wisdom. Try, therefore, to set some *definite* scheme in black and white, that people may know what they are expected to support, and the chances of success. If you have got the letters I wrote you in September and December, with copy of Emin's letter to me, you will see some hints that may be useful. Let the powers of Europe divide the interior between them, *i.e.*, from the lakes to the coast, not for annexation, but for friendly negotiation with the natives, and peaceful supervision. I mention this on the assumption that they will act *together*, and already I hear of their parcelling out the coast between them, on the principle of non-interference with each other. The work will prove vastly easier than the timorous anticipate.

"The great hold that foreigners have inland is the supply matter. Where such potentates as this one prove intractable, you need no force against him—simply stop supply of arms and ammunition, and in more severe cases, calico also. His people will soon compel him to yield. There need be no question as to that.

"Then let Emin have British protection and generous aid, until he establishes himself firmly. When once he is recognised as not *one of* the powers, but as *the power* in Central Africa, we shall have peace, and

an end to the pretensions of such creatures as rule here. Something tangible, visible, and near at hand is absolutely essential to command respect and obedience, and that, too, by mere prestige, not by any extraordinary measures.

"Each power, within the limits of its own supervision, will have a monopoly of trade and other means of investing and developing capital. There need be no trouble about boundaries. Already the land is divided into two episcopal dioceses. A similar mutual understanding can surely be quietly agreed to by Germany and England. This lake and the Albert are sure to find themselves, sooner or later, under the beneficent protection of Victoria. Let Von Bismarck extend his operations right across from Dar es Salaam to Unyanyembe and Tanganyika, and south to Nyassa if he likes; England will have enough to do at the sources of the Nile and in the equatorial Soudan. I have merely indicated in outline what might be developed into a definite scheme, with peaceful ends and countless blessings to this unhappy interior. The blessing of God be upon every man who furthers it, or any other better scheme!"

Mackay's position in Uganda at this time was exceedingly painful. He was constantly suspected by the chiefs and by Mwanga of having other purposes than those of teaching—in fact, of some secret understanding with the Government of England to

obtain possession of the country. He was not suffered to go about, but was jealously watched. Again and again he was in personal danger, and plots were laid to destroy him, yet he makes no attempt to escape, but occupies himself with the most varied kinds of work — erects an enormous flag-staff for Mwanga, translates Scriptures, freely uses the printing press, interests himself on behalf of Emin, and especially tries to overcome Mwanga's fears, so as to allow free communication with Emin, and, above all, receives great numbers of readers who come to him by stealth, notwithstanding the edict which declared the penalty of death against all who dared go to the Mission premises for instruction. The letter continues :—

"I have not the slightest desire to 'escape,' if I can do a particle of good by staying. Your and my desire, and, I believe, the desire of all our friends, is that the Lord will open the way for the Mission to be kept on, not abandoned. The *Eleanor* is in port, some twelve miles off, and possibly I might make a dash for it ; but what then ? I do not at present see that I am warranted in seeking to do so. Anything may happen at any moment, and it may be that I shall be led to adopt such a course ; but hitherto I believe I am doing right in quietly going on with the work. My earnest heart-wish is simply to cast myself on the Master, and say, 'Thy will be done!' What can I or the Mission gain by trying to resist

His will? My own choice is to stay—that is, if choice were given me at all. Not that we are in any favourable state at present; on the contrary, as I hope to tell you farther on, I am in no small odium at present with his majesty. Nor do I labour under any conceited notion that my presence is essential to the work. Well I know that the Lord will carry on His work whether the workman be alive or buried. I only wait for more light before I take any rash step. I know, too, that I have a prominent place in the prayers of all of you, that our people and myself may be not only preserved, but guided also. I have been making an effort to complete St. Matthew. My best version of the remaining chapters was unsatisfactory. However, I got Duta back from Budu, and with Bartolomayo, Luka, Andrea, and others, we have gone steadily to work, and now we have, by God's grace, rewritten the whole to the end. I thought this more immediately important than jogging on as I had been doing, setting up sheet by sheet; as, in case of sudden expulsion, the MSS. may be saved, and the mere printing can be done elsewhere. Actually in type I have at this moment only as far as the twenty-third chapter. But now, if the Lord will, I hope to go steadily on with the remaining sheets. You know well the terrible number of constant interruptions here, which prevent one from ever getting one hour steady at anything.

"Now I must try to give you a *résumé* of events here since I wrote you last, which was at the New

Year. I have kept no proper journal, and must draw from memory chiefly. By the end of the second week of January I got all the beams and logs ready for the frame to support the king's mast, and 'all Uganda' arrived to carry them to Mengo. Then the work of erection commenced, and my only carpenter being laid up half the time, I had to struggle on with the natives alone. I erected a stout scaffolding, used pulleys and rope, and swung the heavy struts into position with few hands. When I had the pyramid erected and securely braced together, I cut away all Toli's slender bracing, applied wedges, and raised the mast to a truly vertical position. To convince the unbelieving public, I slacked off all the hawsers, which up till then were the only thing which kept the huge tree from falling. The work was finished by the end of January, and even Toli, who had daily prophesied failure, was obliged to confess that 'all Uganda' could not now knock the mast down. All were pleased, and even his majesty, I believe, went with the Katikiro to inspect the work, and was delighted; but to me he sent no word of thanks nor even a cow's tail, except that when the work was in progress he gave me a couple of goats and some cowries and *mwenge*.

"I made up my mind to have a rest, and push on with printing, but next day he sent down a rifle for repair, which I refused to look at, and returned with a flat refusal. The plague was very prevalent—Kisule's boys were dying, and he himself had fled

from his own quarters. I believe that Lourdel ultimately got the rifle to mend.

"About the middle of January, Mohammed Biri returned from Wadelai with Emin's ivory, and very much more of his own and of his Arab chums. After so many days' exposure to the sun, I had fever off and on for a week.

"Kauta (cook), a strong enemy to Christianity, was sent to rob and *nyaga* the island of Busi, on the pretext that two years ago the natives had speared one of the king's servants (who had been stealing the people's goats) on the expedition to Nkanaga. This fellow returned with much booty, having slain almost every man he found, and captured the women, children, and cattle. The island belongs to Gabunga, and he had to ferry the murderers to it, besides having to pay a heavy indemnity on the plea that he had sheltered the runaways from the slaughter.

"Toward the end of the year, Kibare went on a raid against some of the Baima, on the borders of Busagara; but the cowherds got notice in time, and fled to Busagara with all their herds. Last month, again, Kitunzi led a large force in the same direction, to attack certain Basagala who were reported to have been feeding their huge herds on the border. But he, like Kibare, returned empty-handed, the natives having again got word just in time. I believe a skirmish took place, in which the Baganda did not have the best of it.

"I told you, I think, in my last, that a deputation

from Unyoro had arrived, and after receiving an hour of threats and insults to their king, in open court, were sent back to fetch tribute of ivory, etc. Emin writes me that, on my advice, he had got Casati to persuade Kabarega to collect tribute, Dr. Emin supplying part of the ivory. This will doubtless come soon. Meantime, the Arabs have been permitted to send barter goods (only) to Unyoro, but two of themselves who went were turned back on the border. Poor Casati had a deal of trouble. For some time he was not allowed to purchase any of the goods of the Arabs, but the latest report is, that, after he made a great row, he got permission.

"House-breaking and stealing has been in vogue, and our arch-enemy, Mujasi, had his store broken into and all his gunpowder taken. Our little king was afraid that his person would be stolen next, hence he sent to ask me politely (for a wonder) if I would make him a door and strong lock for his powder store. I agreed to do so, after the mast was finished, and I have had wood cut for the purpose; but my poor carpenter is ill again, so that it will be some time before that job is off my hands.

"About the time of my last letter to you, Musisi Mutuba was taken out of durance and given a post among the Basalosalo. Another prisoner (Kiwanuka) was also liberated. His majesty also gave out that those in hiding might come back. Some of those who were pupils of the Roman Catholics thought to venture, and one of them, named Jamari, reported

himself. He was asked to go and find his chums, and bring them to the Katikiro, who would find them wives and place them among the Basalosalo. The lad went about for a day or two, looking for the others, but none would venture; so he returned to the Katikiro's, and was taken in, but has never more been seen. Kisule has made diligent inquiries, and heard from some of the boys at that worthy's place that Jamari was recently murdered and thrown into a hole in the Muga, at the foot of the Katikiro's enclosure. It is needless to say that the others are not inclined to show face now. Apparently it was a trap to catch and murder them all.

"Lourdel has been ill repeatedly; first lumbago, then neuralgia, and lastly rheumatism. He and Denoit came to see me soon after the New Year, and since then I have paid them a visit. The Katikiro sent for me to doctor his head-wife (Kaluja), who had dreadful eyes. I went to see him, and gave the woman medicine, which has been effective. I refused to repair a huge eight-bore rifle he got from Emin, but promised to write to Dr. Emin for the missing piece. I wished a chance of sending newspapers, etc., to Emin, and now I shall try to get a *mubaka*. Dr. Emin wishes to have a monthly mail to here, but I do not care to take any steps without direction, having frequently of late availed myself of the Arabs' men going to Unyoro. A few days after the last mail came from Msalala, I was able to send word to Emin of Stanley's proposed expedition.

"The boat was some seven weeks away on this trip, and you may well guess that I almost despaired of its return, fancying that it was lost. At length, on Feb. 20th, a man arrived from Ntebe, reporting that he had come in canoes with Wadi Muftaha (Stokes' head-man), who was bringing some goods for barter. He relieved my mind by reporting having seen the boat at Ukumbi. Two days later (Feb. 22nd) the king's palace was burnt to the ground at mid-day. The fire commenced away among the women's houses, and spread upwards. Fortunately he had most of his goods in new stores down near the pond, and the fire did not go that way, while he had time to save all the goods in the upper stores. All the grand new houses and fences, with the great *baraza nkuluze* and the newly finished *muzibu* (big house of the Kadulubare), perished. Mwanga fled to the Katikiro's, but the wind was blowing in that direction, and the sparks caught the houses there also, although so far off. The Katikiro's men were all at the king's fire, so that not a man was about to rescue his property. Most of his amassed *bintu* seems to have been burnt, and scarcely a hut left. The king fled from there to Wakibi's, and finally put up at Kyimbugwe's. 'It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good.' One of our lads—long Musisi (Wekisa)—was in the stocks at Serutis for some misdemeanour. During the excitement of the conflagration he effected his escape, and turned up here. He had been condemned to death, but was in hopes of getting off with a heavy fine.

"If I remember well, it was in the same month of February last year that Mengo was burnt. The rebuilding is going ahead. The great mast did not escape, being surrounded by the huge straw piles of houses, and was burnt to ashes. So all my labour is gone, but not lost. I believe the work has been of advantage to the Mission, in the way of showing friendship and readiness to help. I do not believe our work suffers by being able to supply a little skill in construction occasionally. The works of God are all wonderful, and I do not believe that a Christian's workmanship should be inferior to a heathen's. I have not yet received any intimation regarding a new flag-staff, except that I hear, privately, King Mwanga has said that he will not have another mast erected by any one except the Muzungu. I have no wish to spend time over such baubles; but when work of the kind helps, in ever so small a degree, to remove prejudice and promote good feeling towards the Mission, I do not regard the time as lost. All our feeble powers can be turned to account in the Master's work.

"The morning after the fire (23rd), I went to pay my respects to royalty, taking a *jorah* of *bufta* (the only one I had), and had an interview along with the Arabs, who likewise took similar gifts, according to their ability. I told his majesty that if we laid our heads together, we would contrive to construct his fireplaces so that fire would cease to be a master, and be only a servant. Probably enough, however, he

will not care to take my advice, being dreadfully afraid of my bewitching him if I interfere with his hearths. If he rejects the offer, he will be only so much the loser, as he has been, in fact, all along, owing to his silly suspicions.

"When in audience, Nantinda arrived, reporting that the *Eleanor* had come, and that Filipo had been drowned. Many questions were asked him regarding the number of white men South. Then a tedious palaver with the Arabs, the king questioning them as to who could read best. I interposed that seeing we were all Baganda here, and not subjects of either Zanzibar or Muscat, it were best that we should read Luganda instead of Arabic. 'I read Luganda,' I said, 'because it is the language of the king, and there I am his subject; while if I were in Muscat I would learn to speak and read Arabic.' Ali Bin Sultan asked if he was not one of Mwanga's people? I replied that when he got all his ivory, he would be out of Uganda as soon as he could. This caused some merriment; but the Arab would not be outdone. 'I am more of a Muganda than you,' said he; 'my wives are all Baganda.' 'But you do not teach them to read Arabic,' I replied. 'Women in your eyes have no souls, and are only chattels, while we teach women as well as men.' This quieted him, Kauta alone replying that probably we translated for them. Kauta is a great patron of the Arab's creed, which is fashionable just now, but as usual inclined to be cruelly so. King Mwanga has of

late been coquetting with the Koran, and talking of slaying every one who refuses to read it. In fact, he and all the Arabs were engaged in perusing it when the fire broke out. Of course there was a general stampede. Most probably Mwanga finds his new-fangled notion a brand wherewith to burn the Christians. He had sent for Musalosalo to compel him to read the Koran just before the fire. I hear that since then he ordered the lad to read it, but he refused. To this Mwanga replied that his lads who read Kizungu were all obstinate, and had *kyejo*, and compelled him to be for ever killing them, so that people would call him a madman! However, I have not heard more of that matter, except that all our lads are very uneasy and alarmed, for Mwanga seems to have given out more than once that he meant to 'kill very many.' In this difficulty I have had to advise our people. My advice and Lourdel's are diametrically opposite, and I fully believe that many good Protestants will agree with him rather than with me. Lourdel tells his pupils to refuse to look at the Koran, or to read it, or to take it into their hands. Remember, that he likewise instructs them to refuse to look at a gospel or any book of ours. On the other hand, I tell our people that the king has no intention of becoming a Mohammedan, for all his excesses would have to be curbed in that case, and he has never given the slightest hint of intending to give up his *mayembe* or his *bhang* or anything else. He is only taking up a toy, to throw it aside in

a week or two's time. Reading a book or trying to read it—for none of them will ever understand a word of it—is by no means adopting the religion of the book. Every one who reads the New Testament is not necessarily a Christian, nor is every one who reads the Koran a Mohammedan. They must distinguish between mere reading and religion. Many Christians read the Koran, with no more idea of believing it than believing the fable of 'Wakaima and Wakikere.' Such is the drift of my argument, advising them at the same time to have nothing to do with the Koran unless summoned before the king and compelled to read, which is only a mechanical act, and is far removed from religion. I advise them at the same time to refuse *in toto* to perform Arabic prayers or other rites. But there is not much likelihood, meantime, at any rate, of the matter going so far; and may the good Lord prevent it! While there is no need of stirring up a persecution again, when the matter is merely one of learning an alphabet, and haply a few syllables. Lourdel was here recently, and I spoke to him. He seemed uncertain in mind as to what was right, and began some doctrines of puzzles, like their infinitesimals of Latria and Doulia. I asked him plainly, 'Did you never read any of the Koran?' He could not say 'No'; and there I dropped the matter.

"Well, I know that some will condemn me as holding a doctrine of expediency; but I have no fear of condemnation from men of liberal minds and large

hearts, whose condemnation I should be sorry to have, while the others would, more than likely, condemn me for any possible view that ventured to differ a hair's-breadth from their own. You know the old saw, 'My doxy is orthodoxy, any other doxy is heterodoxy.' Many a life has been lost in this country for learning no more than our alphabet: should more lives go merely for declining to learn the Arabic alphabet? Few, very few, will go further; few went further before, when it was strongly in vogue, and no Christianity to counteract it. Do we not ever see that in the case of the real Mussulmans who come here, the most unpromising feature about them is their obstinacy and bigotry, which will not allow them even to look at our Gospel! I believe we shall gain a great point when Christianity ceases to be called the white man's religion. The foolish phrase, 'Kusoma Kizungu,' creates needless suspicion. I am ever battling with it among our own people, and trying to get them to use 'Soma Luganda' instead. When will they learn that Christianity is cosmopolitan and not Anglican? But there is so much in our ways and methods that strengthens the idea of foreign rule—English *men*, English *church*, English *formularies*, English *Bishop!* Nor can the evil be readily rectified, until we are become more prepared to look on Africa as our *home*, or, if you like, till we become more truly identified with Africa than heretofore. Here, too, I fear, I shall be construed wrongly. But I allude only to mental affinity

"The edict for catching people on the roads at night gradually became more and more of a dead letter, as most things do in this country, and at present seems to have been withdrawn. Hence I have almost all along had a fair number of pupils every evening. At present we are going through St. Luke, for the—I-cannot-say-how-many—th time. We had a good stock of that Gospel, while the idiom of it has ever been almost unintelligible to most. Hence, few ever took to it, the rage being on St. Matthew. But necessity compelled me to take up St. Luke, and now they seem all keen for it. I have read also several Epistles this last month with the more advanced ones. The Apocalypse, too, is always a favourite, as also the Acts. When, oh when, can they have more than the veriest fraction of the Word in their own tongue—I mean in real idiomatic intelligible language? The Suahili is, I fear, sometimes very 'Kizungu,' and frequently not a little coloured by the theological dogmas of the translator. That is a great snare, and can only be avoided by the closest accuracy in following the text, and by the other invaluable safeguard of *many minds*. When can we be together again at this work? The Lord hasten the day! This one-man job is little better than a makeshift, let me be ever so careful. I only hope revisers will treat with leniency what is at least an honest endeavour to be accurate.

"On Sundays I generally have a houseful; in fact, far more than I think meantime safe or prudent.

But we must risk something. If Nero could *let* the manifestation of Christ, the Lord Jesus will also *let* the lawlessness of Nero. Let us, therefore, not be troubled or too anxious. We may soon see the kingdom of God coming here with power, although not with sudden observation.

"I trust that some of our people are growing in knowledge, and I hope in grace also. One good sign is that beginners are numerous, being taught by those of older standing. Books and papers continue to be purchased. I printed 200 Ngates[1] since you left, and every one has been bought. Litany is entirely run out some time ago, and of the *Mateka* I have only two or three left. Even hymns continue to be bought. Of the *Njatula* I find still some 300 on hand, so that about 700 of these are in circulation. Gordon kindly sent me a parcel of Suahili books last month, and there is always more or less a demand for these. The little admiral still adheres to the faith, and comes occasionally. Edward has got promotion, being now Mutesa, one of the biggest Kitongolos in the country. He ceases, however, to superintend the new buildings, the Katikiro having lodged a complaint that he was taxing the chiefs, etc., too heavily. The Katikiro's alleged reason was that this heavy fining would delay the building of the new capital. Of course the reason is a general mutinous spirit among the chiefs, who know well that these perpetual fines

[1] Syllables.

find their way into the king's treasury. His majesty accordingly handed over the erection of the new buildings to the Katikiro himself—and already I hear that poor Edward has got into trouble for some act of *kyejo* or other. Zakariya is still in hiding, and has from sheer necessity taken to the hoe. Samuel is likewise invisible, but communicates with me. Henry Wright spent a week or two here, but is now gone. One or two chiefs are learning secretly—Mwemba and Kajongolo. Trouble seems, however, not far off. A few weeks ago there was a general scare, and we all expected another outbreak of cruelty. King Mwanga has been heard to say that he intended slaughtering the Christians, who, he said, were still many. The queen-mother heard of it, and seems to have got the Katikiro and Kibare to advise the insane youth to forbear, and only kill any individuals who were guilty of direct acts of disobedience. She seems also to have sent Manoga too with a direct message to his highness, advising him to retain his pages, etc., about him, as they were guilty of no crime, and were his only strength, while the chiefs generally were in a state of discontent. Would that the foolish tyrant would take this sensible advice, for the future chiefs are these very pages and attendants!

"Unhappily, an unfortunate incident occurred soon after. The soldiers, you know, have the fences to build, as their share of the royal work. Our diligent reader and coursellor Mika (Sematimba) set off a few

days after the fire, to cut canes (*nga*) for tying the fences. As he expected to be away for some time, he took his traps with him, and his boy Sabadu. On the way he met some Bakyala, whose *bagazi*, as usual, took a fancy to Sabadu's bundle. Of course, expostulations followed, and Mika's gun was also taken, while out of the bundle fell some *books!* Mika took refuge in flight, and next day the books were handed to the king, who sent them to the Katikiro. But the fate of Jamari was too recent to give confidence. Mika was living at Kitebi with Haruni, and as Mika determined to flee, the other had to go also, as he would have to give evidence. Well for them that they did go into hiding, for Mukajanga was sent on their track, only I am happy to say the lads got off in the direction of Nikodemo's. I sincerely trust they will get out of the country altogether. Probably, if many more were to escape, there would be more liberty given to those who remain, in case they desert also. But, poor fellows, they are chary of all neighbouring countries, which are more savage than their own, and mostly hostile to this land of robbers. By the way, I hear that Byakweaola is safe at Kabarega's, and has sent a message to me for books and papers. Kabarega seems to have expressed a desire that I should leave this, and come to teach him!

"I am very glad to see that the C.M.S. have got a friend of Africa as Treasurer, Sir T. Fowell Buxton. You cannot do better than get acquainted with him,

and confer together on the interests of this wretched portion of the earth's surface. Sir Thomas is a philanthropist, and the representative of a family to be mentioned with Wilberforce, Gordon, Stevenson, and Mackinnon. There are not many men in England of *very* large hearts, large enough to take in all Africa, but I have long believed that Sir T. F. Buxton is one.

"Do try your utmost to press the fire-arms question. Interests of gunmakers and powder-makers, and petty traders, are all so bound up in it that you will find it as 'tickle a pint' as the whisky-dealers' traffic. 'Free trade,' and such-like objections, will be raised; but there can be no free trade in robbery and murder, or in the means for carrying on these unspeakable atrocities. Above all, in the present pocket-sparing epoch, when all the cry is 'expense,' as if all the end of existence were money-grubbing, you can well urge the argument of the *cheapness* with which a firm grip can be got of petty potentates, by allowing them only *so much* in the way of arms and ammunition annually, according to their *good behaviour!* Of course, smuggling arms will be tried; but that is neither here nor there. Is no evil ever to be prevented, because a few individuals ever will succeed in evading the law?

"The profits to honest merchants on legitimate trade will be enormously enhanced when peace, and not war, is the order of the day among these millions of blacks. But they must be helped to peace, just as

hitherto they have been helped to war. It is a dreadful and loud-crying iniquity, that the British Agent in Zanzibar should be found backing Tipu Tip, the robber and murderer of hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures in the heart of Africa. I hope you will be able to expose by tongue and pen this heinous patronage of bloodshed. Please try to see the Rev. Horace Waller (editor of *Livingstone's Last Journals*). He, too, is a friend of Africa.

"The voice of Moffat and Livingstone is not silenced, and will not be, until the tribunal of Almighty Justice ceases to condemn the horrors of injustice in Central Africa.

"Another interesting relic of good Bishop Hannington was brought me for sale a few weeks ago, viz., a journal of his voyage out and travels in Palestine, and arrival in Cairo, *en route* for his new diocese. He left the Nile there, close by its entrance into the ocean, and just succeeded in getting a glimpse of it in its exit from the Nyanza, when he was to be done for ever with rivers of earth, and drink for evermore of the great river of the Water of Life. I am sending the book by this mail to Mrs. Hannington.

"What sadness and melancholy comes over me at times, and I find myself shedding tears like a child! Then those wonderfully consoling psalms of David and Asaph, which send a thrill of joy into my whole being. This all-but omnipotent reign of evil weighs one down, and then the exultant hope of its eternal

destruction, and the ultimate triumph of good, cheers me up to more endurance and perseverance to the end. What is perhaps the saddest aspect of all, is the half-hearted callousness of our many friends and supporters, who let truisms and platitudes take the place in their hearts of faith and energy in doing battle against the powers of evil. 'Prayer moves the Hand that moves the world,' but the fingers of that Hand are earnest men!

"Many thanks for the 'Shakspeare.' Two Revised Bibles came by the last post, the same edition and binding as the one you left me. I shall send one of them to Emin. I mean to send him also Drummond's 'Natural Law.' It may help, by God's blessing, to open his eyes. As Emin is a biologist, possibly he will readily agree in the main argument.

"There can be no question but that all history shows plainly, that among races of men isolation produces degeneration, while intercourse with other nations tends to elevation. Were this interior brought more into contact with the outside world, the horrid deeds of cruelty would hide their heads in shame. Even Christianity, when isolated, has generally become either corrupt or extinct. Look at the Armenian and Abyssinian Churches, for the religious degeneration, while all Africa is a standing testimony to the destructive power of isolation. One of the most powerful factors that will in future elevate the African will be communication. The strength of the powers of evil in this interior lies in their inaccessi-

bility from without. I must therefore hope that you will be able to get some good company of Christian merchants to put their heads together, and follow up your scheme from Mombasa to Speke Gulf."

DRIVEN OUT.

"BURUNGUGE ISLAND,

"*June 25th*, 1889.

"TO MR. MACKAY,—

"I send very many compliments to you and to Mr. Gordon.

"After compliments, I, Mwanga, beg of you to help me. Do not remember bygone matters. We are now in a miserable plight, but if you, my fathers, are willing to come and help to restore me to my kingdom, you will be at liberty to do whatever you like.

"Formerly I did not know God, but now I know the religion of Jesus Christ. Consider how Kalema has killed all my brothers and sisters; he has killed my children, too, and now there remain only we two princes [Kalema and myself]. Mr. Mackay, do help me; I have no strength, but if you are with me I shall be strong. Sir, do not imagine that if you restore Mwanga to Uganda, he will become bad again. If you find me become bad, then you may drive me from the throne; but I have given up my former ways, and I only wish now to follow your advice.

"I am your friend,

"(Signed) MWANGA."

CHAPTER XIII.

DRIVEN OUT.

AFTER various adventures Mackay succeeds in establishing himself at Usambiro, on the south coast of the Victoria Nyanza, and in the territory of a friendly chief. Soon after this, Bishop Parker arrives, and a missionary conference is held for many days, there being then no fewer than six brethren at the station. Within a fortnight of each other, the bishop and Mr. Blackburn were suddenly smitten with fever and passed away. The others disperse to different stations, except Mr. Ashe, who remains at Usambiro ; but after a time he is obliged to return to England, on account of his health, and once more Mackay is left alone.

After a time, however, the two brethren who had gone on to Uganda escape, after many perils, and arrive at Usambiro in a most forlorn condition. Mr. Walker proceeds to Nasa ; but Mr. Gordon remains with Mackay, and is of great assistance in teaching the Christian refugees from Uganda.

Mackay carries on his re-translation of St. John's Gospel ; and much of his time and strength are spent in the forest, felling and sawing timber, and trans-

porting it in a four-wheeled wagon he had made to a convenient spot for building the proposed steam-launch. The next item of special interest is the arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley and party with Emin Pasha and their motley group of followers, on their way to the coast.

"South End of Smith Sound,
"Victoria Nyanza,
"*Sept. 7th*, 1887.

"I am comparatively by myself again, as Wise is at Msalala (twelve miles distant), but he comes over here occasionally. Gordon bravely went on to Uganda to take my place for a time There was no one else to go, Hooper being alone at Uyui, and I had promised to send some one on at once. I am fully confident that Gordon is quite safe in Uganda just now. Were not that my conviction, I should not have asked him to go at all. In fact, I was more than half minded to go back myself.

"I expect the bishop and Ashe and some others in about two months. I believe they are bringing a boat with them, and the heavy end of building that will probably fall on this child; but I may be mistaken.

"Here I am encamped by the creek, with a fine view of the water, and plenty of mosquitoes at night. The ground, too, is swarming with white ants, and a box or anything edible is devoured in an hour or two. These little horrors—ants and mustics—are the

plague of my life,—nearly as bad as the Arabs in Uganda. Msalala is a horrible place for leopards and lions after dark. They used to run round and round the house. Mwanga likes to be called a lion; and alone in the country he has the privilege of sitting on a leopard's skin. I hope one of these days to get your box of little things. A cup, or a tumbler, or a few pins or needles and thread I am always glad to get."

"C.M.S. PORT,
"SOUTH END OF SMITH SOUND,
"*Oct. 3rd*, 1887.

"I have heard not a word yet of Stanley from this side, and scarcely now expect to hear; nor have we any news from Uganda since I left it, and Gordon bravely went there to take my place. One of the most unfavourable things we have to struggle with in Central Africa is the want of easy and rapid communication from place to place. Doubtless that will be remedied in time, as it has, in fact, been already considerably remedied. Our monthly mail to the coast is an unspeakable comfort. Eleven years ago there was no mail at all. I often think that we have great reason to thank God and take courage, when we reflect upon the progress that has been made already, notwithstanding many and great reverses.

"I have just returned from a fortnight's stay and worry at Msalala. Mr. Wise had sent over for me, as he was very ill, and the chief was annoying him beyond forbearance with demands for blackmail.

"After I went over there, Wise soon recovered, and the chief kept quiet for a week. He then sent us an insolent message that we must either fight or evacuate the station. We replied that we had no desire to shed blood, nor had we given any provocation; but that we were prepared to go away if desired. After many palavers, and much bullying on the part of the natives, we commenced to pack up the Mission property. Then the chief, fearing he would lose many a broad yard of cloth, tried to apologise, and bade us stay. But during the last two years, ever since he has been there, he has proved so rapacious and false to his word, that we could not see it our duty to continue to throw away the funds upon him. Far and near the story of his rapacity has spread, and the natives have come to believe that they have only to bully the white man to get whatever they demand. Hence, we must consent to sacrifice all the labour and expense of buildings, etc., in order to dispel this illusion. We have packed up most of the stuff, and already a considerable part is carried over this way.

"At Uyui, too, matters are no better. The chief there has proved so exorbitant in his demands, which he enforces by terror, that the bishop, who has arrived there, is preparing to remove the Mission from under his power, and form a station with a friendly chief in the neighbourhood. As the bishop says, 'Thus only can we teach these petty tyrants the lesson that when their demands exceed moderation, we cannot stay with them.' I need scarcely say that,

up till now, neither at Msalala nor at Uyui have there been found any converts, nor even a desire on the part of any of the natives for even the first elements of Christian instruction.

"But when turned out of one place, God raises us up friends ready to welcome us in another. Of course they hope chiefly, if not altogether, to profit only materially by our presence; but all along we are obliged, in Africa, to take advantage of a desire for material benefit to gain a footing and so to find ourselves in a position to introduce spiritual teaching. It has proved equally so in Uganda.

"Current ideas at home as to Mission work are, I fear, very different; but I have not heard of any part of Africa, east or west, where the native bearing to the Missions is different from what it is in this neighbourhood. It is a system of *beggary* from beginning to end, and too often of suspicion, and more or less hostility too. Only when these first adverse stages are passed, can we expect to do any real good. Disarming suspicion and securing friendship are a slow process, but an absolutely necessary one. They are most wearisome, and trying to the faith and temper of those engaged in the task, while they yield no returns to show in Mission reports; yet on their success depends the future of our work. Hereabout we are so far from the *reaping* stage, that we can scarcely be said even to be *sowing*. We are merely clearing the ground, and cutting down the natural growth of suspicion and jealousy, and clear-

ing out the hard stones of ignorance and superstition. Only after the ground is thus in some measure prepared and broken up, can we cast in the seed with hope of a harvest in God's good time."

"South End of Victoria Nyanza,

"*Dec. 30th*, 1887.

"On July 21st you got not only a son but a brother also, for on that day, by the infinite grace of our Lord, I was permitted to leave Uganda. Possibly I shall soon have to go back there again; but meantime I have much to do here; and when that is done, if I am granted strength to do it, I should fondly hope to come to see you all before crossing the lake again. But that is yet, I fear, a long way ahead, and He who has so well disposed of all our concerns hitherto, will lead us also in the future as He sees to be best for each one of us.

"Ashe and Walker arrived here safely some three weeks ago. The bishop and Blackburn also came back from Magu, while Hooper came on from Uyui, so there are six of us here altogether. We are busy holding a many days' conference, so as to settle the important questions connected with the working of the Mission. We have a prayer meeting every morning, and the conference afterwards.

"Bishop Parker is a very good and true man, and is much liked by us all. I believe that his presence will do much good in the field.

"Gordon is still in Uganda. My latest from him

is dated Nov. 16. At that date all was fairly quiet, and some increased liberty granted to our people to worship. May it long continue."

"USAMBIRO, *Jan. 26th*, 1888.

"Ashe is here, and Walker, as well as Bishop Parker.

"We are all quite ignorant of the language, and are as busy as possible erecting buildings and breaking in ground for cultivation. The bishop takes the cultivation in hand, besides a deal of other work. His example is most beneficial to us all. Deekes is here, too, at present, but hopes to join Hooper at the new station at Nasa, on Speke Gulf.

"It satisfies some people to know that there are Missions in Africa, without inquiring if their numbers are in any way commensurate with the requirements. The C.M.S. in East Africa is only a handful. The L.M.S. are less. The Germans have begun on the coast with two or three missionaries at as many points. But it is almost a certainty that, under present difficulties as to men and means, all these societies together will *never* in centuries of time be able to undertake the vast work to be done in East Africa alone. Even if they were to increase their respective staffs to double or treble, yet all would not suffice even for a fraction. We therefore see that some totally new departure must be made, if the work is to be done at all. The work *must* be done, and now is the time. Doors are open every-

where, and Christian England is content to see generation after generation of human beings passing away without the Gospel. Mission work abroad must be, once and for all, made the work of the Church. Home work will gain thereby. There will be no lack of labourers for *that* at all times. It is not those who have no ties to bind them at home, and who have no sacrifices to make, whom we want abroad. We want the best and the ablest, and those who can be least spared at home, to come out here. Each one can find reasons for keeping him or her at home. But strike a balance. Are the reasons for pressing, at all hazards, into the foreign field not much stronger? Can we conscientiously decline for reasons of our own, to obey our King's command, *Go ye*, not send? Nowadays, even some Churchmen advocate Islam for the negro, instead of Christianity, chiefly because Islam is infinitely more pushing than Christianity. How long is this to be so? Do our Christian friends not know that once people become Mohammedans, it is almost impossible to evangelise them? Hosts of traders, schemers, and irreligious persons are now pushing into East Africa with spirits and other evils, and the natives will soon be so disgusted with white men and their vices, that they will not look with any favour at their religion, when it comes in feeble efforts *after*. Now, therefore, is the time to save East Africa; and eternal shame will be on the Church if this opportunity is lost."

"USAMBIRO, *Jan. 27th*, 1888.

"Since I left Uganda, I cannot say that I am quite at home; but I must consider it as such for some time to come. The field is enormous, and our force, even if increased tenfold, would be all too few for the work. I would therefore be in no way justified in seeking to return just now to England, unless ill-health or some such cause were to compel me. At the same time, I feel very grateful for your kind invitation to me to pay you a visit. May the day soon come when I shall be able with a clear conscience to avail myself of a holiday. Yet a run to England would, I fear, be no rest. The sleepy Church has to be stirred up to infinitely greater interest in Mission work. How could I sit down in peace, knowing the crying needs of Africa? The conversion of the heathen must become *the* work of the Church, and not merely a small branch of its work. Only when one actually sees the total ignorance and darkness of millions of people, can one in proper measure realize the great need of thousands and tens of thousands of missionaries among the heathen. This strikes me more forcibly when I reflect on the enormous *waste* of energy in Christian work at home, each petty sect struggling to uphold its own shibboleth with a handful of adherents in every parish and village, instead of agreeing to let their paltry differences drop, and sacrificing a trifle for the great work of the regeneration of lost races of men. Millions untold are surely more to be cared for than trifling peculiarities of

creed. But these go down to the grave, age after age, without a hope, because Christian men love to squabble over infinitesimals on Church government and the like! If this goes on much longer, surely there will come a day of reckoning. In olden times the Churches of Europe and Asia spent their time in debating on trifles. Their candlestick was therefore removed, and to-day we see the Crescent ruling where once the Cross was triumphant. Even to-day we see agnosticism and infidelity growing at an alarming pace, while our Churches battle with each other and denounce one another.

"But we pray and hope that all this may cease, and that men of God will find their love to Him so real that they will take to loving one another and their heathen fellow-men."

"USAMBIRO, *Feb. 24th*, 1888.

"We are still plodding on, meantime, chiefly building and clearing the jungle for cultivation, as the rainy season is now setting in, and we must be under cover of some sort, besides having to provide food for the coming year. The boat has not returned yet from Uganda, since it left at the New Year. Nor have we any news yet of Stanley from this side. I guess that he will have very much to do at Wadelai, setting things in order and quelling insubordination among the Egyptian officers, who hold many of Emin's chief forts on their own account, and give little heed to his authority. Unless Stanley and Emin

either remove or hang some of these, the Soudan equatorial province will be worth little. No half-and-half measures do in Africa."

"USAMBIRO, *April 23rd*, 1888.

"You will have doubtless seen the telegram we sent to be wired from Zanzibar, reporting the death here of first Mr. Blackburn, and exactly fourteen days afterwards, to an hour, of the bishop himself. Blackburn lay a week in a semi-conscious state. The bishop was only one day ill, and quite delirious most of the time. Both had become perfectly yellow with jaundice. Bile seems a terrible poison to the blood and brain, rendering one dead to all outside, and the other wild with delirium. However, both passed away insensibly, and theirs now is the gain. They had travelled together from the coast, and we have laid them side by side under a tree in the jungle close by, piling a great heap of stones over each grave, and planting an euphorbia fence round the plot of ground.

"Thus twice within a fortnight, Ashe and I have performed the sacred duty of commending our dying brethren to the Saviour whom they served, and closing their eyes. On both occasions I read the funeral service at the grave in Suahili, a score of African Christians from Freretown standing round.

"It has indeed been a heavy time of sorrow to us all; but more so to the distant friends will the news bring sudden grief. The conquest of Africa has already cost many lives; but every one gone is a step

nearer victory. The end to be gained is, however, worth the price paid. The redemption of the world cost infinitely more.

"Now just pity us, and, above all, pity the work as it stands to-day. A bishop will, I dare say, not be hard to find, for the post is one of honour, even in the eyes of the world; but where are the rank and file of the Mission staff to come from? I have no doubt but that our broken ranks would soon be more than refilled if our friends would only busy themselves to care to *do* something for the Mission field. Many are glad to *get* information from the heathen world; and the more the accounts bristle with dangers, and horrors, and murders, and massacres, the more spicy it is. But is the effect produced more than the transient interest in reading a tragic play? The mass of even our best Christians still look on the foreign field as of only secondary concern—at least as work for only a devoted few, but not for all. The Continental idea of 'every citizen a soldier,' is the true watchword for the Church and Missions.

"Now I make one request, viz., that among all your kindred and acquaintance you get *every year one* man to take up foreign Mission work. In that way we shall make substantial progress."

"MUTEREZA, KWA MAKOLO,

"VICTORIA NYANZA, *Aug. 8th*, 1888.

"I shall be very glad to see the 'Missionary Review of the World.' I had not heard of it before.

"My brother Ashe left this for the coast about ten days ago, so that I am once more in what may be called solitude. Still I have plenty of natives always about me, and my hands full of work. I scarcely expect now to have a companion before the end of the year. Ashe was very often ailing here, and did not seem to improve in health as time went on. But I hope the march will set him up, and that he will be spared for many years of usefulness, only in a cooler climate.

"I have my hands full, preparing to build our new boat. I have to cut the timber some twenty miles distant, and have it carried here. You will be probably disgusted at hearing that I am busy just now making bricks to build a house in which to construct the vessel. Within the last fortnight we have made some ten thousand. That is doubtless poor work to be occupied with in the Mission field, but it must be done; and in even such humble occupation I hope the good Lord will not withhold His blessing. Mission boats unfortunately do not *grow* of themselves,—they have to be built, every inch of them. But trees have been growing for ages, of the Lord's planting; and as we fell them, I like to think that He ordained them for this purpose."

"USAMBIRO, KWA MAKOLO,

"*Sept 5th*, 1888.

"We have had a war scare here, and all the neighbourhood is in arms, while bands of armed men have

come from Uzinja (to the north) to aid Makolo to beat the foe. An attack was expected from the Msalala country, where they are jealous of Makolo having a white man, and all his wealth (!)[1] all to himself; but the expected raid has not taken place, and I hope will not. I have a horror of war, whether in Europe or in Africa. Even these little wars, which are of no account in Europe, yet are enough to cost the lives of many concerned, and to devastate whole neighbourhoods. Whoever is victor does not fail to make the unfortunate white man *pay* heavily, although he had no part whatever in the affair.

"But, thank God, hitherto we have been preserved from all danger, and long may peace reign!

"Recently I got (from Ashe) two charming works by Professor Westcott, of Cambridge,—one called 'The Revelation of the Risen Lord,' and the other 'The Gospel of the Resurrection.' The former of these is, most likely, the more popular, because simpler; but the latter is, to my mind, superior. It is, however, not light reading. Each page requires careful thought and close application, so as to grasp fully the meaning.

"Perhaps the reading which I have most enjoyed of a general character, for the last two or three years, has been the *Contemporary Review*. In one of the

[1] At this time he had not only to protect the Mission property, but also a large quantity of goods which had been sent up for Stanley by the Emin Relief Committee.

last numbers of it I read a very able paper on 'Baptist Theology,' by Dr. Clifford. It has given me a good understanding of the characteristic points of view held by your denomination. I enjoyed the article very much.

"Smallpox is raging everywhere about, and I have vaccinated hosts of people—old and young. This year my own household has escaped the disease, but last year we had many deaths; while one year in Uganda our Mission station was full of it, and deaths were numerous. It is a dreadful scourge in Africa. Perhaps the 'plague' of Uganda is worse, but that dreadful disease seems to be confined to the north side of the Lake.

"No news yet of Stanley. It seems not to be generally known that Stanley, after arriving at Wadelai, would have a most difficult task to perform; viz, to reduce Emin's province to allegiance. I know that *all* his Egyptian officers were in a state of all but mutiny, each one holding his own fort! Emin had to rely on his black soldiers only, as Gordon did. Otherwise he would have been either murdered or expelled long ago. But we must also remember that all the Egyptian officers there were sent there originally as criminals. The Equator was the Botany Bay of Egypt. Dr. Junker knows this, but I am not aware that he has made the matter public."

TO HIS FATHER:—

"USAMBIRO, *Oct. 26th*, 1888.

* * * *

"Are you gifted with second sight? In your last (June 14th) you say of Mwanga that 'his day is coming pretty fast.'

"Mwanga's day has come. Uganda has rebelled, and the poor king has had to flee, getting into his canoe with some boys and women, and paddling for dear life, till he reached Magu, where he is being at present fleeced by the Arabs of all he has (only a few rifles) for food and clothing. After he has spent all, he will learn to be in want. I have already sent for him to come here, that I may help him on the way to the coast, as if the Baganda come after him, they will surely put him to death. I should willingly do my utmost to save the poor creature's life, in spite of all his cruelties and murders; even although I run no little risk in helping him, for the Arabs will try to make capital out of him, while the Baganda may complain that I stole away their king. He was afraid to come away from Magu with only my men, lest the Arabs should send after him and arrest him. He implores me to go to fetch him myself, and take him anywhere I like, or slay him if I like! Or he is ready to go with me to England, which he has heard is an asylum for deposed kings. But I am unwilling to risk going to Magu, lest Walker and Gordon might get into trouble, in Uganda, through any indiscretion of mine. I must try, once more, to send

and persuade the timid fugitive to get away from the Arabs' clutches, and come here, where I shall do what I can to help him on the road southwards.

"Here our Mission station has just been again in great danger from war. The chief of Msalala, exasperated that we deserted him and came here, collected a large army and came last week and attacked Makolo, our chief here. The fighting lasted three days, and villages have been burnt and lives lost, but our chief was strongly reinforced by Roma's people, and succeeded in beating the enemy. I had to prepare to defend the Mission people and property, and had an anxious time of watching night and day in case of an attack; but, thank God, we were preserved untouched. Of course I was prepared to pay a heavy indemnity, rather than have to fight, if the invaders would consent to negotiate; but as they were defeated, they left decidedly crestfallen. Mr. Deekes has just come down from Nasa on a visit, so I have the pleasure of companionship once more. I hope, too, that by Christmas, at least one of our new men will get this length.

"I have been busy, when I am not supervising building work, retranslating St. John's Gospel into Luganda."

"USAMBIRO, *Dec. 9th*, 1888.

"A number of our Christian people in Uganda succeeded in escaping during the recent turmoils there, and are now settled with us. I make them

work (something new to them) for their food and clothes. This is a most valuable discipline. We are hoeing our ground and getting the seed in. Rains are plentiful so far, and I hope will continue so. With so many mouths to feed, this is an important matter. I value much your advice as to training the best of our converts as evangelists. Hitherto it was penal for Baganda to leave their native country. Now I fear the most of the Christians there have had to flee for their lives, before the Mohammedan ascendency. Those who have come here Gordon and I are doing our best to teach. They are eager to learn, and quite exemplary in their conduct. We do hope that, one day, the Lord will use them as teachers of their fellow-countrymen when the way opens for their return. Some of them are very good readers, and will prove a great help in translation work. I think I told you that I am re-writing St. John's Gospel—some of which is more difficult than Matthew. I much enjoy giving them their daily instruction in the Scriptures, as the language is now familiar to me, and the work so encouraging. It is quite a relief from the toil of secular duties which meantime occupy so much of my time. Already Gordon's presence is of much help to me; but the secular duties must be done, and there is no one here to relieve me of them."

"USAMBIRO, *Jan. 26th*, 1889.

"Even here we have some cause for alarm. Perhaps you remember the name of an Arab—Ali bin

Sultan—who gave me much trouble in Uganda by his intrigues. I reported his behaviour to the Consulate General, so when Ali went to the coast he was summoned before the Sultan. Colonel Euan Smith wrote me: 'The Sultan and I have given him such a frightening that he is not likely to try such games again.' That was, of course, before the war at the coast began. Ali has now been many months at Unyanyembe, but recently sent to Roma (our king), begging leave to pass this way on his road to Uganda. Roma would doubtless agree, hoping to get a good haul of tribute out of the Arab's caravan, but I have sent to Roma to inform him that I have heard the reason of the Arab's wishing to come this way (a road no Arab has ever come before), viz., to attempt treachery against Gordon and myself. My messengers have not yet returned from Roma's capital, but I scarcely expect that Roma, even for the sake of considerable bribes from the Arab, will turn against me. We are in God's hands, and He has never yet allowed these Arabs to prevail entirely with the natives against us."

"*March* 21*st*, 1889.

"You know that we mean (D.V.) to build a steam launch, for facilitating communication on the Lake, on the shores of which we hope to establish several stations.

"I have just received some seventy loads of rivets, fittings, rope, paint, etc., for this vessel, for which I

am collecting the needed timber. Some time ago I wrote you of my felling trees in the forest some ten to twenty miles distant. The problem then was to have these conveyed to this station. I found that the logs were too heavy either to drag or to have carried by all the men I could muster. I therefore set to work and made a strong four-wheeled wagon with which to fetch the logs entire here. This has proved quite a success, and already we have dragged a log weighing a ton and a half to this place with no difficulty. It is the first wheeled vehicle ever seen in this region since the world began, with the exception of an iron wheelbarrow which was used by De Lesseps in the construction of the Suez Canal. General Gordon had got it conveyed to the Equatorial Soudan, and Dr. Junker brought it to Uganda, and I had it shipped over here. This wheelbarrow has proved a marvel to the natives; but the ease with which our wagon rolls along, with a large log on the top of it, is a far greater wonder still.

"Gordon is still with me, and a great help in the teaching. Our pupils from Uganda are behaving very well. I read with them for an hour or two every evening, and more on Sundays. This profits them, and keeps myself from forgetting Luganda; so that when my assistant Fraser comes, and relieves me of much of the secular work, I shall be able to resume my work of translating the Scriptures into the language. Meantime I have to lay that work aside.

"Many thanks for the tin case you kindly sent me,

containing much that I highly value. The cups and saucers, etc., all unbroken! and the books will all be a great pleasure to me to read; but most of all I value the 'Missionary Review of the World.' It is an excellent publication. Please send it to me regularly."

"USAMBIRO, *June 7th*, 1889.

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"Here we are fortunately some distance off from Arabs, but those at Magu sent to Kalema, the king of Uganda, and got him to send a message to Roma, demanding him to expel us from here. Roma, however, replied that 'this country is his, and not part of Uganda, and he would no more think of driving us away than of expelling his own sons.'

"The month of April I spent in the forest with a gang of labourers, felling trees and dressing them for sawing, and transporting them by our own made wagon to convenient centres. It was very wet, being the rainiest month in the year, and the long dripping grass, six feet high, was often very unpleasant. Finally I had to give up, as the ground got too soft for the wheels; but the dry season has now set in, and I hope soon to return. Meantime, I am having a strong stockade made all round the Mission premises. Recently we have had much trouble with a leopard, which day after day broke into our goats' house at night, and made terrible havoc among our goats and calves. Altogether, it killed thirty sheep and goats. We strengthened the building so

that it could no more break through, and afterwards we built a huge trap, by which last night we captured the brute, and to-day we have stretched his skin in the sun to dry. . . .

"You ask me if I could enjoy a romp with the children. I believe I could, if I were with you and could bring myself for a time to forget the miseries of Africa. But I fear I have become very morose, though I do enjoy having black children about me every day. I am generally friends with the children everywhere, although in some villages they are terrified and run from me—just as children in England would be terrified at a black man. All this fear abates after a time, and we are on the best of terms.

"I have enjoyed more than I can say Cook's 'Monday Lectures,' of which you sent me most kindly three volumes. They are indeed admirable, and I have learned much from them. I shall ever be grateful to you for this most valuable gift. I have read recently, with much interest, two other books I got from England by last caravan—'Future Retribution,' by Prebendary Row, and 'Christianity, Islam, and the Negro Race,' by Dr. Blyden, himself a negro, president of a College in Liberia, and a most remarkable man.

"Almost every day I get a few hours at translational work; the Gospel of St. John I am just now at. It is really far more difficult than I imagined. In the evenings I read with our more advanced pupils, who are making satisfactory progress. I have

also always some work in hand in iron and wood, or building in brick. Just now I am busy riveting together our boiler, which I mean to use with the steam engine (intended ultimately for our boat), to saw up the logs I have been felling in the forest. But I need not weary you with details of my every-day toil. In this part of the world, where appliances are few, one has to contrive odd methods of doing what in England you have only to order and pay for, and it is done at once."

"E. USAMBIRO, *8th June*, 1889.

"I have begged Walker and Deekes to come back here, as I am very afraid of them where they are, only a few miles from the treacherous Arabs at Magu. I fear, too, for our brethren remaining down country—one at Mamboya, one at Mpwapwa, and one at Kisokwe. I am writing to them also to come up here, as they are too near danger where they are. I fear they will be unwilling to come, but I think that if they are wise they will do so. These Arabs at the coast are more like brigands; and like to capture defenceless white men, for whom they receive a heavy ransom. One German—Dr. Meyers—they made a prisoner at Pangani, and put him in the slave chain, making him work like a slave. He ransomed himself for £1,000, besides having to pay £200 more to a Hindu to advance the money. You will have heard of the German Catholic missionaries whom they seized at Dar-es-Salaam (2 frères and one sister). For

these they demand 6,000 rupees, besides the release of all the Arab slavers captured by the Germans. They had already killed three of the German missionaries, and more recently they massacred an English missionary—Brooks, of the L.M.S., near the coast. He was on his way home.

"I have little news here, except wretched wars in the neighbourhood. Happily, we are in peace here, and I hope for long. Our chief, Makolo, has been laid up for months, and has been killing people who he fancies bewitched him. We succeeded in saving the life of one poor man whom they were dragging to execution. The others we were too late in hearing of. They were killed before we arrived at the place. Poor deluded heathen, they find out who are sorcerers by examining the entrails of a fowl. But it is not so long since they used to accuse people of witchcraft in Christian Scotland, and burn them on the Calton hill."

"USAMBIRO, *3rd Oct.*, 1889.

"On 2nd Sept. I sent a few lines to Ventnor. On that occasion I mentioned the arrival here of Mr. Stanley, Emin Pasha, and several other Europeans.

"After resting at this station for nearly three weeks, they resumed their march to the coast. Only a few days after starting, the natives opposed their progress, and they seem to have had to fight for their lives. How they have fared since, I cannot tell, only I hear rumours of their having had to fight again further on.

"I can assure you it was an agreeable change to me, to see nearly a dozen white faces all at once, and to enjoy for twenty days the pleasant company of gentlemen—mostly English.

"Gordon and Walker had only started for Sesse the day before Mr. Stanley arrived; and although I sent quickly to recall them that they might hear the news from the Soudan, my messengers failed to overtake them.

"I must say that I much enjoyed Mr. Stanley's company during his short stay here. He is sometimes unsparing in his criticisms on men and their actions; but being a man of strong resolution, he naturally has little patience with feebleness or vacillation in others. He is a man of an iron will and sound judgment, and besides is most patient with the natives. He never allows any one of his followers to oppress or even insult a native. If he has had occasionally to use force in order to effect a passage, I am certain that he only resorted to arms when all other means failed. I much fear that those who condemn him most know him least, nor do they probably know anything at all of the difficulties of African travel.

"His officers show a fine spirit of prompt and cheerful obedience to orders. Their eagerness to execute at a moment's notice every wish of their leader speaks highly for them, and is no doubt the secret of the success of this most arduous undertaking.

"I am very sorry that no mail came from the coast during the stay of the travellers here, as they have been without almost any letters from Europe since they started, nearly three years ago. Many letters for them, as well as boxes of clothing, etc., for Emin Pasha did come up country last year, and were forwarded to Uganda, where all were destroyed when the Mission there was looted. Happily I had detained here some later mails, but nothing later than this time last year; but even these were some comfort to the weary travellers. We ourselves also have had no papers or magazines for a whole year, owing to the war at the coast; but I tried to make up for this deficiency by reading aloud to Mr. Stanley and the others every allusion to his expedition in your letters, and in those from Ventnor. All were much amused at the rare surmises in England regarding the fate of the Expedition.

"I did what little I could in the way of feeding and clothing the half-starved and half-clad officers and others. I only hope that they found themselves, on leaving this place, in greater bodily comfort than they enjoyed when they arrived."

"USAMBIRO, *Dec. 16th*, 1889

"At last, after many months of expectation, a whole budget of your valuable letters has arrived. In Africa we are like the London poor: we have either a feast or a fast. But not a single newspaper or magazine yet to hand, so that I cannot thank you as I

would for the many good things in that way which you have, from time to time, sent me. One day soon these will all come—a cart-load of them—and then you must expect me to write little, for I shall have so much to read.

"I have seen a most favourable review of Ashe's book in the *C.M.S. Intelligencer*, which was kindly sent us a look of from Kisokwe, by Wood. I hope you like the work, and that it has given you a fairly good idea of life and work in this region. I know it is next to impossible for you to fully realize the sort of world we live in here; just as these natives can never form a just conception of life in England. Perhaps they even can form a somewhat truer fancy of English ways than English people can form of their ways, for they closely observe us daily and hourly, and see how we go in and out, how we eat and drink and clothe ourselves. They see us with houses and chairs and tables, and books and lamps, and many other things European But you have no black men before your eyes, nor if you had, would you likely see them living as Africans do in their own land. We do not as a rule ape the African here, but the African in Europe is pretty certain to ape the white man. Imitation is often the truest form of flattery.

Alas! for those poor people who live to eat, and call themselves Christians, while all their thoughts are absorbed in pleasing self. Like Dives, they fare sumptuously every day, but cast never a thought

on the millions of starving Lazaruses who lie near their gates full of sores. It will all be required of them one day. Their pushing their iniquitous whisky traffic at the ends of the earth is also only for their own greed of gain. Such mighty graves of hypocrisy must be unearthed by God's faithful servants; and then ill-gotten gain will hide its face in shame, and mayhap repent. 'But it is easier for a camel,' etc.

"The charter of the new East African Company forbids the importation of drink and gunpowder. That is a fact of great moment; and I am most glad to hear of the new South African Company being chartered on the same lines. May God's richest blessing rest on every effort made in that direction.

"The report of Stanley being in Uyui on the east side of the lake, and of the Pasha being in Kavirondo, was entirely fabulous. What would not all your sages of the reading public have given to know, what Deekes and I alone knew—where and how Stanley and his expedition were, when they were here? I wrote you all about them in my last two despatches, and now you will know more than I do, for by this time they must have reached the coast. I heard from Mr. Stanley last when he was in Ugogo. I think he, and his officers, and the Pasha enjoyed their three weeks' stay here. I could use no ceremony with them, and simply gave them plain food—'family broth'—and plenty of it. Rags, it is true, most of them were in; but I hope they left a little better provided in that way than they arrived. Only a little, mind, not

much; for so great a number of Europeans at once coming on a new station, when I had not much in the way of supplies, meant very little relief for each individually. You must remember that I had left most of my private effects in Uganda, and these were all lost there, while Walker and Gordon arrived here with nothing, and had to be provided with necessaries. They had only started back for Uganda the day before the Stanley Expedition came here.

"Many thanks for the cuttings from the *British Weekly* and other papers. I am so glad you sent me these enclosures in your letters, as no newspapers have reached me since early in October, 1888 (fourteen months since). Many of our letters have been stolen, and those that did arrive were secreted sometimes in a bale of cotton, sometimes in a bag of meal! You have told me much about the *British Weekly*, and I am looking forward to perusing them with interest when they come—a whole pile—one day. The editor is my old fellow-student—William Robertson Nicoll.

"I have read two books by Meyer, of Regent's Park—'Israel' and 'Elijah.' Both are excellent. I believe he has been writing on Abraham also, but I do not know if the sermons are published in book form. These grand old heroes are well worth careful study, for human nature is always very much the same, and it is the same stuff, too, which makes some men in all ages shine above their fellows. Of one thing I feel sure, nothing could be better for rousing the spiritual

life of a congregation, and leading it on to higher life, than the cultivating of the spirit of Missions. The progress of the kingdom of God in the world is a study well calculated to enlarge the mind and soul, and rescue torpid congregations from their self-satisfied ease. What a power for good would be our home millions of Christians, if really alive to their privilege and duty in helping forward the work of God in all lands!

"You will not be astonished to hear, after what I told you in my last, that Mwanga is once more king of Uganda. An old pupil of mine, Kagera Apollo, is now appointed Katikiro. All the other chieftainships have been equally divided between the Protestants and Roman Catholics. Mwanga was carried with great rejoicing to his old capital Mengo, exactly a year after the Christians had been expelled by the Arab party. The whole land has been the scene of fighting and bloodshed for a twelvemonth; and of course nothing was done to cultivation, so that on all sides there is much hunger. I believe our people mean to keep a firm control over Mwanga, that he may not break out again into his former fits of cruelty and oppression. I have been trying to foster this as much as possible, as a limited constitution is the best guarantee for peace and liberty. Père Lourdel, on the other hand, bids his pupils leave Mwanga a free rein, while *he* personally will try to control him! *Roma semper eadem.* We shall see who will win the day. History repeats itself, and history is on my side.

Priest-ridden kings have lost their heads before now. Only King Mwanga is more likely to adopt the tactics of Henry VIII., and show this miniature Wolsey right about.

'Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!'

"Our reinforcements of last year seem to have mostly stuck for good at Mombasa, while some have returned to England, and we have no word of more being sent us. On the other hand, the Papists are throwing a large force of priests into Uganda, and will now strain every nerve to win the land for Rome. I sometimes wish I were there to stir up our people to stand for God's word and liberty, and save their country from the yoke of Popery. But I am, meantime, a fixture here, and can only work by counselling Walker and Gordon, and such of our elders and others as come here occasionally. Now is a weighty crisis, and great tact and diligence will be required to establish the right."

We here quote Dr. H. M. Stanley's description of the mission station at Usambiro, "*In Darkest Africa*," Vol. II. p. 386.

"The next day, having already sent messengers ahead, that we might not take Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, by surprise, we arrived in view of the English Mission, which was built in the middle of what appeared to be no better than a grey

waste, on ground gently sloping from curious heaps of big boulders, or enormous blocks thrown higgledy-piggledy to the height of a respectable hill, down to a marshy flat green with its dense crop of papyrus, beyond which we saw a gleam of a line of water, produced from an inlet of the Victoria Nyanza. We were approaching the mission by a wagon track, and presently we came to the wagon itself, a simple thing on wooden wheels, for carrying timber for building. There was not a green thing in view, except in the marsh; grass all dead, trees either shrunk, withered, or dead, at least there was not the promise of a bud anywhere, which was of course entirely due to the dry season. When we were about half a mile off, a gentleman of small stature, with a rich brown beard and brown hair, dressed in white linen and a grey Tyrolese hat, advanced to meet us.

"'And so you are Mr. Mackay? Mwanga did not get you then, this time? What experiences you must have had with that man! But you look so well, one would say you had been to England lately.'

"'Oh, no; this is my twelfth[1] year. Mwanga permitted me to leave, and the Rev. Cyril Gordon took my place; but not for long, since they were all shortly after expelled from Uganda.'

"Talking thus, we entered the circle of tall poles,

[1] Mackay arrived in Africa in May, 1876, so that it was really his fourteenth year

within which the mission station was built. There were signs of labour, and constant unwearying patience, sweating under a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed, and never let idleness find them with folded hands brooding over the unloveliness, lest despair might seize them, and cause them to avail themselves of the speediest means of ending their misery. There was a big, solid workshop in the yard, filled with machinery and tools, a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmiths, a big canoe was outside repairing; there were sawpits and large logs of hard timber; there were great stacks of palisade poles; in a corner of an outer yard was a cattle-fold and a goat-pen, fowls by the score pecked at microscopic grains; and out of the European quarter there trooped out a number of little boys and big boys, looking uncommonly sleek and happy; and quiet labourers came up to bid us, with hats off, 'Good morning!'

"Now, if there is anything on God's earth better calculated than work to make men happy, it must be with some peculiar dispositions the knowledge that their work is ended. Hence, when I entered the mission-house my soul was possessed with some such feeling as this; at any rate, before my mission was terminated, the welcome we received promised rest and relief.

"I was ushered into the room of a substantial clay structure, the walls about two feet thick, evenly plastered, and garnished with missionary pictures

and placards. There were four separate ranges of shelves filled with choice, useful books. 'Allah ho Akbar,' replied Hassan, his Zanzibari head-man, to me; 'books! Mackay has thousands of books; in the dining-room, bedroom, the church, everywhere. Books! ah, loads upon loads of them!' And while I was sipping real coffee, and eating home-made bread and butter for the first time for thirty months, I thoroughly sympathized with Mackay's love of books. But it becomes quite clear why, amongst so many books, and children, and outdoor work, Mackay cannot find leisure to brood and become morbid, and think of 'drearinesses, wildernesses, despair and loneliness.' A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man who spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep; and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and worms and oblivion,' and to be doleful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint or a moan amid the 'wildernesses,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving

kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it.

"We stayed at the mission-station from the 28th of August to the morning of the 17th of September; and on the Europeans of the expedition the effect of regular diet and well-cooked food, of amiable society and perfect restfulness, was marvellous.

* * * * *

"To my great grief, I learn that Mr. Mackay, the best missionary since Livingstone, died about the beginning of February. Like Livingstone he declined to return, though I strongly urged him to accompany us to the coast."

The committee of the Church Missionary Society received Dr. Stanley on July 1st, when he thus described his intercourse with some of the Christians of Uganda. This, it must be remembered, was some weeks before he reached Mackay's station. He was marching through a country called Ankoli, where a large body of Christians had taken refuge when driven out of Uganda by the Mohammedans in 1888; but he knew nothing of this:—

"On arriving in Ankoli, as I expected, we met the Waganda. They gave a different account of Uganda from what we had anticipated. Ankoli was supposed to be tributary to Uganda; but at the fall of Mwanga, Ankoli became semi-independent, and of course some

of the Christians of Uganda fled there; and soon after our arrival in that country—the corner of which, by-the-bye, reaches down to the Albert Edward Lake—the news was carried to the capital that there were a number of white men in large force coming. After we reached the plateau, the Waganda came in. They were a nice, cleanly dressed, sober, and independent people. They had been on our path, and had found on the road one of our haversacks filled with ammunition, powder, and percussion caps. They brought it up to me, and said who they were. They were Samuel and Zachariah, of the Protestant Mission of Uganda. And they laid their bag at my feet, and when I examined it I found it contained ammunition, a property which is very valuable there. Well, now I had it by my chair, and while I was in conversation a Mussulman slipped his fingers there and snatched it away, and I never saw it more. That Mussulman belonged to my force, and I was so ashamed of it that I did not mention to the visitors what had become of it. But in the evening they came to see me. They were very diplomatic; and then, after shutting the door, they told us the wonderful story of the deposition of Mwanga, and the growth of the Christian Mission. I should have liked nothing better than to have had one of these two men in London, to have told it in their own Suahili, and to have got some interpreter to interpret sentence after sentence. It was most graphic, most beautiful. Of course I have only given the sense of what they said. They stayed

with us for three or four days, and then they departed. But they came again in two or three days with Alexander, Prince of Ankoli, and through their assistance we were enabled to get the whole of Ankoli to become a part and parcel of British East Africa.

"Now I noticed that as soon as they left my presence, they went to their own little huts, and took out little books that they had in their pockets in their skirts. And one day I called Samuel to me and asked, 'What book is that that you have? I did not know that Waganda read books.' And that was the first time I knew they had the Gospel in Luganda. Then I took greater interest, for I found that almost every one of the party had a small pamphlet in Luganda—prayers, and the Gospel of Matthew, and, I think, of Luke. I remember very well seeing the word *Mathaio*, or Matthew, on the top of the book—on its title-page. I noticed that after the Conference, where the princes and leaders of Ankoli ceded their country, they retired to their huts and threw themselves upon the ground, and took out the books and began to read them; and they gathered together and began to talk. And the question was asked me by one of them, with a sort of deprecating smile, 'Are all white men Christians?' That was more than I could venture to say, though 'I hoped,' of course, 'they were.' Then he put a point-blank question to me, and said, 'Are you a Christian?' Then I asked *him*, 'Do you consider yourself a Christian?' 'Of

course I do,' he replied. 'How long have you been a Christian?' 'Well,' he said, 'I am one of Mackay's pupils, and learnt from him; and this book was given to me, and to every one of us. There are about 2,500 of us, all belonging to Mackay's Mission.' Now of course what was told to us was told to all the officers alike, and each of us could form our own impressions. Of course I had had impressions of Waganda from my former connection. I knew they were very intelligent and diplomatic. I knew that in 1875 spies were in my camp every day for the purpose of furnishing a list of the treasures I had to Mtesa, in order that Mtesa might ask the next day, 'Stanley, have not you got such and such a thing?' So that I was very, very careful, as you might imagine. Nevertheless, the meeting and parting were conducted on such very nice principles, and we parted very good friends, and, as I say, we kept our own impressions. Four of these Christians followed us; three to go to the coast, and one to go to Mackay.

"Arriving at Mackay's place, of course what we lacked in information he could fill in, and he could supply such information as we had forgotten, perhaps, or had omitted to ask. However, we found that the statements of Samuel and Zachariah were corroborated by Mackay, and he had a party of about twenty-five Waganda, who had been pleased to follow him in preference to settling in Ankoli. The young boy who accompanied us also joined the band, and the three Waganda Christians followed us

to Zanzibar, and then to Mombasa, where they are to-day, probably with the idea of going through British East Africa to Uganda back again."

After a pause, Dr. Stanley resumed :—

"I think I may as well tell you that I have just the same faith in Uganda as I had in 1876. I am perfectly convinced there is no more desirable locality or country in Africa than Uganda. I admire the people immensely; they are cleanly, they are most intelligent, they are always decent. They are full of traditions of their country, and they are just the material where one would expect Africans to become good, thorough, earnest, enthusiastic Christians. Now if it were possible to make Uganda all Protestant, it would be very much better for the peace of the surrounding country. Why, I should say that in a few years from now you would get any number of Waganda priests, after being ordained and all that, to begin spreading the Word to Unyoro and Usogo and Kavirondo, and the north-east of Lake Victoria, because they understand the language. And they are well adapted for it; they are eloquent, they feel deeply, they are an emotional kind of people, and they are just the people to remember what they are taught.

"Another fact is, that you could not desire any better experiences than those of the Mission in Uganda, during the days of the persecution, when the converts were seized to be put to death, to be

massacred, and clubbed, or to be given away to the Arabs as slaves—such fortitude, such bravery, such courage! It is unexampled in the whole history of Africa. The more I heard the story of Zachariah and Samuel and others, looking at their cleanly faces, hearing them tell the story of how they endured the persecutions of Mwanga, I was carried back to the days of Nero and Caligula, how they persecuted the Christians at Rome; just the fortitude I had read in books of the martyrs of the early Church. Really there were instances here of equal courage, of equal faith, of equal devotion to the cause they had embraced. And I think the future of that country will be a very bright one indeed.[1]

[1] "The success of the Mission to Nyanza is proved by the sacrifices of the converts, by their determined resistance to the tyrant, by their successful deposition of him. I have read somewhere that the recognition of belligerents is not permissible until it is proved that they can hold their own. If this be so, the Waganda converts have proved that the Mission was a success, and a most remarkable success. The missionaries were compelled to bore deep down, and after that the element sprang up spontaneously. After years of baffling and unpromising work the converts flocked spontaneously to the new Church of Equatorial Africa. Princes and peasants, chiefs and warriors, came forward to be instructed in the Christian religion, and to be taught the arts of reading and writing, and to be the proud possessors of printed books in their own language, treating of the Author of salvation and His sufferings on behalf of humanity.

"The progress of this religion became alarming to the Mohammedans and their native sympathizers; but it was not until the death of the politic Mtesa that they could venture upon any

"What little we have endeavoured to do promises well for the future. I suppose that the railway will be down there in five years, and that Uganda will be

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plan to thwart its growth. The accession of a boy-prince to the throne, and the vices, banghi-smoking, drunkenness, and licentiousness, disclosed the means whereby the Christians might be suppressed; and the Moslems, with a low, mean craftiness, and charged with concentrated malice, were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunities. The young king, despite the reputable character the whites had won from all classes of the people, now regarded them with thoughts foully perverted by unmeasured slander. To his distorted view the missionaries were men banded together for the undermining of his authority, for sapping the affections and loyalty of his subjects, and for presently occupying the whole of Uganda. These various expeditions, which, as every one knew, were roaming over the country, now in Masai-land, presently in Usoga, then again in Usukuma and Unyamwezi, the quarrels on the coast between Seyid Burgash and the Germans, the presence of war-ships at Zanzibar, the little colonies of Germans studding the coast-lands—what else could all these movements aim at but the forcible conquest of Africa? Hence an era of persecution was initiated by the order to burn and slay; hence the *auto-da-fé* in Uganda, the murder of Bishop Hannington and the massacre of his caravan in Usoga, the doom that ever seemed to be imminent over the head of the faithful and patient Mackay, and the menaced suspension of mission work. When the Christians had scattered into their hiding-places, and the jealousy of the Moslems had cooled, the young king merged into an intolerable despot, and murdered indiscriminately. Many an eminent person in the land fell a victim to his suspicions, and was ordered to be either clubbed to death or strangled. It was then the Mohammedans, fearing for their own lives, solicited the aid of the Christians, and the tyrant was compelled to flee the kingdom to find leisure to repent during his lake voyages, and finally to submit to be baptized."—*In Darkest Africa.*

connected with the sea; and I am quite sure the time will come when very many will seek those tropical paradises of Uganda simply for the pleasure of seeing such a nice country and its interesting people, made still more interesting by the religion they profess. Now that Mwanga has become a Christian, there is no reason in the world,—seeing, too, that all the principal officers of state are Christians,—why you should not be able to have converts at the rate of 5,000 or 6,000 a year. Only it must be kept up. I remember very well what Samuel and Zachariah asked, 'Do you think our white friends will help us if we only show them we are men?' I said, 'I really cannot tell you, because the last time I heard anything about Mwanga he had murdered the Bishop. I do not therefore know what the impression will be now. I do not know the truth of the whole story, but I suppose I shall hear as I go to the sea; but whatever I may be able to say, I will say it, and say it kindly, and I have not the slightest doubt that if they believe in what I tell them they will help you to the best of their ability.' And they said, 'We will pray to God.'

"Now you must understand that these people's church is only a very common hut, roofed with straw, and sides made of mud. At the same time it *is* a church; and these people, when they go in and hear the voice of the preacher, I assure you, feel it just as much as though they stood under the dome of St. Paul's or at Westminster."

MISSION TO MOHAMMEDANS.

"Massudi and others asserted that in Muscat and Zanzibar we had no men who taught religion, that we only planted a Consul and hoisted a flag, by way of taking a sort of possession in such places."—*Mackay, Dec. 23rd*, 1879.

"Do Christians understand the solemn nature of the crisis which is now upon us in Africa? Within the decade or two will be virtually decided the question, Shall Islam rule Africa? Unless the Church arouses itself to more earnest activity, and to more generous endeavour, that question will answer itself in the affirmative. The last great struggle between Islam and Christianity will be over the possession and domination of Central Africa."—*Regions Beyond, July*, 1890.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISSION TO MOHAMMEDANS.

MACKAY'S tolerant spirit and fair-mindedness towards all who differed from him, and his willingness to acknowledge all the good he could find amidst much evil, have been considered by some people as virtually an approval of Mohammedanism as a creed and a system, and a justification of some harsh criticisms which have recently appeared against missionary societies and their methods of prosecuting their work.

But with this generous acknowledgment of whatever good he could see either in the creed or life of Mohammedans, he deeply deplored the glaring defects and vices and cruelties associated with the system.

In the following article he earnestly pleads for a special Christian Mission to be planted at Muscat, the capital of Oman, the place from which all the Arabs who over-run Africa, start, and which they consider their home. He believed that this would be one of the best possible means to counteract Mohammedan influence in Africa.

Writing to Mr. Eugene Stock, August 8th, 1888,

he says: "I enclose a few lines on a subject which has been weighing on my mind for some time. I shall not be disappointed if you consign them to the waste-paper basket, and shall only be too glad if, on a better representation on the part of others, the subject be taken up and something definite be done for these poor Arabs, whom I respect, but who have given me much trouble in years past. The best way by which we can turn the edge of their opposition, and convert their blasphemy into blessing, is to do our utmost for their salvation."

The article is entitled "Muscat, Zanzibar, and Central Africa":—

"At the great Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society, held in Exeter Hall on May 1st, 1888, the following resolution was adopted:—

"'That this Meeting heartily endorses the action of the Committee in putting forth a special appeal for picked men to work amongst Mohammedans. . . . While the difficulties in the way of missionary work in lands under Mohammedan rule may well appear to the eye of sense most formidable, this Meeting is firmly persuaded that, so long as the door of access to individual Mohammedans is open, so long it is the clear and bounden duty of the Church of Christ to make use of its opportunities for delivering the Gospel message to them; in full expectation that the power of the Holy Spirit will, in God's good time, have a signal manifestation in the triumph of Christianity in those lands.'

"I quote only the second half of the resolution. The first clause referred to the claims of our Indian Empire and the Mohammedans there. That was ably advocated by Sir Rivers Thompson, and will doubtless never fail to have hosts of powerful supporters in all time to come. My subject is the second clause, quoted above, which was taken up by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, who gave a graphic account of the work of our Society in Persia and Bagdad. But the lands under Mohammedan rule are wider than Persia, and include, as Dr. Bruce allowed, Egypt, Turkey, Arabia, the whole of Central Asia, and, let it be remembered, much of Central Africa as well.

"The resolution is a remarkable one, and may well be characterized as the commencement of a new era in the work of the evangelization of the world. The framers of it must have really meant what they wrote, and it becomes us now to strike the iron while it is hot, and to consider *how* and *where* a beginning may best be made to put this gigantic project into execution. I purposely use the word *beginning*, because the work already accomplished among Mohammedans in Persia and India may be fairly regarded as only preliminary experiments, which, having proved a decided success, warrant us in entering upon the great work itself with perfect assurance as to the issue.

"Arabia is the cradle of Islam. General Haig writes: 'Out of a total coast-line of 3,900 miles,

only 1,500 belong to Turkey, and 2,400 to independent States. Probably three millions out of a total of ten millions of population are the subjects of Turkey; the rest are independent.' Of late the Turkish Government have been renewing their hostility to Christian work to an alarming extent. They have not absolutely closed the door, but their present strenuous opposition naturally causes us to turn our eyes towards the independent portion of Arabia.

"It is the deliberate conviction of General Haig that in OMAN, the capital of which is Muscat, 'there are important openings for the Gospel.' The population of the State is estimated at 1,600,000 (*Whitaker's Almanack*, 1888). There is good reason to believe that the Government would offer no opposition. My latest information from the coast reports the death of the Imaum, Seyid Turki; but British influence is supreme at Muscat, thanks to the efforts of Colonel Miles, and it is not probable that Seyid Turki's successor will venture, in his first years of office at least, to thwart a judicious and unobtrusive effort on our part to start a Christian Mission in his capital.

"In more senses than one, *Muscat is the key to Central Africa.* A century ago the Imaum of Muscat pushed his conquests along the coast of East Africa, and rescued Zanzibar from the hands of the effete Portuguese power. With rare foresight he fixed on the fragrant island as the doorway to

Central Africa. For the last thirty years, or more, Zanzibar has been independent; but I scarcely ever met an Arab there who did not look upon Muscat as 'home.' It is solely due to the enterprise of Muscat Arabs, who, penetrating inland from Zanzibar, with wares of Manchester manufacture, established peaceful relations with hosts of native tribes, that travellers first, and missionaries afterwards, have found a highway into the far interior. Hindus from Cutch, and Banyans from Bombay, have for centuries traded on the East Coast of Africa, but they have always been too timorous to venture into the interior. On the other hand, I feel safe to say that, generally speaking, wherever the European traveller in East Africa has ventured to penetrate regions hitherto unvisited by the Arab, he has found it impossible to *purchase* the right of passage, and has had to either fight his way or take refuge in flight. Innumerable instances of this will occur to those who have followed the story of the past years—*e.g.*, Stanley's troubles when he got beyond the Arabs' furthest point in Manyuema; Thomson to the west of Tanganyika; Reichard and Giraud on the Lualaba. Where the Arab has travelled (I mean *peacefully*), the missionary may go any day; where the Arab has not ventured, the missionary must exercise the greatest caution in trying to go.

"The Arabs who swarm over Central Africa generally hail from Muscat, or other towns in the dominion of Oman. Not a few Beluchis are to be

met with, and also natives of Shehr and Hadramaut. Half-castes, born in Zanzibar and Unyanyembe, are becoming now more numerous than formerly, but as a rule the pure Arab belongs to Oman. He finds a passage for a few dollars in a native dhow bound for Zanzibar; he has no capital to begin with, but accompanies a richer friend, whom he finds fitting up a caravan for the interior; by-and-by, he makes small ventures of his own, on the strength of a tusk or two he may have come by on his first journey inland. If successful, he will get credit to almost any extent from the Indians at the coast; and profits are such that he can, after twenty years' labour, return to Muscat a rich man, his ambition being to purchase an estate there, dig wells, make a canal for navigation, and let patches for the cultivation of dates.

"Most of the Arabs whom I have found inland are, I believe, Wahabis, a sect which one may call Puritans in their way, at least Reformed or *Protestant* Moslems. I think the experience of the generality of travellers is, that the Muscat Arab in the interior of Africa is a gentleman whom it is a pleasure to meet among the surrounding barbarism. While he is no match for the crafty Hindu trader at the coast, yet he has a keen eye for business, and generally contrives to take advantage of the needy European, whom he invariably regards as a simpleton in business matters.

"His behaviour is now, however, altering. It is no longer a solitary traveller whom he meets, and

whom he prides himself in entertaining hospitably, knowing that his generosity will be remembered. Of late, he is becoming alive to the fact that these travellers are only the forerunners of adventurers who come to compete with him in trading, and of Christian missionaries whose creed he has been taught to hate. It is then no wonder that we find the Arab our uncompromising enemy, ready to resort to the most unscrupulous means to rid the country of our presence.[1]

"Islam is not dead, nor is it any longer asleep. At home, in Arabia, the zeal of the Wahabis may have

[1] "The fast by day and the gluttony at night during this month by no means improves the temper of these miserable fanatics. It is indeed 'particularly they of the circumcision' who are the most bitter enemies of the cross of Christ here as in bygone days. Old Salim bin Saleh, who professes such great friendship to us, and who wrote the lying letter to Mtesa recently in Said Burgash's name, joins too in the blasphemy, alleging that our Scriptures are corrupted, and that we have lost the 'Book which God gave to the prophet Jesus.' Another old Arab, Suliman bin Feher, who has recently come to the country, makes a determined and venomous opposition to every word taught in court by Mr. O'Flaherty. One day, when there was not a word to be said without being belied by this Arab, even in common matters relating to the outside world, Mr. O'Flaherty sent out for Namkade, who was one of the deputation to England, and cross-questioned him in presence of the court, the answers in every case giving the lie to all the Arab's statements. Zanzibar was described by Namkade as being 'only a flea in the Nyanza.' After the court came out, Suliman drew his dirk at Mr. O'Flaherty, with murder in his eye, ejaculating the word 'kafîr' (unbeliever)."—*Mackay's Journal*, 15th August, 1882.

waxed cold, but there still remains the old desire for reform, and their ancient fanaticism is 'giving place to liberal ideas, which, in truth, are far more congenial to the Arabian mind.' Although brought up 'after the straitest sect of their religion,' yet most of them, after spending a few years in Africa, become lax indeed, indulging in spirits and tobacco (not always openly), while not a few of them come to believe in African charms and magic horns; and I could mention several instances in which they have entirely renounced the faith of their fathers and have taken to native fetichism.

"Again and again I have heard the Arabs, in trying to dissuade the authorities of Uganda from tolerating our teaching, aver that in their country (Oman) we did not venture to introduce our religion! I have been also taunted by negroes with the remark, 'Why come so far to ask people to change the customs of their fathers, while you neglect the Arabs and others so much nearer home?' This stigma must be removed.

"Our Nyanza Mission owes much to Muscat Arabs, from Said Burgash, the late Prince of Zanzibar, to the humblest trader in the interior. They have helped us often, and have hindered us likewise. We owe them therefore a double debt, which I can see no more effective way of paying, than by at once establishing a strong mission at their very headquarters—Muscat itself. If the most fanatical and conservative of Mussulmans can have their

ideas widened by travel, and are daily, before our eyes, becoming more enlightened and tolerant, while some of them even consent to change their creed for fetichism, who shall assert that they will turn nothing but a deaf ear to the Gospel of the grace of God? I do not deny that the task is difficult; and the men selected for work in Muscat must be endowed with no small measure of the Spirit of Jesus, besides possessing such linguistic capacity as to be able to reach not only the ears, but the very *hearts* of men.

"Is it credible that the English Universities will fail to supply us with a sufficient number of men able to enter upon this work *at once?* When the needs of the Keith-Falconer Mission were brought before the Divinity Colleges in Scotland, no less than five of the ablest and most devoted students (graduates, I believe) were found *ready* to take up the work. The English Universities are more liberally endowed with chairs of Oriental languages than those of Scotland, while, among the vastly greater number of clergymen, surely half a dozen of the *right stamp* will be found. If we resolve to make the venture in faith, I doubt not but that God will send us the proper men.

"The importance of Muscat, as a missionary centre for work among the Arabs, can scarcely be overestimated; but the post must be held by no feeble staff. As the nature of the case precludes public preaching in bazaars and evangelistic work of the more ostentatious kind, attention should be con-

centrated in two directions: (1) MEDICAL, in which the assistance of trained *ladies* will prove a powerful softener of opposition; (2) EDUCATIONAL, chiefly with the view of training young Arabs to be missionaries to their fellow-countrymen. Any idea of trying to introduce the teaching of English should be considered entirely out of the question. From the first, the staff should have the assistance of a Christian native pastor from Syria, India, or other Mohammedan land, one who is an approved worker for Christ. Such a man, with two Europeans (clerical and medical), and not less than two ladies, I should consider barely a sufficient staff to begin the work. Admirable suggestions as to methods of procedure are given by General Haig, in his paper on 'Arabia as a Mission Field' (*C.M. Intelligencer*, July, 1887, pp. 420–21). Of great value is the 'Report of the Decennial Missionary Conference' in Calcutta, held in 1882, as there we find expressed the ripened experience of devoted men, representing many societies, who have worked among Mohammedans with no small success.

"It is almost needless to say, that the *outlook in Africa* will be considerably brightened by the establishment of a Mission to the Arabs in Muscat. If the claims of India have a title to be considered paramount, equally so have those of Muscat; for in no part of the earth, at least over no other area so wide as Central Africa, have Mohammedans such power for influencing the work of the C.M.S.

"Second to Oman, the position of ZANZIBAR itself claims attention. The Universities' Mission there is doing excellent work among the freed slaves, and among some of the tribes on the mainland; but its influence is scarcely felt among the Arabs, who are the ruling power and the chief proprietors of the land, if, indeed, any serious effort is made at all to reach them. It must be remembered that in Zanzibar there is also a large population of free negroes, who owe their liberty chiefly to the British Government, and who are the chief assistants of all travellers and missionaries who proceed inland. They are generally known by the name of *Wang'wana* (gentlemen), and are all nominally Mohammedans. I have never heard of any effort being made at the coast to introduce Christianity among these ubiquitous travellers. I have frequently suggested to them the advisability of their going to the Universities' Mission schools for instruction; but they invariably scout the idea, asserting that the Christian teachers in Zanzibar busy themselves only with *slaves* rescued by British cruisers. Their strong prejudice to being associated with natives, still in or only just emerged from slavery, must be respected in any effort made to Christianize them.

"As to the Romanists, we may admire their industry and success in educating the slaves handed over to them by the British agent, but we may look in vain for any successful work done by them among the Mohammedans, Arab or Negro. I am not aware

that they even hope for converts from that quarter. I once asked the Superior of their establishment at Bagamoyo if he was able to effect any good among the people of the town. His answer was, 'Oh, our Mission is not for them at all; it is for the interior!' At that time they had no stations except those on the coast.

"It is generally supposed that the negotiations entered into by England with Zanzibar refer only to the slave-trade; but, in fact, far more important matters, so far at least as Mission work is concerned, have been diplomatically arranged between the two countries. A 'TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP, COMMERCE, AND NAVIGATION' between England and Zanzibar was signed on April 30th, 1886. It consists of twenty-seven articles, mainly relative to rights and tariffs, but Article XXIII. should be especially noted. It runs thus: 'Subjects of the two high contracting parties shall, within the dominions of each other, enjoy freedom of conscience and religious toleration. The free and public exercise of all forms of religion, and the right to build edifices for religious worship, and to *organize religious Missions of all creeds, shall not be restricted or interfered with in any way whatsoever.* Missionaries, scientists, and explorers, with their followers, property and collections, shall likewise be under the especial protection of the high contracting parties.'

"Here is a door of liberty thrown open; and by the terms of the resolution adopted at our last May

Meeting, and quoted at the beginning of this paper, we are bound either to take advantage of the opening ourselves, or be assured that another Christian Society will do so. The Universities' Mission has failed hitherto to take sufficient advantage of the liberty granted by this treaty, probably for want of men and means; but even should its operations be extended so as to try to reach *some* of the Mohammedan population, it never can alone undertake this work as it ought to be done, so that there is more than ample room for our Society to dedicate, at least, two missionaries for work among the Arabs and free blacks exclusively. This will form a valuable auxiliary, not only to the Muscat Mission, but also to the whole of our work in the interior of Africa. The present British Agent and Consul-General in Zanzibar, Colonel Charles B. Euan-Smith, is a devout Christian gentleman, and has sufficient influence with the new Sultan (Seyid Khalifa) to demand the latter's adherence to the spirit of the treaty.

"In conclusion, let me quote the words of one of our Secretaries, the Rev. W. Gray, in his earnest plea for 'Missions to Mohammedans' (*C.M. Intelligencer*, January, 1888): 'Let the Society (not merely the Committee) face this work in real earnest. . . . There should be steadily kept in mind the importance of the employment in this work of converted Mohammedans themselves. . . . The great thing is, that the Society's earnest attention should now be given to the subject.'

"This plea goes forth, not for the Mohammedans of India, as their advocates are many, but for the Arab trader in Africa, whose home is either in Muscat or in Zanzibar. May it now soon be said, 'This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham'!

"A. M. MACKAY.

"USAMBIRO, CENTRAL AFRICA, *August*, 1888."

SLAVE RAIDING AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

"I had spoken before of the unchristian nature of slavery, and also on the intrinsic value of the human body compared with a rag of cloth. The king himself restated my former arguments. To-day I adopted another line. I said the country was being depopulated by the exportation of children and women. This was allowed on all hands. The king said he was quite at a loss what to do. He himself did not buy or sell slaves, but his chiefs and others did. I said he was not king of his household merely, but of the whole country, and told him he could receive no terms of friendship from England unless he put down the evil. The Arabs (half-caste) were up in arms. Mtesa allowed me to fight it out with them for a while, and then allowed that I was right, but what could he and his people do? The coast-men would not sell cloth or guns, etc., except for slaves. I told him that the country was rich in many things, and if the coastmen would not trade in anything except human beings, then let them stay away. I said other articles of barter would soon suggest themselves. I could not produce them, nor would the Baganda even, so long as every man went about idle as at present. He said if he had only half a dozen white men here to put his people in the way of producing articles for trade, he would soon put an end to slavery."—*Mackay's Journal, Jan. 9th*, 1879.

CHAPTER XV.

SLAVE RAIDING AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE startling fact is announced by Mackay, that every year some two thousand slaves are purchased by Arab traders, in Uganda alone, for transmission to the coast; and in several of his letters he refers to large bodies of armed men sent out under the orders of the king to raid for slaves. Kabarega, king of Bunyoro, a neighbouring State, did the same thing, and probably on a scale of equal magnitude; so that these two neighbouring States alone yielded not less than 4,000 slaves for sale to traders, besides reserving large numbers for home use.

The difficulties experienced by the servants of the Lakes' Company, and by the members of the Presbyterian Mission on the Nyassa, occasioned by the presence of a strong body of armed, slave-raiding Arabs, became so great about this time as to necessitate some new and special measures of protection, if the beneficent work of lawful commerce and Christian teaching were to be continued. This led to a proposal in London to establish a line of

fortified posts in the Lake regions, for the purpose of overawing the turbulent and blood-thirsty Arabs, and driving them away.

Mackay felt that this alone would be perfectly useless; but carried out in connection with other means, which he suggests, would be effectual to accomplish the purpose of its supporters. In January, 1889, he writes to the *Times*:—

"SIR,—In the last number of the *Times* to hand in this distant region (dated October 5th, 1888) I have read with much satisfaction Commander Cameron's proposal to establish a British association which shall maintain an anti-slavery cordon along the line of the great lakes of Central Africa. The interest which is now being awakened in Europe regarding Central Africa affords to those of us who are familiar with the atrocities daily perpetrated in this continent, some hope of definite steps being at last taken to put an end to these horrors. It is so difficult to write anything sober on this gigantic evil, without being accused of exaggeration, although exaggeration is scarcely possible, that I shall confine myself to an examination of Commander Cameron's scheme, with a view to show how far it will prove successful, and where its failure will chiefly lie.

"In 1871 Livingstone wrote:—'The evils inflicted by these Arabs are enormous, but probably not greater than the people inflict on each other.' This is especially true as regards Uganda and Bunyoro. These countries have generally large armies in the

field, in one direction or another, devastating whole regions of their inhabitants. The Arabs, as a rule, do not join these expeditions, organized for wholesale murder, but they supply the guns and the powder, and receive in payment women, children, and ivory procured in the raids. The demand for slaves in Uganda itself is very great, it being only the surplus which is carried off by the Arabs. Every year some 2,000 slaves, as nearly as I can estimate, are purchased by Arabs, and conveyed by water from Uganda to Usukuma, where the march to the coast begins. It will be no light undertaking to stop this trade on the water; but granting that it can be done, what means are to be employed to prevent the tenfold greater loss of life and liberty in the countries raided on by the Baganda?

"Arabs are obsequious enough in the presence of force greater than their own; but in the interior of Africa they have found that, by making a firm stand, they can defend their interests, however unlawful, against Europeans who oppose them, not for their own interest, but as hirelings engaged on philanthropic work which has hitherto not been carried on with determined whole-heartedness. Take a few instances. On the Upper Nile the Arab slavers have carried the day against a hesitating English army, grudgingly sent by a ridiculous route, and hurriedly withdrawn at the moment of victory. On the Upper Congo the poorly manned station of Stanley Falls was easily taken by a gang of slave-hunters; and one

of the greatest slave-hunters on earth is now placed in charge, where he is subsidized by money from the Congo State—a Power pledged by the Berlin Conference 'to employ every means that it can to put an end to the trade, and to punish those who engage in it.' On the Nyassa two or three slavers have well-nigh ousted the representatives of Missions and commerce there. Finally, in East Africa, all the coast acquired by Germany has fallen an easy prey to a few desperadoes and their allies. Nothing of all this would have been attempted had the Arabs not seen the feebleness of the force opposed to them in every quarter, and the readiness with which Christian effort is nowadays abandoned on the first reverse. Even in the waters of Zanzibar the nefarious slave traffic is pursued with almost complete impunity, because, as one of your correspondents (Mr. Highton, of the Universities' Mission) writes, 'the English cruising boats are small, slow sailing, and of an obsolete type.'

"How are the Arabs in the Soudan, on the Upper Congo, on Nyassa, and on the Zanzibar coast; or the kings of Uganda and Bunyoro, able to carry on this organized system of slaughter and slave-catching? It is only because of the thrice-blind policy of allowing them to procure *ad libitum* supplies of gunpowder and guns. It is Europe, and, I hesitate not to say, especially England, that is yearly supplying these men-killers with the means whereby they carry on their deadly work. Men talk of free trade; but there

can and must be no free trade in instruments of rapine and murder.

"Here we have the astounding phenomenon of a continent bleeding at every pore, and of a feeble, ineffective effort made at the coast to check the export of slaves; while, at the same time, a few petty European merchants in Zanzibar are pouring into the interior, unchecked, arms and ammunition, without which not a single raid could be made by Arabs or Baganda. It is like one man plugging up the outlet of a deep-seated abscess, while others are saturating the blood of the patient with poison. Tribe is stimulated to annihilate tribe, and Arab encouraged to prey upon all, merely by their being allowed as much as they want of man-slaying material. If this is not a policy of *dementia*, I know not where madness is to be found. For years we have been sowing this bitter seed, and now we mourn as we begin, at length, to reap the bitter fruit in assassination and defiance. The British vessels which bring out missionaries and Bibles to evangelize Africa, bring also, and in far greater number, Enfields and breechloaders, which convert the continent into a hell. The Church Missionary Society has already spent over £150,000 within the last dozen years in the endeavour to introduce Christianity into Eastern Equatorial Africa; but all their labour and expenditure is rendered well-nigh fruitless by the continual wars and intrigues carried on upon the strength of the guns and gunpowder supplied by

Christian traders, who are too cowardly to venture inland themselves, for their wares would probably cause their assassination. The murder of Herr Geisicke in Tipu Tip's courtyard at Unyanyembe was not unexpected. Again and again the Baganda have confessed to me that it is the guns which enable them to carry on the work of 'killing' the neighbouring countries. Livingstone, too, writes in his *Last Journals* (vol. ii. p. 57): 'If spears alone were used, the Manyuema would be considered brave; for they fear no one, though he has many spears. They tell us truly that were it not for our guns not one of us would return to our own country.'

"Here, then, lies the weak point in Commander Cameron's otherwise laudable scheme. Hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling may be expended in maintaining gunboats on the Nyassa, Tanganyika, and the two Nyanzas; but if the gunpowder traders are to be still left free to supply their bloody tools, no triple cordon of gallant officers will ever be able to put a stop to slave-hunting in Central Africa. Commander Cameron is right in not recommending that the Government should take in hand the work of forcibly checking slave-raids in the interior. Even in these days of State-socialism, I believe that an independent association of determined men will more effectively do the work. But, whether the association be international or exclusively British, it must, in the first place, secure the sympathy and support of the principal Governments concerned. England and

Germany are in East Africa. France protects Comoro and Madagascar. Belgium is responsible for the Congo State, while Portugal claims vast regions in both East and West. All these five Governments must be asked to pass and enforce stringent resolutions forbidding the importation of arms and ammunition. A cordon of sufficient strength, such as Commander Cameron suggests, will do the rest; but without that security, no such cordon will effect one particle of good. The work to be done is, therefore, threefold—viz. (1) Stop the influx of arms and ammunition; (2) increase the vigilance at the coast by more and better cruisers; (3) establish the cordon of police on the upper waters of the great rivers.

"As long as the Arab remains in Africa he will trade in slaves, and, in spite of his doing so, he will be regarded by the natives as a friend, simply because he trades in other things as well, and there is a demand for these. To rid Africa of his presence, we have only to take the trade out of his hands. If Europeans succeed in supplying the natives with calico and other goods of lawful barter, they will entirely supplant the Arabs, who will retire in vast numbers to their own country. But to do this, the barbarous and inhuman method of employing porters to carry loads must be abandoned. No European merchant can employ labour of that kind, and hope, at a profit, to undersell the Arab merchant. If he transports his goods by animal power, on the backs

of elephants or buffaloes, or preferably in wagons hauled by these, he will without question succeed in securing all the ivory trade, because he will then be able to give more cloth for a tusk. But be it remembered that millions of natives in Central Africa demand cloth, but have no ivory wherewith to buy. The Arab accepts a slave from a poor man for the little cloth he wants; but what can the European accept in exchange? Produce will not pay the expense of freight to the coast, even by wagons drawn by elephants. Hides, tobacco, cotton, and coffee will be offered for sale in many parts, but will be found not worth the carriage over a hundred miles. The one means which will alone succeed will be the construction of rough tramways to the great lakes and other centres of dense population. These, with branch tracks for elephant wagons as feeders, will enable traders to exchange calico for country produce, and will effect the threefold purpose of supplanting the Arab entirely, of developing the resources of the country, and of promoting internal peace; for the natives will then busy themselves with growing whatever they can get a fair price for, instead of fighting with one another as hitherto. Then will come an end to slave-hunting by the Arab; for if this proposal is carried out he will have no powder or guns wherewith to shoot down helpless tribes; and when other trade is also taken out of his hands, he will disappear altogether. Already, in Zanzibar, all the trade has passed into the hands of Indians,

which demonstrates the inability of the Arab to compete on fair terms with other traders. Raiding tribes, like Baganda, will also be easily controlled, for a European trading company can insist, as the first condition of their bringing supplies, that murderous raids on neighbouring countries shall cease forthwith.

"The British association, with its anti-gunpowder and anti-slavery cordon, will prove a valuable police force in preventing the smuggling of either ammunition or slaves; only it must be strong enough, even from the first, not merely to punish resistance, but to overawe all attempts at defying its authority. The Arabs are now becoming desperate, and no feeble measures dare be used to oppose them; only such as will insure success. Those who will hold the ammunition will hold the key to the whole interior for good or for evil. Permission may be given to companies, but by no means to private traders, to sell a limited quantity to chiefs who undertake to keep the peace. But let there be no continuance of the present infatuation of one party trying to punish slavers, and another, all the while, being allowed to furnish these same slavers with an unlimited supply of the instruments of their deadly traffic.

"I have quoted the opinion of Livingstone on the question of supplying slavers with ammunition. Let me conclude with the words of another authority on Central Africa. In one of the last letters I have from Dr. Emin Pasha, dated Wadelai, August 25th,

1887, he writes: 'The *conditio sine quâ non* for the peace and prosperity of these countries is, to stop the importation of firearms, ammunition, and powder. The English and German Governments should agree on this step, and punish with relentless severity offenders against their proscription. Mwanga and Kabarega would very quickly come to terms on seeing their powder stores empty.'

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A. M. MACKAY, C.M.S.

"VICTORIA NYANZA, *January*, 1889.'

HOW IS AFRICA TO BE EVANGELIZED?

"The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete."

E. B. Browning.

"In Mackay's very last letter to me, his strong, brave heart seemed oppressed with yet another disappointment, and he wrote: 'I feel strongly inclined to throw up the whole matter, on the present footing, and try a radically new plan.' Fourteen years of toil, and fever, and contradiction, and sorrow, and repeated disappointment! And he is strongly inclined, not to shake off the dust from his feet, not to return to England, but to try a radically new plan."—*R. P. Ashe.*

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW IS AFRICA TO BE EVANGELIZED?

THE above is the real problem of Africa for the earnest Christian. To the solution of this problem Mackay frequently bent his mind. It is not surprising that, cut off as he was from the civilized world and for many years forbidden to go more than a very short distance from the Mission premises, and even during his life at the south end of the Victoria, confined, by the necessities of his work and the jealousies of rival chiefs, to a very limited area, he should grow dissatisfied with the ordinary methods and results of missionary work.

From the earliest years of his African life he had strong convictions that the plan of establishing missionary stations at great distances inland, without a strong base at the coast and occasional stations on the way, was a serious mistake in judgment, and would entail enormous expense and unnecessary loss of life.

The mistake was gradually more or less corrected in time, and as the result of many painful experiences.

His mind seems lately to have fixed itself upon a

plan of work not altogether untried, but capable of considerable expansion and adaptation to the special needs of Africa.

This was, to utilize the principle and methods of the *Normal* school, for the thorough training of a number of carefully chosen natives of both sexes, the training to be partly industrial, but chiefly educational and spiritual; a few of these schools to be set up at points easily accessible from England, well manned, and thoroughly supported; the training to be in a language more or less common to many African tribes, and in which most of the literature provided for the use of schools and Christians generally should be printed.

He arrives at his conclusion by a careful array and induction of facts, and then illustrates his plan by his favourite science of engineering.

It is almost his last word on the subject nearest his heart, and is worthy of careful consideration. It is highly probable that the plan he recommends might be worked with great advantage, in combination with other methods which experience has proved to be successful in Africa, and might lead to a very considerable increase in the number of faithful and efficient messengers of the Cross.

He heads his article "The Solution of the African Problem," and says:—

"An able American advocate of Missions (Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia) has tersely said, 'Facts form

the fuel with which missionary fervour is fired and fed.' In this statement, we may at length, discern the first streaks of dawn in the darkness, and confidently assert, that now the chaos of loose conceptions and vague generalizations, in which missionary operations have until now been lying dormant in the minds of Christian millions, is being transformed into what may be termed the 'Science and Art of Missions.'

"In every field of practical knowledge the rate of progress has been marvellous from the day in which men began to closely observe, to weigh and measure *facts*. Thus the vagaries of astrology were swept away by the most definite of the sciences—Astronomy. Thus the follies and fancies of alchemists, and their efforts to find the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, developed into the science of Chemistry. In Mechanics, men once talked of Nature abhorring a vacuum, and blindly groped after perpetual motion; but when they set to work earnestly to investigate the properties of materials, and the eternal laws which govern their combination in structures and machines, the science progressed with gigantic strides, and daily contributes more and more to ameliorate the condition of the whole human family. So, too, has it been with the youngest of the sciences—Electricity. Till quite recently, professors were content to exhibit a series of electric tricks and detached experiments, mere curiosities to the few, and of no practical value to the many. But when

practical men ceased to accept their vague talk about tension and current, and began to *measure quantities* of electricity, and ascertain the permanent principles on which the production and application of electric currents depend, a science was established on a perfect and intelligible basis, and a period of invention of marvellous electric appliances succeeded, such as never before occurred in the history of mankind. The astounding progress of recent years in physical, mechanical, and electric science has been due solely to the rigid investigation of facts and eternal principles ordained by the Creator ; and every success in practice has been in exact proportion to the closeness of adherence by inventors to these unalterable facts and principles.

"It is matter for especial notice that in every department of applied science we have to deal with the *unseen*. All forces, whether in physics, mechanics, or electricity, are invisible. All efforts to usefully apply these forces,—in short, all progress which has recently been so marvellously made,—has been owing, not to the vague conception that a certain force exists, but to the accurate determination of the *amount* of that force. It is not enough to know that a current flows ; the practical electrician must know how much current, or he knows nothing. It is not enough for the engineer to know that every cause produces an effect ; he must be accurate, and reckon the magnitudes of both cause and effect. This fact will prove of incalculable value, if carefully borne in

mind, in dealing with those other fields of thought which are called spiritual.

"In the pursuit of exact science, every inquirer must go direct to the fountain of truth. Here is no charlatanism, no *ipse dixit* of priest or pontiff, no order of cardinal or convocation. But when we enter the regions of Metaphysics and Theology, we still find much of the old mistaken methods of natural philosophers remaining. Formerly men endeavoured to evolve a philosophy out of their own inner consciousness. What they supposed must be the laws of Nature they dogmatically asserted to be her laws. But Nature refused to be bound, and determinedly concealed her secrets until men gave up their idea of being masters, dictating what ought to be, and consented to become pupils and humbly sit and learn at Nature's feet. But metaphysicians and theologians have not yet taken this, the only proper step, to come at truth. They have imposed their own laws on reason and faith, and set up a high-priesthood of their own to enforce them. They have divorced mind from soul, natural revelation from written revelation, and scorn the methods which science has discovered to be the only means of ascertaining truth. But truth is one, as mind is one, and God is one. So, too, there can be but one method of arriving at spiritual truth; viz., an unbiassed examination of *facts*, and a resolve to learn from these as they are, instead of fanciful supposition as to what ought to be.

"As Metaphysics may be called the pure maths

"*Fact No.* 3. Spurred by philanthropic feelings, and eager to repair past injuries, Europeans have again and again tried to do *something* for the good of Africa. What that something should be, has seldom been very clear to the promoters of the enterprise, so that the result of many undertakings, and of the expenditure of vast sums of money and many lives, has been FAILURE.

"The secret of European failure is fivefold.

"1. *Intermittent* and only half-hearted action. Those who have made a study of the history of schemes for the benefit of Africa, cannot fail to note the fits and starts by which these schemes have been characterized; a strange contrast to Arab steady perseverance.

"2. *Want of a determined policy* in both starting and supporting schemes. The miserable vacillation of English policy in Egypt and in the Soudan; the half-and-half national support of the Missions to the great Lakes, a support instantly withdrawn whenever danger was imminent; the make-believe efforts to stop slaving on the East African coast,—these are but examples of the weaknesses of white men's schemes, and are to-day a by-word in Africa and all the East.

"3. The mutual *jealousy* between the different European Powers, in the scramble for Africa, has contributed largely to failure. The halting action of England in Egypt, owing to the jealousy on the part of France; the contemptible feuds between Germany and England in East Africa, as if half a continent

were as confined as an island in the Pacific ; the heart-burnings between Portugal and the rest of Europe, both in East and West Africa ;—these strifes engender ill-feeling, and Africa suffers.

"4. The foolish *rejection* at the coast of all the *resources of civilization*, on the part of nearly every expedition into Africa, has been a conspicuous source of failure. The Arab, with our arms and his porterage by slaves, will ever cast into the shade the freshman from Europe with his hired porters. What countless sums have been lost in trying to perpetuate the inhuman system of human porters ! The tedious rate of progress of biped caravans, and the perpetual annoyances attending them, have turned back in disgust many a European, who otherwise might have accomplished much in Africa.

"5. A chronic state of inefficiency due to an *insufficient staff* of men at every station, without exception, in the whole tropical zone of Africa. This has often arisen from a false economy, but more frequently from a total want of understanding on the part of the home authorities, as to the nature of the work and the difficulties attending its proper execution. This point will be more fully considered further on.

"*Fact No.* 4. The CLIMATE of tropical Africa has hitherto proved *fatal* to all European enterprise, whether Religious, Commercial, or Political. This fact will, doubtless, be regarded by some as more important than any or all of those already enumer-

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ated, and therefore should have the first place. I believe *not*, although Dr. Blyden and others have brought this forward as a challenge to the whole of Europe and America. 'Unless we can send men of iron, proof against hunger and deadly miasma,' say they, 'we need never expect to subdue Africa, either temporarily or permanently.' That white men have, in large and unprecedented numbers, been victims to the climate, there is no denying; but that this fact should be thrown down as a challenge to the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and past fatality taken as a certain indication of future failure, I cannot allow, for the following reasons:—

"(1) I have generally found the natives themselves to be quite as subject to fevers and other ills as white men in the same locality.

"(2) Most severe illnesses, in the case of white men in Africa, arise from their own imprudence or want of knowledge of cause and effect.

"(3) Where white men exercise care and prudence, they have been able to live in fair health for a long period of years, even while there has been a high mortality among blacks in the same region.

"(4) Our knowledge of the conditions injurious to health in tropical Africa is constantly increasing; and when such essential facts are more generally recognised as that *chill*, and not malaria, is the main cause of African fever, the foe will be defied on his own ground, and the Anglo-Saxon will outlive his black companions even in the heart of Africa.

"(5) There are many regions on the earth's surface, *e.g.*, the Southern States of America, tropical South America, India, and Oceania, where, from low altitude or other reasons, the climate is apparently worse than anywhere in Africa. Yet in these, white men have, within the space of a hundred years, become in great measure acclimatized.

"(6) For convenience of transport, Europeans have hitherto chiefly confined their exertions to the valleys of the great rivers—the Nile, Congo, Niger, Zambesi —just the most low-lying and unhealthy regions in the whole continent. When they begin to use wheeled vehicles, and thus find ready access to healthier sites, we shall see less mortality among them.

"*Fact No.* 5. All the causes above mentioned as hitherto deterrent to military, commercial, and political success in Africa, operate with still greater force against missionary enterprise.

"We now come to the problem itself, and its solution. Let us keep carefully before us the above facts, which may be summed up in the one word *failure*, attending all foreign effort for the benefit of Africa. Let us see if, by analogy from another field of thought, we may possibly arrive at some solution of the hitherto apparently hopeless problem—'How is Africa to be Christianized?'

"That the African is capable of Christianization, and of rising to take his place among the foremost races of men, I regard as an indisputable fact. Let

it be remembered what Europe was at the beginning of our era. There we find fetishism, polygamy, slavery, absolute savagery, in many instances worse than anything to be found in Africa to-day. Christianity was introduced in no feeble and halting spirit, and notwithstanding the many corruptions of the Church of those days, the change wrought was more than marvellous. It is from the naked savages of Albion and Germania that have sprung such names as Newton and Shakespeare, Handel and Goethe. A present meeting of Committee of a Missionary Society, deliberating about the extension of work abroad, is but the Christian development of those palavers which once were held by skin-clad Britons on the grassy bank of the Thames, where, with battle-axe in hand, they debated plans for a raid on a neighbouring tribe. The problem to be solved, and the conditions of the case, were pretty much the same in Europe once as they are now in Africa.

"An engineer, in undertaking to throw a bridge across a river or ravine, finds himself *limited* on every hand in arranging his design. Three things may especially be noted as limiting the design.

"(1) The nature of the *foundation.*

"(2) The *materials* at his disposal.

"(3) The *conditions* under which the workmen will have to build.

"If the foundation is good, he may build his bridge on piers, but here he is limited by the depth he must

go, for workmen cannot safely live in water beyond a certain depth, nor can piers be carried up to a height beyond the strength of the foundation to bear the superstructure. If he fixes upon the suspension principle, he is again limited as to length of span, for the best material extant will only bear a certain weight, while the conditions under which the erecters will have to work may be impossible. In other words, the engineer must so arrange his design that in no part of the structure must any member be strained beyond what it can safely bear; nor must the design be such, however theoretically beautiful, as to be impossible of execution.

"Now, in endeavouring to span the continent of Africa, we must keep these conditions constantly in mind. In the case of bridge-piers, the main conditions are that they stand on a good foundation, are strong enough for the portion of weight to be borne by each, and that all rise to the same level. The pier principle is that hitherto adopted in Africa in Mission work. Lines of stations have been planted, but too frequently in unhealthy centres, and these, like piers on a bad foundation, have frequently collapsed, or have been unduly loaded for their strength, hence gaps are constantly occurring. The plan has proved a conspicuous failure.

"Others have tried the suspension principle, but with no better success. A tower of strength has been built at each side of the mighty chasm—one at Freetown, the other at Frere Town—and strong

links have been hung out from either side, in the hope of uniting in the centre. But the span has proved too great for the structure. Some of the strongest links have now and then given way, and the whole erection has again and again been in danger of falling. Every one knows that in suspension bridges we have not merely the two gigantic chains joining pier with pier, from which the whole platform is suspended, but the landward ends of the chains must be firmly tied back to the solid rock, otherwise the piers will give way, and the whole bridge will fall into the abyss. So, too, our landward or homeward ends have been now and then rendered shaky from want of being properly weighted down by home support. The design has proved a failure, even in the very trifling length, so far completed; more and more of a failure will it prove as the platform is lengthened, and a still heavier strain comes upon the piers. The progress of erection has also been hindered from want of confidence in the design on the part of the promoters, in addition to chronic and sudden hurricanes which have swept past and destroyed large portions which took years in erection.

"Is the problem, therefore, to be given up as insoluble? I think not. Have we begun to build, and are we unable to finish? Possibly we did not with sufficient care count the cost at first, and now we are inclined to despair. In our teeth is thrown a challenge by an educated African. Is his solution

the only one, or will it prove a solution at all? He asserts that the cure for Africa is the American Negro in Africa. Methinks the experiment in Liberia has not hitherto proved such a decided success as to lead us to have confidence in it when tried on a larger scale. Like the old Israelites of the Exodus, their souls have not emerged from bondage, although their bodies are free. We must wait for all that generation, from twenty years old and upwards at the time of the Abolition, to die off first. There may be more pluck and less of the slavish spirit in the new generation. Even then I am doubtful of the result. There seems to be little or no enthusiasm for African regeneration, on the part of the mass of coloured people, either in the States or in the West Indies, or even in Liberia itself. Judging, too, from what I have seen of Africans when removed from their native locality, to one not very different in either food or climate, I have too much reason to believe that the American Negro will be less at home in Africa than even the European.

"Rejecting, therefore, Dr. Blyden's solution, as a scheme of good hope, but of slender chance of success, let us look around for other agents who might thrive in Africa, and convert it to Christianity.

"Were the Arabs Christians, we could have good hopes of their success, from their indomitable pluck and perseverance. But, alas! Arabia has been neglected by the Church of Christ; and to-day, where we might look for invaluable missionaries of

the Gospel, we find only fanaticism for a false faith. Hindus would probably find the climate of Africa not dissimilar to their own; but the teeming millions of heathen in India cannot afford to part with their feeble band of native evangelists.

"Africa *for* the African, and its regeneration *by* the African, is a familiar watchword, and one that merits attention and examination. But how is the African to impart instruction to his fellows until he first receives instruction himself? There can be no *evolution* without corresponding and previous *involution*. You can get nothing out of the African without first putting it into him. Every effect must have a cause, nor will water rise higher than its source. Merely to teach the African reading and writing, and the elements of religious and secular knowledge, will be to leave him as before—a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. To quote the words of one of our ablest African missionaries (Johnson of Lagos):—'We must provide the Negro with the highest education we can, only *on the basis of African peculiarities*.' Who is to do this? For many years to come, probably for a century at least, this must be the work of the Anglo-Saxon. But how and where is this to be done? In Africa itself? Do not Europeans die off there in almost every part of its tropical zone? Are not our funds also low, and existing stations already too insufficiently manned, to be able to undertake the work of carefully training a few, in addition to our ordinary work of the elementary teaching of

many? The problem is difficult, and under the present *régime* insoluble. Perhaps, however, we may look once more to engineering for a solution.

"To span the Firth of Forth with a railway bridge has long defied the utmost skill of engineers. The water is too deep to render piers possible, while the span is too great to render the suspension principle at all feasible. Did they therefore entirely abandon the scheme as impracticable? No. They adopted a natural principle, perfect in conception and comparatively easy of execution; although the work is on so gigantic a scale that to compare it with the largest existing bridge is like comparing a grenadier guardsman with a new-born infant. The principle is called the CANTILEVER, which even the most unmechanical mind can understand at a glance. At each side of the Firth a high tower is built. Each of these towers is like the upright stem of a balance, or the stem of a tree, for from each side of the tower an arm or branch is built outwards, one to the right and one to the left. For every foot in length that is added to the seaward arm a similar foot length must be added to the landward arm, so as to make the balance even. The seaward arms on each side are, however, not continued until they meet, but stop short when their extremities are several hundred feet from each other. To fill this gap an ordinary girder is placed, having its ends resting on the seaward ends of the two cantilevers. In this marvellously simple way the mighty chasm (one-third of a

mile) is spanned, which could not be done on any other known principle.

"Let us adopt this principle, by analogy, as our solution of the African problem. Instead of vainly struggling to perpetuate the method of feebly manned stations, each holding only precarious existence, and never able at best to exert more than a *local* influence, let us select a few particularly healthy sites, on each of which we shall raise an institution for imparting a thorough education, even to only a few. But instead of drawing from the general fund for the support of such institutions, let each be planted on a base of a fund of its own; and for every man added to the staff abroad, let there be secured among our friends at home a guarantee of sufficient amount to support him. This is the land arm of the cantilever: the man in the field is the seaward arm. Each institution must be a *model* or *normal* school, no one being admitted on the staff who has not been trained to teach. The pupils to receive, not an elementary, but as high an education as is in the power of their teachers to impart, only with the proviso that every pupil is to become a teacher himself. These institutions to be placed sufficiently far apart, so as not to interfere with each other, while for Eastern Africa only *one language*, viz. Suahili, to be adopted in all. From these centres, each with a large staff of teachers, the students will go forth to labour among their countrymen, thus filling up the gap between the long arms of the cantilever. Lovedale and Blythswood,

in South Africa, I would mention as types already successful in no ordinary degree.

"We cannot put new wine into old bottles. We must educate, and that thoroughly, those who will, in time, take our place in the Christianizing of their own continent. To teach these African children to exercise their reason and their conscience, to think, to judge, is a work which must be done. It is not every one who will be able to take part in such a work. Everything like ideas of race superiority must be absent from the teacher's mind. He must be a master of method, and, first of all, able to impart the knowledge he possesses. Everything like gowns and caps and other paraphernalia of white men's colleges must be rigidly excluded. While provision is made for imparting a thoroughly good education, that must be pervaded in every part by a Christian spirit, and based on the Bible, which will be the leading text-book, and which all must learn without exception.

"In this way, probably soon, but under our present system, NEVER, will the prophecy of Victor Hugo be fulfilled, that 'the next century will make a MAN of the African.'

"A. M. MACKAY.

"VICTORIA NYANZA, *July*, 1889."

[In sending this article for publication, he said, "To be continued;" but no continuation of it has been received.]

MACKAY'S LAST MESSAGE.

To Eugene Stock, Esq., *Editorial Secretary, C.M.S.*

"Usambiro, *January 2nd*, 1890.

"But what is this you write—'Come home'? Surely now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post. Send us only our *first* twenty men, and I may be tempted to come to *help* you to find the second twenty.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"A. M. Mackay."

"The world is giving to the Church an example of enterprise. Life and wealth are being freely consecrated to the opening up of Africa under the influence of motives which are not of the highest order, though having a mixture of benevolence in them. Should not the love of Christ constrain us to be even more energetic?

"Does it? Where are volunteers? Where are the investors? Where are the wise and talented leaders? Where are the unselfish heroes and heroines, who give their lives gladly that Africa may be evangelized?"—*Regions Beyond, July*, 1890.

CHAPTER XVII.

MACKAY'S LAST MESSAGE.

(*Dated, Usambiro, 2nd January*, 1890.[1])

"TO the world outside, Africa still presents the appearance of a land of death and stagnation, where generations live and die an uneventful life, with no revolutions or other political crises to mark epochs in their history. In this great unknown land, however, events move apace, and sometimes with alarming rapidity. Glancing at the history of Uganda for the last half-dozen years, we cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable succession of events.

"*In October*, 1884, King Mtesa died. In many respects he was a remarkable man, having ruled the country since ever we had heard of its existence. His name will ever be associated with those of our greatest travellers—Livingstone, Speke, and Stanley. He first invited Christian missionaries to the country, and through good report and evil report he befriended them to the last. Mwanga, one of his younger sons, succeeded him; a vain youth with a vacillating dis-

[1] Received by the C.M.S., April 24th, 1890, ten days after the receipt of the telegram from Zanzibar, announcing his death.

position, who had yet to learn that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will. His history was destined to be strangely associated with that of the growth of the kingdom of God in Uganda.

"*In October*, 1885, Mwanga, in a fit of fear and madness, ordered the execution of the brave Bishop Hannington, who had travelled unscathed through the most lawless part of Africa, and all unknowingly entered the domains of a monarch whose suspicion of white men had been roused to the highest pitch by the malicious slanders of Arab traders. Some months previously he had condemned to the flames the three first martyrs for the faith, and crowned his acts of cruelty by putting to death his favourite page for venturing to remonstrate with him for murdering the bishop.

"*October of* 1886 found Mwanga more than ever alarmed at the spread of Christianity in his country. In May he had ordered a general massacre of the Christians; many were speared, and others tortured to death, more than thirty being slowly roasted alive in one murderous pyre. The remaining Christians had to wander about in hiding, homeless and helpless, and still the persecuting fury raged in Mwanga's heart, threatening the complete extirpation of Christianity in the land.

"*The year* 1887 was comparatively uneventful in Uganda itself. Christianity was still proscribed, and terror reigned. But the invincible leaven was still at

work, and many were being secretly added to the Church. Mwanga, abandoned to evil thoughts, was surely working his own ruin, harassing and plundering his subjects everywhere, and rendering himself generally odious. In *October* of that year our Mission suffered serious reverses in Unyamwezi, being driven simultaneously from both our well-established stations, Uyui and Msalala.

"Before the return of *October*, 1888, Mwanga was driven from his throne, by the combined effort of his Christian and Mohammedan soldiers, who had discovered his diabolical plot to kill them all by starvation on a small island on the Lake. A new king was elected, religious liberty proclaimed, and not a few avowed Christians given high positions of authority in the country. Mwanga had listened to the evil counsels of the Arabs, but they failed to help him in his hour of need. His successor, Kiwewa, proved no wiser. Arab intrigue again found scope, and the Christian chiefs were accused of rebellion. The charge was absolutely without foundation, but it was enough to warrant an attack upon them by the Arab party, who drove them from the country and assumed all the power themselves. That sad 12th of October will never be forgotten by our people. Chiefs and commons, rich and poor, free and slave, they fled before their foes, who hotly pursued them. Everything was lost; wives and children, home and country. No man could return to take anything from his house. Clothes, books, their all, gone. The

European missionaries were likewise plundered and expelled. Hope for Christianity in Uganda seemed to be at the very lowest ebb.

"*It is* 1889, and the 12th of October has again come round. On that day of the previous year, the Arabs were the victors and the Christians the vanquished. Now the order is reversed. These same Arabs have had to leave their wealth and flee for their lives; some of their comrades, too, have left their bones on the same hill-side where many Christians had fallen in the treacherous attack of the year before. With loud and real rejoicing, Mwanga is carried shoulder high from the Lake to his former capital, and is made Kabaka once more. All the posts of authority are occupied by Christians, all the land falls into their hands; even the king himself is no more their despotic master and murderer, but a helpless instrument in their hands. God has given them the victory.

"But it has been a year of bloodshed. It was not they who took the field against the Mohammedans, but the latter who sent army after army to endeavour to effect their annihilation. In repeated battles they have had to face a foe fanatical in temper, as well as more numerous and better armed than themselves. Many of their comrades have fallen, far more than all who were slain by Mwanga in all his bloody persecutions. The greatest, and, till recently, the most tyrannical power in all East Africa is now in the hands of men who rejoice in the name of CHRISTIAN.

"But is the power in the hand of *Christianity?* Shall a nation be born in a day? It is born, but being only just born it is at this moment in the most helpless and critical condition conceivable. Shall it be *left to die of neglect,* or mayhap to be suckled by some ravening wolf, which is already eager to nourish the infant nation with her milk, which centuries have shown to be deeply saturated with the ravening wolfish nature? Is this to be so? or is it the resolve of Christian England that the blood of PURE Christianity shall be instilled into the veins of this African infant, and that it shall be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Mwanga writes, 'I want a host of English teachers to come and preach the Gospel to my people.' Our Church members urge me to write imploring you to strengthen our Mission, not by two or three, but by twenty. Is this golden opportunity to be neglected, or is it to be lost for ever?

"You sons of England, here is a field for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents, you will find scope for the exercise of them all. You men of God who have resolved to devote your lives to the cure of the souls of men, here is the proper field for you. It is not to win numbers to a Church, but to win men to the Saviour, and who otherwise will be lost, that I entreat you to leave your work at home to the many who are ready to undertake it, and to come forth yourselves to reap this field now white

to the harvest. Rome is rushing in with her salvation by sacraments, and a religion of carnal ordinances. We want men who will preach Jesus and the Resurrection. 'God is a Spirit,' and let him who believes *that* throw up every other consideration, and come forth to teach these people to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

"'Forget also thine own people and thy father's house;
So shall the King desire thy beauty.
Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,
Whom thou shalt make PRINCES in all the earth.'

"A. M. M."

LETTER FROM MR. DAVID DEEKES.

"USAMBIRO, *Feb. 12th*, 1890.

"MY DEAR DR. MACKAY,—

"I am very sorry indeed to have to report to you such sad news. It is the Lord's doing, and we know that He doeth all things well, therefore we shall not murmur nor trouble, but willingly and joyfully submit to His blessed will.

"It has pleased the dear Lord to take to Himself your brave and beloved son to his everlasting home. He passed away on Feb. 8th, at 11 p.m., during a severe attack of fever, having been four days and nights delirious (malaria fever).

"A week or so before, he was kindly setting me up for a journey home to England, on account of my health, which has been bad for many months. On the morning I was to start, the men had come very

early in the morning, and I had been busy helping them pack as well as I could. Everything was ready at sunrise. When I began to look for Mr. Mackay, I found, to my surprise, that he had not come out of his room. I went to him at once, and was sorry to find him taken very ill with fever. I at once decided to stay a few days, and dismissed the men. In five days he was taken from us. He was much beloved by all his fellow-missionaries. The Baganda, for whose good he devoted his life, were all dotedly fond of him. His work and labour of love here will ever continue to grow and bring forth fruit to the honour and glory of God, whom he so faithfully served while here upon earth.

"Yours in the deepest sympathy,

"DAVID DEEKES."

Received May 12th.

EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF COMMITTEE OF THE C.M.S.

"*April 22nd*, 1890.—The Committee received with deep regret the news of the death of Mr. Mackay of the Nyanza Mission, and adopted the following minute:—Mr. Mackay was the last survivor in Africa of the original missionary party sent out in 1876, in consequence of Mr. H. M. Stanley's challenge to Christian England to plant a Mission in Uganda. During the whole period of nearly fourteen years he never once left the shores of Africa, and for the greater part of the time he was in Uganda itself.

Mr. Mackay's talents were of a very high order, and he brought to bear upon the cause of the spread of Christianity and civilization in Africa, not only remarkable practical resourcefulness as an accomplished engineer, but the powers of a vigorous and cultivated mind, and a devotion and perseverance unsurpassed by any African Missionary. Moreover, he took a leading part in the direct work of the Mission, teaching and preaching the Word of God, and fearlessly proclaiming Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, in the teeth of bitter opposition on the part of Mohammedan traders and others; and he utilized his knowledge of both classical and modern languages in reducing the vernacular of Uganda to writing, and rendering into it portions of Scripture, prayers, etc. The Committee had looked forward to Mr. Mackay's experience and ability proving still more useful in the future, under the new circumstances of the opening up of Equatorial Africa to European influence; but it has pleased God in His unerring wisdom and love to remove His servant thus early from the scene of his untiring labours. The Committee direct that an expression of their sincere and grateful sympathy be conveyed to Mr. Mackay's venerable father and the other members of his family."

The Church Missionary *Intelligencer* says :—"Much as we valued Alexander Mackay, we were quite unprepared for the burst of admiration and sympathy

evoked by his death. We confess frankly, that we had not at all realized the position he had gained in the public mind. No doubt, Mr. Stanley's recent praise of him has helped to make him known; but that evidently only clenched an impression that was already abroad. When the *Times* correspondent at Zanzibar speaks of the 'irreparable loss to the cause of African civilization' involved in his death; when the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls him (not very felicitously, though) 'the St. Paul of Uganda;' when great provincial dailies, like the *Leeds Mercury* and the *Manchester Examiner*, devote leading articles to him; one sees that the world can now and then appreciate a missionary, even when there is nothing sensational, as with Patteson and Hannington, in the manner of his death. But it is especially interesting to see what the survivor of the two great travellers who first discovered Uganda has to say of him. Colonel J. A. Grant, the companion of Speke in the memorable journey of 1859–63, thus writes to Mr. Wigram :—

"'I had the utmost confidence in him, and looked forward to the time when he would sail round the Lake in his own steamer, and when we should have him amongst us, to tell all he knew of that deeply interesting country which I almost love, Uganda. . . . The blow to civilization in Central Africa which has fallen on us all is not easily repaired, for a score of us would never make a Mackay.'

"Newspapers all over the country have had appre-

ciative notices of him, and many of them leading articles. Private letters, full of sorrow, have come from all quarters. The Convocation of York passed a special resolution of sympathy with the C.M.S. missionaries and Bishop Tucker, the first time such a thing has ever been done. Several other bodies passed similar resolutions; among them, the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and the Foreign Missions Committee of the same Church."

His father has also received resolutions of sympathy from the British South African Co., the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, the Clan Mackay Society, and other bodies. Mr. Mounteney Jephson also wrote Dr. Mackay, enclosing a cheque for £60 from the Countess de Noailles, Hyères, Var, for the purchase of a small marble cross to place over the grave at Usambiro, adding, "The Countess would like an inscription in Arabic, Suahili, and English put on the cross. It would have, she thinks, a good effect on the natives, by whom he was so much beloved and trusted, if this memorial was always in their midst. I would suggest that the cross should be small, so that it might be the more easily carried up country."

We catch a last glimpse of him in the following touching letter to Dr. Mackay from A. J. Mounteney Jephson, Esq., one of Dr. H. M. Stanley's officers :—

"86, PORTLAND PLACE, W.,
"*May 2nd*, 1890.

"DEAR DR. MACKAY,—

"Three days ago I received a letter from Africa, and the tears came into my eyes when, turning it over, I read your son's signature at the end. It had been written only three weeks before his death. I can express myself only so poorly of my gratitude to your son and of all that I feel about him.

"We arrived at his Mission at Usambiro broken down in body and mind, tired and wearied from the constant strain of those hard months, and prostrated and beaten down by fever. He received us and gave us the sincerest welcome it is possible for a man to give. He seemed to understand all that we wanted, and with the utmost delicacy gave us exactly what most we needed. His kindness, his goodness, his cleverness, his gentle sincerity, and kindly, cheerful ways endeared him to us all. We arrived a handful of broken-down, embittered men at his station, and through his kindness we left for the coast restored to health and with a fresh zest and love for our work. I shall never forget the morning we left Usambiro. He walked part of the way with us, and wished us good-bye; and one's whole heart went out to him when he took my hand and wished me God-speed. That lonely figure standing on the brow of the hill, waving farewell to us, will ever remain vividly in my mind.

"It was so inexpressibly sad to get his letter,

and to read his kind expressions to me after we had heard of his death.

"Not only is his death a sadness for his friends, but it is an irreparable loss to Africa, whose cause he had so deeply at heart and for whom he worked so devotedly.

"Africa is such a hard mistress to serve, and she is so pitiless to her servants. Your son's name is now, alas! added to that long list of devoted men who have lost their lives by fearlessly doing their duty. His death, too, will cause a feeling of dismay to his African friends, by whom he was so trusted and beloved; for many days before we reached his Mission we heard from the natives of Mackay, nothing but Mackay —they seemed to care for and know of no one else.[1]

"I feel that all I am writing is such a wretched failure in expressing the almost sacred feeling I have about your son and his work.

"Please convey my expressions of sorrow for his loss to all his people, and please accept, dear Dr. Mackay, my sincerest and deepest sympathy for you in your sorrow.

"Yours sincerely,

"A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON."

Mr. Eugene Stock thus sums up his missionary character:—

"Alexander Mackay was one of the missionaries

[1] "Mackay's name seems quite a household word; I constantly hear it."—*Bishop Hannington.*

whose careers illustrate those pregnant words of St. Paul's which embody one of the most important of missionary principles—'Diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit'—'differences of administrations, but the same Lord'—'diversities of operations, but the same God which worketh all in all.' Mackay is identified in most minds with the industrial and material and civilizing side of Missions, an important side, but not by any means the most important. It would indeed be most unjust to think of him entirely in that aspect.[1] A man who was one day grappling with Mohammedans in strenuous theological argument, and 'preaching Christ that He is the Son of God' (in that respect a true 'St. Paul of Uganda')—

[1] "To all the Christians in England having sympathy with the religion of our Master :—I am your friend, the first convert and follower of Mr. A. M. Mackay in Uganda. We have returned to our country by the strength of our Master Jesus Christ. We have arranged that full liberty shall be given to our teachers to teach religion in Uganda, but our teachers now are few. Mr. A. M. Mackay has gone to his rest, and there remain two only, Messrs. Gordon and Walker. Try your utmost, then, to persuade our Christian brethren to come and help us in the work of God.

"There are many, many Baganda who want to read, but there are no books to teach the people, because our brother, Mr. A. M. Mackay, has gone to his rest. He was familiar with Luganda, and printed books in the language.

"Dear brethren, I am your friend, and I implore your sympathy on behalf of the religion of our Master Jesus Christ, that you may come and help us in His work, so that our Church may be strong in Uganda."—*Extract from letter to C.M.S., from Sembera Mackay, Usambiro, April 23rd*, 1890. (See p. 229.)

who the next day was content to sit for hours teaching boys to read, and explaining to them simple texts—and who the third day was patiently translating the blessed words of life into a language that had no grammar or dictionary—such a man was no *mere* industrial and civilizing missionary. At the same time, he was one, in a very marked degree; and all missionaries are not so. There are 'diversities of operations.' Our brethren who have lately gone to Africa would probably not work in Mackay's way, nor he in theirs. But God can and does use both. And alongside the love, and fervour, and simplicity which we trust may always be illustrated in Africa, may God give to some of His missionary servants the practical ability and skill, the wide knowledge, the readiness of resource, the invincible devotion to the work he had undertaken,—that characterized Alexander Mackay. And may He enable those on whom He has bestowed these great gifts to lay them all upon His altar, and to consecrate all to the one grand object of Missions, the conversion of souls to Christ!"

"*And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.*"—Rev. xiv. 13.

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